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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY

40 cents a copy **$4.00 a year**

When a woman looks at a man

WHAT a way these women have of taking one in at a glance! . . . She had thrown you only one fleeting look, a trifle haughty, but very obviously interested . . . and her smart, little, erect figure had swept quickly past. But somehow you had a feeling that those sparkling eyes had seen directly through you . . . had appraised every article you were wearing. Your shoes were shined. Your cravat was straight. You were wearing your newest Stetson. So . . . why worry! • It's comforting to wear a Stetson hat. Its smart lines, the slightly jaunty flare to it, its comfortable feeling of "belonging" . . . all are so characteristically Stetson that no other reminders are necessary of the well-known Stetson traditions. You know, and so does everyone else, that Stetsons have style. Their quality is in a class by itself. With a Stetson you feel confident of passing the inspection of even the most critical eyes . . . male OR female!

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Revolutionary idea in publishing cuts price of good new books to 42c

By Alfred L. Eichler

EVERY once in a while an idea comes along which, by its very nature, seems doomed to failure. Public opinion and precedent point to inevitable disaster. "It *can't* be done!" the public says. "It *will* be done!" a few imaginative men insist, and by their efforts proceed to make the "impossible" a practical, everyday reality.

Such an idea is the revolutionary Paper Book Club which sends to subscribers significant new books of travel, fiction, biography, psychology — for only 42c.

When Charles Boni, well-known publisher, first announced that he would issue important books by leading authors, and sell them for only 42c a volume —people said it was impossible. Ever since they could remember, outstanding new books had sold for two, three and five dollars. Surely here was a venture beyond the scope of even a miraculous Modern Press. How could anyone hope to publish full-length volumes and sell them for 1/6 the ordinary prices?

In spite of such warnings, Charles Boni continued his plans. Years of publishing experience enabled him to understand the factors which boost the price of books. He knew that if these could be eliminated it would be possible to offer leading new books by famous writers, *for only* 42c *a volume.*

The most important thing was to obtain a *fixed audience.* If enough subscribers could be obtained in advance, it would be possible to publish a large first edition. By spreading the cost of production over many books — the price could be reduced considerably. This is the principle of all book clubs. But Mr. Boni planned to go one courageous step further —to *pass on this great saving to the book buyer.*

Furthermore, by doing away with heavy board covers the books are lighter — much less expensive to ship and handle. The volumes are bound with durable Art Stock semi-stiff paper, reinforced with crash. The type face is clear and readable, printed on finely textured paper. Thus, two more reasons for the high cost of good books are eliminated. The result is a saving of more than 80% to YOU.

First Book Sent Out Sept., 1929

In September, 1929, Charles Boni sent out his first Paper Book to the largest number of charter members ever to join any book club. The volume was "The Golden Wind" by Takashi Ohta and Margaret Sperry, a fascinating novel of the Orient.

Reviewers and readers alike praised this extraordinary book. The *New York Times* called it, "A portent in American publication. A distinguished piece of work." Still there were many who were skeptical. "It can't last," they said. "The prices will have to be raised in order to publish such fine books."

But the price was NOT raised! The following month the charter members and thousands of new subscribers received a vivid, full-length biography, "Frederick the Great" by Margaret Goldsmith, still for only 42c. This book contains more than twenty fine illustrations. In England it sells for $3.00.

In November the Paper Book Club sent out "Dewer Rides" by L. A. G. Strong. This is the famous 350-page novel by a young English poet whom reviewers have compared to Thomas Hardy and Knut Hamsun. Even in a regular $2.50 edition this brilliant novel would have a big sale. As a Paper Book selection, subscribers received it for only 42c.

Another Paper Book selection was "Commando" by Colonel Reitz, a story of adventure during the Boer War. The exciting incidents and dangers Colonel Reitz passed through, make his record read like one of pure romance.

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In planning the unique Paper Book Club, Charles Boni enlisted the aid of a number of America's foremost critics and designers of fine books. The men who cooperated in this venture are: Everett Dean Martin, distinguished educator, Louis Untermeyer, editor, poet and critic, Padraic Colum, famous Irish poet and story teller, Lincoln Colcord, eminent critic, Horace M. Kallen, psychologist and lecturer. Rockwell Kent, art editor, and Elmer Adler, director of printing, are responsible for the beauty and artistry of the volumes.

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The Atlantic BOOKSHELF

A Guide to Good Books

MR. J. C. SQUIRE, editor of the *London Mercury*, surveying the literature of 1929, remarked that 'the mass production notion' was America's chief contribution. 'Book publishing, in fact, is following in the train of newspaper publishing. The big circulations are aimed at, and they can be got by hitting the taste of the new democratic, and largely feminine, reading public.'

When one realizes that the Book-of-the-Month Club orders about 70,000 copies of its monthly selection, the Literary Guild 65,000, and that Charles Boni's new Paper Books are already turned out in 40,000 lots, one can see that mass production is with us in fact, and that it may well tend to crowd less demonstrative — though perhaps more worthy — books into temporary shade.

The publishers of Thornton Niven Wilder's new novel, *The Woman of Andros*, chose not to submit the manuscript to a book club. The attending publicity — which the publisher pays for at the sacrifice of a large discount — was thought to be unnecessary. In 1928 Wilder's second novel, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, was easily the most discussed fiction of the year. It was on the cards that his next novel would be widely read. Boosting was unnecessary.

Thornton Wilder is close to his thirty-third birthday. One of the 'Browning or Bust' group at New Haven after the war, he, like his associates, Stephen Benet, John Farrar, and Charles R. Walker, has proven his undergraduate promise. A scholarship at the American Academy in Rome, a teaching assignment at Lawrenceville, gave him further experience and opportunity to order his thoughts. Two novels and a volume of short plays have brought him the deserved prestige of a stylist and a novelist, thoughtful and well read beyond his years. His literary creed he sums up in a letter to his friend Norman Fitts: —

> It seems to me that my books are about: What is the worst thing that the world can do to you, and what are the last resources one has to oppose to it?
>
> In other words: When a human being is made to bear more than human being can bear, what then?
>
> *The Cabala* was about three 'extremities,' three 'nervous breakdowns.'
>
> *The Bridge* asked the question whether the intuition that lies behind love was sufficient to justify the desperation of living.
>
> *The Woman of Andrŏs* asks whether Paganism had any solution for the hopeful inquiring sufferer, and — by anticipation — whether the handful of maxims about how to live that entered the world with the message of Christ were sufficient to guide one through the maze of experience.

THE MAN *of the* MONTH

THORNTON NIVEN WILDER

The Woman of Andros, A Novel

[A. & C. Boni, $2.50]

MR. WILDER belongs to the race of closeted authors, those retired persons who pore over many books and arise from them with a circulation set up in their imaginations, from which they distill yet more books, fragrant with literary allusions, bitter with the wisdom of dead masters, and sweet to the taste of the pleasure seeker in style. For his third novel Mr. Wilder, following in the footsteps of Steele, has mused over the earliest of Terence's comedies, the *Andria*, dropping characters from it, eliminating complications and knavery, altering the locale, changing the note, and finally devising an altogether different ending — until he has a plot and a meaning characteristically his own. So, while it is interesting, it is not germane to a review of *The Woman of Andros* to compare Terence's comedy with Mr. Wilder's tragic idyll; suffice it to say that Terence, famous so many centuries for his elegance, his purity of diction, and his smoothness, is certainly an author to whom Mr. Wilder would most naturally turn for a quickening of his own vein of production. And now let us take *The Woman of Andros* independently of its source.

The story opens with a description of a nightfall over the whole Mediterranean region shortly before the birth of Jesus, a device that is charmingly employed to awaken a sense of expectancy in the reader, who presently finds himself in 'a confused starlight, already apprehensive of the still unrisen moon,' on the little island of Brynos in the Ægean Sea. Here two fathers, Simo and Chremes, discuss the marriage agreement whereby Pamphilus, son of the first, is to wed Philumena, the daughter of Chremes. But Pamphilus, it appears, is slow in reaching a decision as to the wedding day, and Simo, despite the pressure of Chremes, will not

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The BOOKSHELF

force his son to expedite the matter. Meantime Pamphilus is frequenting the house of Chrysis, the woman from Andros, who has brought to the island all the refinements of Alexandria and all the literary memories of Athens in the great period.

Mr. Wilder has made a stately figure of Chrysis, the hetaira, invested her with 'the remoteness and glamour of a legend,' and put into her mind a number of those maxims in the manner of La Bruyère for which he has been so much applauded. It is not for amorous commerce that the serious young Pamphilus visits her house, but out of a vague love of philosophy. But Chrysis is agonizingly fluttered by a love for the priest-like youth.

Now Mr. Wilder lets escape from the hetaira's house a closely guarded character, — Glycerium, the fifteen-year-old sister of Chrysis, — whose innocent feelings and movements are to suffuse the whole plot with the hues of pain. For Pamphilus and Glycerium fall in love, and on their third meeting 'those caresses that seemed to be for courage, for pity, and for admiration, were turned by Nature to her own uses,' and Glycerium becomes pregnant. Chrysis, stricken with a fatal illness, learns of this and on her deathbed tells Pamphilus, 'I want to say to someone . . . that I have known the worst the world can do to me, and that nevertheless I praise the world and all living. All that is, is well. Remember some day, remember me as one who loved all things and accepted from the gods all things, the bright and the dark.'

This is the key speech of the novel, and it is to this wisdom — to this acceptance of the ache as well as the joy of existence and the praise of both — that Pamphilus attains at the end of the book when another night, this time a rainy one, covers the Mediterranean, a sadly beautiful complement to the nightfall of the opening passage. But before the narrative dissolves in the rain, Pamphilus has been distraught by a problem which, decided either way, will yield sorrow. To marry the daughter of Chremes, according to the agreement, or to marry the stray girl Glycerium and suffer a lifetime of sullen acquiescence from his family and his neighbors? He reaches his moment of beatific vision in the course of his wretched ponderings when it seems to him that 'all burned, like the hillside of olive trees, with the perpetual flames of love,' when he cries, 'I praise all living, the bright and the dark.' . . . And then Glycerium dies in childbirth, and her child also.

Many points have been omitted in this summary, but it is obvious that Mr. Wilder has again striven to obey the dictum he set down in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. 'The whole purport of literature,' he said there, 'is the notation of the heart. Style is but the faintly contemptible vessel in which the bitter liquid is recommended to the world.' But is the liquid bitter? 'Perseverance in affection . . . To have nothing to go by except this idea, this vague idea, that there lies the principle of living' — this seems to be the root feeling in Mr. Wilder's work, and it may be the source of that elusive sentimentality that seeps through all his pages. Somehow the draughts we drink from his books are mysteriously not bitter, but rather sweet and even syrupy. He entrances us, but it is a spell we later resent. He has found out where we are vulnerable, the beliefs we cannot bear to be skeptical about, the delusions of our hearts, and there he invades us. Under the studied stroking of his sentences, we fall into a state of Epicurean relaxation, and we are his until we have finished the book.

And yet Mr. Wilder aspires to be more than a minor master of literary delights. He once confided to the public that he thought of his work as 'German in feeling (Bach and Beethoven),' which means that he desires it to have emotional power and sweep and intensity. Let the antique gods, whom he fabled in *The Cabala* as still surviving, answer his prayer. Let them give him, who already is so richly talented, another gift, the gift of passion!

GORHAM B. MUNSON

ONE of the happy consequences of the contemporary demand for biography is the light which is turned so searchingly upon American history and leadership. No historian of to-day is more zealous to cite past examples for present guidance than James Truslow Adams, who here appraises three American careers.

THREE AMERICANS

THE fortuitous little collection of three volumes which has arrived for my appraisal raises some interesting speculations on the American mind. Here are three men, — Franklin, Polk, and Hanna, — none of whom had an intellect of the first order, two of whom at least have been considered essentially mediocre. Yet the first has been called by some the greatest American; the second rose to be President; the third made a President and for years was the most powerful man in the country. It makes one ponder.

Bernard Faÿ has unquestionably given us the most important biography of ***Franklin*** yet written (Little, Brown, $3.00). He has had access to far more manuscript material than any previous writer on the subject, and, which does not always follow infallibly, has known how to use it. This new material has not altered the main outlines of the picture, but has helped to give color and life to many a hitherto dim patch. A minor fault in the book is its occasional bad English, for which the translator, Mr. Bravig Imbs (curious name for an English translator), and not the author should be held accountable. To finish promptly with adverse criticism of what is in other respects an admirable book, we may say that Faÿ is not always thoroughly at home in the American colonial background, and, what is far more

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The BOOKSHELF

serious for the ordinary uninformed American reader, he has been led by his own French patriotism to give what most scholars would consider a false estimate of the motives of France and of Vergennes for their entering the war on the side of America. To draw Louis and his Minister as simple-minded idealists whose confidence was abused by scheming Americans is, in plain words, to falsify history, and this portion of the book is very unsatisfactory. The influence of Freemasonry is also overstressed.

Outside of these blemishes, the book can be heartily praised and recommended. A very clear and definite impression of Franklin emerges from its reading, though he does not appear as great as Faÿ says he is. We have the great career of a man who lacked many of the essentials of real greatness. He is a clever adapter of other men's ideas, which he turned to practical use in 'Poor Richard,' the 'Franklin stove,' his electrical experiments, and all else. He was canny, but not truly wise, a great actor who knew how to play a great part, not above duplicity, a character that does not ring true. Faÿ is not a 'debunker,' and seems himself not aware of the feet of lead he adjusts to the statue of his hero.

Allan Nevins in ***Polk, The Diary of a President*** (Longmans, Green, $5.00), has ably condensed the four volumes of the *Diary* as originally printed, in a now scarce edition, into one. The years covered are the presidential ones of 1845 to 1849, and include, of course, many great events in our history, including the Mexican War and the negotiations with Great Britain over Oregon. There is a steady revaluation going on of the figures in our past, resulting in a great and sometimes unexpected shuffling of places among the company across the Styx. Polk's reputation has advanced from 'Polk the Mendacious' as far as 'Polk the Mediocre.' He is now viewed as an honest, extremely hardworking man of limited mind and yet more limited tastes and interests. As the editor points out, a man of this type has frequently been a better President than those of more brilliant mentality, even if one cannot get very enthusiastic over him. The years he served as President were in a real sense critical, and in this volume we have an original document of the first importance for understanding them. Mr. Nevins's scholarly editing leaves, as usual with him, nothing to be desired.

In ***Hanna***, by **Thomas Beer** (Knopf, $4.00), we are introduced to another American of very different type, the self-made plutocrat, uneducated ('one of the best and worst informed men I have ever known,' Adler said of him), but with a marked flair for certain unexpected things, such as the drama and running the U. S. A. Beer has written a fine book, as far from the 'new biography' on the one hand as it is from the old standardized sort on the other. I confess, for the benefit of others who may find the same thing, that for the first half-dozen pages I was annoyed and disappointed. The author seemed trying to be extremely clever — and failing. But once the rather confusing entry is past, the story goes at a great rate, and, what is more, I think it sound. Beer's father was behind the scenes in the politics of those decades and the author gives us a lot of extremely illuminating bits from his father's papers. Those of us around fifty recall vividly the Hanna of the cartoons of the 1890's, and now at last we meet the real man. Beer has not whitewashed him, but the book is so convincing in its presentation that we feel as though the author had just taken us into a room where Hanna was and left us with the living personality. We come out at the end saying to ourselves, 'So *that* is the old boy!' I am very tired of hearing books hailed as great. It is only once in a blue moon that a really great book is written. But this is a good book. It has its own original contribution to make for the student and is written extremely well. It is one of the most interesting I have read in a long time.

So we come back to our three Americans, all different and all somehow unmistakably American. Not one of them had a great original idea. Not one had a genuine, balanced education. Not one had a genuinely great combination of mind and character. All were essentially 'practical.' They took what was at hand, — other people's ideas, business opportunities, politicians, issues of the moment, — and somehow made something of them. They 'got there,' as we say, and all rendered service to their country. Franklin was much the showiest, but one somehow feels, in a way, also the shoddiest in the deeps of his character. Then Polk the Mediocre, then Hanna, buying votes wholesale, yet priding himself justly on his business honesty. A queer trio, and yet all so American as to make one sit down and think.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

ECHOES of the English reception of Robert Graves's autobiography have reached these shores: how the author publicly retracted a statement which cast a slur on Scottish soldiers in the war; how the first 300 copies are fetching £8 apiece, and contain references to Siegfried Sassoon which have since been omitted. Meantime, Tomlinson lovers have been on the outlook for his war book, also coming from England. They make an exceptional couple for review.

OUR YESTERDAYS

MAN makes his own past by the books which he writes about it, and with the recurrence of the war books we can begin to judge how our own day will appear as the past of a day to come. At present it looks as though the honest picture of the war has a chance of defeating the romantic one which usually survives from such episodes Certainly the two fine English war books which have

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opened the new year have the virtue of honesty and unillusioned facing of the facts.

Robert Graves, on the point of going to Oxford, went to war instead with the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. His autobiography, ***Good-Bye to All That*** (Cape & Smith, $3.00), is a life story completely colored by the war years. Its externals differ little from those of many other lives in his generation — the boy of eighteen stepping from school into the army, serving first at a home training camp and then seeing active service as lieutenant and later captain through year after year at the front. But it is set apart by an unforced candor and by a superlative mastery of narrative. The incidents follow one another with telling vividness, and the whole range of one man's war experience is brought into relation with the pattern of his life and with that of his friends and acquaintances. If one could read only one war book, or one half of one war book, the central portion of this volume might safely be chosen. It is not a typical case, for Mr. Graves is a poet and an individualist, but this gives it all the greater impact. Many of its accounts of behavior at the front, of official blundering and private and public knavery, are startling, but their matter-of-factness puts them above mere scandal or sensationalism. The author's friendship with Siegfried Sassoon, for example, permits him to tell the whole story of one of the war's most spectacular figures. The book is free from vanity except for the initial vanity of writing an autobiography at the age of thirty-three. An apology for this is implied in the title and epilogue, which proclaim that that life is now ended for the author. The reader can accept this as a statement of intentions without taking it too seriously as a fact. It will not be easy to put that life away.

In ***All Our Yesterdays*** (Harper, $2.50), **H. M. Tomlinson** attempts something very different: he is creating literature rather than recording fact. In a sense Tomlinson too has written an autobiography, for he has taken the high lights of memory from the span of his active life and drawn from them their ironic comment on civilization. Beginning with the Boer War, and pausing on the way for a glimpse of imperialism at work in the tropics, he comes to 1914 and the Great War, which he follows through in a series of episodes part fiction and part memoir. He has no mercy for human follies; and he despairs at our failure to learn from our mistakes. But he retains a warm regard for the qualities of individual character, and this permits him to offer a comforting sense of man's true possibilities.

One would like to give nothing but praise to this magnificently written book. Every paragraph bears the mark of a modern master of language, and over each episode broods a thoughtful and feeling nature. The writing is rich with metaphor, cadence, and lavish variety of phrase. But it suffers as a work of art from two or three serious faults. The repeated shift from fiction to memoir is disturbing. While the episodes are well chosen and perfect in themselves, the wisdom of their arrangement and emphasis as parts of a whole is not always apparent. The allusive style makes severe demands on the reader — even the force of the title is weakened if its context is not remembered; and the entire first part of the book holds few rewards for readers whose adult memories do not go back to London in 1900. Finally, it is open to question whether such writing as this is truly effective for material so immediate as the war scenes. It is realism, but with the overtones made explicit. In passing through a ruined town he sees a child's doll 'sprawled in mimicry of wanton grief' or a dead horse 'whose horrific grin was apocalyptic' — where the fact of the doll or the grinning horse would be far more telling than his comment. These criticisms all suggest that Mr. Tomlinson is an essayist rather than a narrator, and that *All Our Yesterdays* ought to be judged in the category of *belles-lettres*. On that plane, however, it has no recent peers; and because it vivifies fact with understanding, it takes on the qualities of enduring literature.

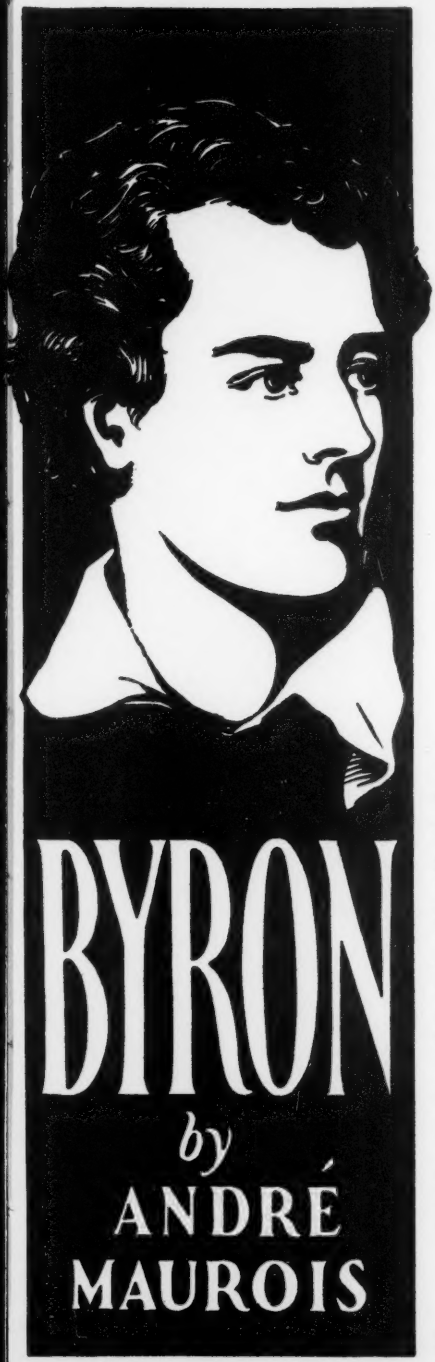
MARSHALL BEST

IN Virginia Woolf's brilliant essay, *A Room of One's Own*, she indicates very adroitly some of the differences between men and women writers. Speculating on this, I remembered that last fall Houghton Mifflin divided a $25,000 prize between the sexes. Inquiry showed that 20,000 copies each of Mary Lee's *It's a Great War* and William Scanlon's *God Have Mercy On Us!* had been printed — and that the latter was the first to need reprinting. This surprised me, for I believe that the judges and the reviewers favored the lady in the case.

For further comment on some of our young male novelists I turn to Mary Ross, an expert surveyor of fiction.

NOVELS BY YOUNG MEN

NOTABLE exceptions notwithstanding, there is from time to time an uneasy suspicion that among the novelists women manage to get more than their fair share of the laurels; that, to put it baldly, fiction is in danger of going feminine. Just why women have made more headway here than in other fields of art, except acting, is one of those riddles which, so far as I know, are still unsolved. But they have, to the extent that current novels in both the writing and the reading are preëminently a woman's game. Possibly it is from this tendency that has come the reaction of those whom Mr. Malcolm Cowley terms the new primitives — young writers, chiefly men, who have abandoned the 'misty mid-region of the soul' in favor of 'definite, brightly colored fields of reality,' whose work is full of sensuous impressions and 'abounds in simple emotions and judg-



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The BOOKSHELF

ments of a very simple sort,' whose language, forsaking the literary tradition, catches the echo of poolroom, beauty shops, and Pullman smokers. The four novels before me might fall, broadly speaking, within Mr. Cowley's definition. They deal with brightly colored realities — a newspaper office, a London public house, shanty boats on the Mississippi, prize-fight arenas: places to which the lady novelist has little access. There is no sign out, 'Men Only,' but there seems to be a general understanding that words will not be minced or manners softened to truckle to the so-called feminine taste.

Scoop (Little, Brown and Atlantic Monthly, $2.00) is a quick unassuming story of a newspaper reporter by **James S. Hart** and **Garrett D. Byrnes**, who themselves have done time on an Eastern daily. 'Snakes' Shiel gets arrested for drunken driving, and while he is in jail his nose for news starts him on a trail which eventually uncovers the corruption of the political ring in power, earns fabulous *kudos* for Snakes and his paper, and leaves him flat (but still a newspaper man!) by bringing about the death of the girl whom he came to love while he was getting his 'scoop.' It is brisk, vigorous, credible, and as romantic as are newspaper men themselves: if they were n't, they would n't keep on being newspaper men, much less write books about their kaleidoscopic world. And undoubtedly it will appeal to young men from the provinces who want to see how life ticks in a City Room.

Mississippi, by **Ben Lucius Burman** (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00), is a first novel which comes heralded with enthusiastic endorsements. After reading these willy-nilly (folded about the book jacket), perhaps I expected too much, but certainly this story of white trash on the shanty boats and their feud with the steamboaters seems to me neither 'magnificent' nor 'in the category of great achievement.' Rather it is quaint, curious, and a little pretty, achieving pathos where tragedy seems to be intended; full of interesting detail, but youthfully naïve when it comes to characterization. I 'll still take my Mississippi from Mark Twain.

The Midnight Bell, by **Patrick Hamilton** (Little, Brown, $2.50), is a fourth novel by a young man who has yet to see his thirtieth birthday. It is the story of Bob, who is waiter in the Midnight Bell's Saloon Bar, Ella, the barmaid, and yellow-haired Jenny, who slips in when she needs cash and out when she has got it. Here again is 'low life,' but this time it is not distorted by romantic oversimplicity or sentimental prettiness. Mr. Hamilton knows his background so well that he can afford to subordinate it, while the story springs not from plot and counterplot, but from the subtle and very human interactions of this strange triangle. Jenny's hold on Bob is that which Somerset Maugham has signalized in *Of Human Bondage* — the almost helpless addiction of a man to a woman in spite of all that reason and experience can tell him. Mr. Hamilton makes the relation understandable and moving; his book has dignity, restraint, and humor.

By far the most original and the most powerful of these four books is **W. R. Burnett's *Iron Man*** (Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press, $2.50). Like its predecessor, *Little Caesar*, it is cut out of whole new cloth, in this instance the loves and hates and ideals of a middleweight champion. Here is the laconic talk of men who hang around a training camp, 'big shots,' 'gate crashers,' bums, prize fighters, trainers, managers, and in the spotlight Coke Mason, the 'champ,' honest, loyal, incredibly ignorant and innocent, defenseless except for his bandaged hands. There is an inarticulate epic in the love between Coke and Regan, his boyhood friend and the manager who saw him through from mechanic's helper to champion; agony in Coke's forced choice between Regan and Rose, Coke's fly-by-night wife; and tragedy which runs clear and deep in the final betrayal and downfall of the 'big boy.' Almost surely, I think, would Mr. Cowley accept Mr. Burnett as a new primitive; but to the reader there is the more interesting fact that this book is not only new, but strong and beautiful. If more men would write like this we should have not only more male novelists (fiction again showing it can deal excitingly with things that are preëminently male), but also more novel readers, male and female.

MARY ROSS

NEWS in the Book World . . . On a recent trip to London, George Palmer Putnam, the publisher, acquired the American rights to *Escape*, by Francesco Nitti, nephew of the Italian ex-Prime Minister. The book recounts the adventures of Nitti the Younger in escaping from the Fascist prison on Lipari Island. In England and on his return to New York, Mr. Putnam received letters threatening his life if he dared to publish this 'slur on Fascism.' . . . Five booksellers were arrested in Chicago by entrapment methods of the Illinois Vigilance Association in a campaign reformers are waging against 'immoral literature.' . . . Writing in the *Publishers' Weekly*, Alfred McIntyre, President of Little, Brown, and Company, gives as his opinion that 'the two most important developments in bookselling during the last ten years are the apparently successful establishment of book clubs and the great increase in the number of small shops selling books.' . . . It is said that Colonel T. E. Lawrence, the most mysterious author alive, is now at work on a translation of Homer, to be illustrated by Bruce Rogers. . . .

Edward Weeks

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MARCH, 1930

BEAUTY AND THE BOOSTER

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

As a part of our new civic consciousness, or perhaps a manifestation of the advertising complex, not only towns and cities, but whole districts and even states and groups of states are advertising their attractions and inducements to the rest of the United States. There appear to be three appeals, which in practice are mutually incompatible. Communities want people to come and live there, or industries to establish themselves there, or tourists to vacation there. Usually a town which is the ideal site for a new factory does not attract tourists seeking a pleasant holiday, and its value as a permanent residence depends on whether the home-seeker is looking for a job or for a desirable place in which to spend his declining years. This latter group must not be overlooked. At first thought they might not seem to appeal to forward-looking communities, — these people who have done their work and wish to sit down in the shade of their accumulations, — but the income they spend is very agreeable to the local grocers and garage men. It is to this class that Southern California owes so much of its recent development.

To whom are all these community advertisements addressed? Apparently to the other inhabitants of the country. If they are effective and people act on them, then various units of the population will move to other spots on the map; and, while some communities benefit, others lose. Possibly it may work out that factories and workmen will move to centres where power is cheap, shipping facilities adequate, and labor conditions favorable, while inhabitants of those centres, having made their stake from the industries, will be advertised away to places where every prospect pleases because no factories soil the landscape or mar its sightliness.

Here is Dallas using full pages to persuade Northern manufacturers to establish branch factories in what it claims is the industrial centre of Texas, while citizens of Dallas move to Pasadena, a city of beautiful houses, clean streets, and picturesque gardens, whose entire population has apparently 'retired.' Dallas wants the 'go-getters' and Pasadena the coupon cutters. As each full-page advertisement gets in its work, population will be shifted like a national game of Pussy-Wants-a-Corner, and some corners will be better off and some worse off until every community realizes the possibilities of advertising, when we shall begin to resemble that famous island whose

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inhabitants live by doing each other's washing.

Have all these communities, before rushing into advertising, given sufficient thought to what they have to sell? It seems easier to sell pay rolls, bank clearances, or freight movements, which are the work of chambers of commerce, than beauty, which is an act of God, or at least of Nature. At present the industrial argument is better backed and better presented than the æsthetic. True, there is abundant advertising of scenic beauty, but it is seldom civic beauty. It is the accidental juxtaposition of sea, mountain, river, and lake, the blessings that Nature has bestowed on some favored spots, rather than the planned juxtaposition of homes, factories, shops, and office buildings, the necessary constituents of a city, which requires thought and sacrifice and unselfishness to produce, but which often pays better in the long run than acres of utilities. If God made the country, the Devil continues to make the towns, with far too little hindrance from town-planning commissions. As long as the slogan continues to be 'A larger population by 1930 than —— (the nearest rival city),' civic beauty is bound to come off second best.

Mere size looms large in the imagination of city boosters, but there are many cities in which size is the chief obstacle to better living conditions. To-day, a larger population means not merely more feet, but more motor cars, and some of our most progressive cities, which have hitherto recorded their advance to their cherished goal in census figures, are beginning to look a little ruefully at the congestion which chokes their wide-open spaces. Nothing a town may gain in size will compensate for loss of livability.

For in the end what is the good of population, industrial supremacy, wealth, if they do not lead to better living? Have these cities which are so strenuously seeking new factories and other business enterprises thought where they are going to put the new arrivals if they come, and especially how they will mould them into the higher life of the community? Have the powers that be adopted zoning laws and planned their city so that growth in industry and wealth will not soil what beauty the city has and make it a less desirable place to live in for those very citizens who prosper by the influx of new money? This whole business of boosting cities should go hand in hand with and be the outcome of another movement which is slowly spreading over the country, commonly called the town-planning movement. What we are all seeking is not money, but life — is n't it? — pleasant living. We are willing to work to earn money, but the only use of money is to make life worth while, and if it does n't succeed in doing that, who is better off?

A manufacturing business might be benefited by moving to a town where shipping is easy, labor and power cheap, and other conditions favorable, but some conditions favorable to manufacturing are due to living conditions which should also be perpetuated. Could not advertising be directed toward a broader appeal? Doubtless many of these cities which advertise have other attractions than the utilitarian ones, but they are perhaps neglected or overlooked in the advertising in the mistaken belief that the industrial appeal is the only one, or at least the most potent.

A community ought to be concerned with the way its additional population is going to live, or what effect the new industry will have on the population it already has, before it thinks of the wages the workers will spend with local tradesmen and the pay rolls the local banks will handle. It would be a

fine thing if communities entered into an advertising competition on a town-planning basis and offered a well-balanced community in which every necessary element had its proper place without lowering the standards for other elements. At present it seems to be a choice between towns to work in and towns to live in. People of means are driving about the less industrialized sections looking for quiet, sequestered, romantic country towns in which to settle down and enjoy the remaining years of life. It is a reflection on our civilization that a man who has made his money in a city cannot with all his money find there some of the amenities of the old New England towns. And the lesser workers must continue to earn their living in the city where the work is, and read the advertisements of the chamber of commerce with wistful wonder.

The city that advertises should have something more to offer than its desire for a larger population. It should have the attractions which only intelligent planning can create. Why should not cities which desire new industries prepare to offer happier conditions of living as well as new opportunities for gain?

Community advertising, like suicide, is often confession. It is the result, not of desirability, but of the steady loss of people moving to cities or other places where life offers a higher percentage of living. Philadelphia is a grievous example of town planning too long delayed. Like all port cities, its business centre started near the water. The railroad terminals dragged it west toward Broad Street. The Delaware Bridge did not halt the movement as was hoped, and the new business centre is now at Chestnut and Broad, where, owing to William Penn's old streets of oxcart width, traffic conditions are intolerable and the losses in transporting goods no longer to be borne. Industry is moving away, and Burlington on the upper Delaware is one of the cities that are profiting at Philadelphia's expense. To correct this the real-estate people and property owners have raised a sum of $2,300,000 to be spent in advertising alone, when the situation calls for many times that amount to be spent in improving conditions. At the moment this paper is written, it is good to hear, however, that Philadelphia has appropriated $500,000 to advance a movement for a tri-state regional plan. The territory concerned is included in a circle about forty miles around the centre of Philadelphia, and takes in parts of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware. There are more than 360 separate political subdivisions in this district, including Trenton, Camden, Chester, Norristown, and Wilmington and affecting a population of three and one-half million.

II

According to a striking booklet entitled 'New Cities for the New Age,' put out by the Planning Foundation of America, 'during the last ten years 580 cities followed New York's lead in adopting zoning ordinances regulating the use of land within their corporate limits. From 1914 to 1928, 570 cities created planning commissions. In the same period 37 industrial cities were built on predetermined plans, and within the last five years 15 metropolitan regions surrounding central cities have begun comprehensive planning of their interrelated physical and economic development.'

At present about half the population of the United States is living in cities and towns which have undertaken some systematic plan to better local conditions. But 94 per cent of communities of 2500 and over have no plan for future growth, 84 per cent have no

zoning ordinances, and 86 per cent have no planning commissions. Meanwhile, with our new facilities for transportation, the surrounding country has become part of the cities and liable to the kind of contamination which follows contact with human beings in the mass. It, too, needs the restraining hand unless it is to go the way of cities which, like Topsy, have 'just growed.'

Since town planning was first conceived the automobile has become perhaps the biggest factor in city life, and it is playing the deuce with civic improvement. All towns more than twenty-five years old developed in what Grosvenor Atterbury calls 'the horse-and-buggy age of innocence.' That group of cities of which Los Angeles is the nucleus, including thirty or forty towns, some of them large, — such as Pasadena, with 85,000 population, — integrally one community covering about one thousand square miles, is the most motorable conglomerate I have ever negotiated. This is because it has all been built since the motor car became a factor in urban life. It has numerous wide streets, well paved. It is laid out on an elaboration of Baron Haussmann's plan for Paris — broad boulevards dividing the territory into tracts of smaller streets. Any address can be reached with the least possible difficulty. Indeed, the motor car is almost the only method of transportation in these cities. The ease with which the car can get about is fully appreciated by the inhabitants, and everyone has a car. They have raised the national average of one car to 5.3 people to one car to 2.3 people. Even with almost double saturation one has less feeling of congestion in the streets of this vast city than in any other large city in the country.

On the green hills southwest of Los Angeles, overlooking the Pacific Ocean, there is being developed a model community, the plan for which reads like one of those dream cities H. G. Wells likes to write about. All that saves this Utopia from being utopian is its practicality. It is called Palos Verdes and is being planned with a lively recognition of every present factor in modern urban life and a shrewd prophetic forecast of the future, to anticipate, if possible, just such convulsive social, economic, and æsthetic changes as have overwhelmed us in the last quarter century.

The difference between making changes on a roll of blueprints and altering a city that is not only large but growing larger every day, and growing in all its perverse ways, is obvious as one reads the scheme for this new city, as yet only four years old. It makes one envious of its opportunities. The green hills of the former Palos Verdes Ranch were bare of every human structure when the Homes Association began work on it. They had nothing to undo, nothing to correct. They did not even have a population to deal with, for the new city will select its inhabitants as it selected its site and its architecture.

The advisory council which controls its destiny with an iron hand is composed of architects, artists, engineers, landscapists, and town planners. No factor is neglected. Beauty is just as important as drainage, a vista as necessary as parking space. The roofs of the houses, for instance, must harmonize and compose in color and texture, because a hillside town is often seen from above. How little thought we have given to bird's-eye views of our cities. Yet the airways may become the highways and the approach of the future may be by way of chimneys instead of imposing front entrances planted with cedars and rhododendrons.

The protective restrictions which

govern the style, size, mass, site, and planting of every building and lot are almost feudal in their exactions, but only thus can a city be built which will afford each citizen equal share in beauty and utility. And yet we leave our full-grown cities to their own devices and hope that blind unguided instinct will make them sightly without restraint or plan.

It would be fine if the town planners and town boosters would get together, if some of the energy of the one could be made available for the other and some of the vision of the other could be made available for the one. Those hard-headed chambers of commerce, thinking in terms of pay rolls, bank clearings, and real-estate developments, need to learn the economic value of beauty. 'Beauty' is a vague word, hard to define, but it is clear that no town or city left to grow at its own sweet will ever achieves it.

How strange it is that the works of Nature left alone produce qualities which delight the eye, while the works of man inevitably result in ugliness. A tree permitted to work out its natural destiny grows into a magnificent landmark; a group of trees blends into a delightful landscape and harmonizes with mountain, plain, and sky. A house, a village, a factory, a group of workingmen's cottages, no matter how efficient and practical and well built, never by any accident form a perfect composition. Two buildings side by side, each a good design in itself, will not compose unless the architects have collaborated to that end.

Even the picturesque old towns of the Middle Ages which we go abroad to see are not the result of chance, nor are they the expression of a more artistic age than ours. The rank and file of people at that time had no keener eye for the picturesque than we have; the instinct for composition did not come naturally to them. Those picture towns of England and France were the result of feudal fiat to please a beauty-loving potentate. They were planned as a unit by an architect who, however little he knew of open plumbing and central heating, had an unerring eye for beauty. They were planned from the prince's point of view, with no thought of the common people, — or of us, for that matter, — and the common people got little good out of them. They, too, were part of the scenery. The picturesque beauty of the setting was little compensation to them for the discomfort of attractive cottages which helped to compose the view of the lord of the manor. What those old kings and popes and archbishops aimed at was a pleasance, — something to delight the eye, — and they got it; walled gardens and pleached alleys and oriel windows rather than sanitary plumbing, drainage, sunlight, and health for their people.

Our modern city fathers go to the other extreme and think too constantly of financial return from the material aspects of city life and too little about the effect of the whole, the attractiveness of the town and its relation to the surrounding country. So, when they come to advertise, what they offer seems but little better than the dull conditions we have at home.

Charles H. Cheney, the man behind much that inspires one in the planning of Palos Verdes, insists that architects and landscape artists must be added to planning commissions to make sure of beauty and check the economic waste which springs from ugliness. He says:

> There is an almost universal lack of understanding of the importance of architecture and its inseparable setting, landscape architecture, which together form the background or environment for all the people of this country, particularly where they are grouped together in cities.

Over 500 American cities are now reported by the Department of Commerce to have city-planning commissions. Yet, with the exception of St. Louis and a very few other cities, there are seldom architects on these commissions, and if there are, they do not seem to know what to do.

Scarcely any real æsthetic considerations have been included in American city planning to date. Meanwhile there is enormous economic loss everywhere because of the bad design and planning of both individual and group buildings and of off-color structures which must be scrapped and replaced in a few years.

III

Traffic is the biggest factor we have to work with to-day in planning a town or countryside and in holding it within bounds. The motor car has not so far been a beautifier. It had considerable trouble making itself good-looking; it started ugly and has only gradually achieved a measure of beauty. The conversion of the most widely distributed car, the one that is the most pervading feature of every landscape, has occurred within the last two years. And cars selling stark transportation without grace or elegance were bought by people who cared little for either in cars or environment. They have raced about the country trailing clouds of destruction. Instead of appreciating the landscape, they have not hesitated to mar and scar it, scattering the detritus of their lunch baskets by the wayside, tearing up the wild flowers, breaking off the limbs of trees, and setting fire to the forests with their carelessly discarded cigarettes. They have viewed with complacence the transformation of the highways into one long gallery of disorderly and untidy petty utilities, gasoline pumps, refreshment stands, and the boards that advertise them. One sign that might aptly be added formerly hung before the doors of old posting taverns: 'Refreshment within for man and beast.'

The motor car is certainly responsible for the 'hot-dog stands' and filling stations, the only landmarks some of us ever see. That useful organization, the Art Center, source of much artistic influence on industry, is fathering a movement to improve them. Mrs. John D. Rockefeller has given a fund for prizes to encourage restrained and artistic treatment of these utilities, and a famous 'hot-dog king' has joined her and contributed to the fund. Most attempts on the owners' part to beautify filling stations have merely succeeded in playing up their ugliness. As with every new industry, with the motor car, with creation itself, the first beginnings are without form and void. The Richfield Oil Company on the Pacific Coast has erected straddling steel Eiffel Towers of unknown height, the name running down them in letters of light. Viewed simply as advertising, they hardly seem to be in the true California spirit, which has done many things exceedingly well; but the fact is that these towers were erected as aviation beacons, and on foggy nights have served as life savers to both aviators and motorists.

The Art Center has also aligned itself with other well-meaning associations in a crusade against what they mistakenly call 'billboards.' The same public-spirited oil king's daughter-in-law has contributed another prize to be used in rewarding the school boy or girl who coins the slogan that will sweep them all into the discard, exactly as the word 'scofflaw' overwhelmed the violators of the Volstead Act. What they will do with the slogan when they get it is not apparent. It would hardly be consistent to plaster the roadside with it, though that is what the commercially-minded advertiser does with his slogan; but some form of advertising will have to be

used, and each form has its little cohort of conscientious objectors. To fight advertising with advertising seems to be begging the question.

To preserve the countryside is an object with which every lover of scenic beauty will sympathize, but unfortunately the various crusaders against outdoor advertising are so little familiar with the field that they do not visualize their real enemy. They are tilting against the wrong windmill, as is shown by the use of the word 'billboard.' The outdoor advertiser recognizes only two forms of mural advertising, the poster board and the painted bulletin. The poster board is a hoarding upon which a paper poster is pasted. A painted bulletin is a hoarding upon which an advertisement is painted. The poster boards are seldom found outside city limits — the necessity of replacing the paper demands that they be accessible — and they are often a more attractive feature than the vacant lot, often a dump heap, which they hide. A poster may be the work of a Frank Brangwyn or a Maxfield Parrish or a René Clarke, reproduced by lithography in the colors and with the qualities of the original, and is frequently a work of art. No serious objection can be raised against it.

The painted sign found in the country is the bulletin. It is always ugly, and often badly placed, marring an otherwise attractive spot. It is ugly because its embellishment depends on a sign painter who is never an artist and seldom a letterer, whose palette contains nothing but the crudest colors. It is by no means as common as its opponents think. Unfamiliar with this sort of advertising, they confuse the comparatively few painted bulletins with the horde of 'snipers,' signs nailed up or stuck up by local interests, a blot that rests squarely on the community which tolerates them, and no amount of appeal to national advertisers to spare the views will have any effect on this real destroyer of roadside beauty. If national advertisers should yield to the appeals being made to them, — and some of them have, — the withdrawal of their bulletins would scarcely be noticed, so little would it change the appearance of the roadside. We should still have the wearyingly reiterated interjections of hot-dog emporiums, filling stations, tourists' overnight lodging houses, auto camps, religious fanatics, real-estate developers, airports, hotels, fresh vegetables, chow puppies, road houses, and garages. Even if there were no other objection, these primitive signs are not even good advertising.

The Mohawk Trail is a fair example of this kind of prostitution. In the hot quarrel between roadside refreshment stands as to which has the best view, the whole scene is hopelessly vulgarized. No painted bulletin could add aught to the unsightliness of this gallery of clamant barkers. Or consider the Jefferson Davis Highway, embroidered with a running commentary from peddlers and fundamentalists. Such a mingling of worldly 'wisecracks' and heavenly counsel has not been seen since Bunyan's famous Pilgrim made his celebrated tour.

'You are now leaving Accotinct'
'Where will you spend eternity?'
'Tourist camp 100 yards'
'Ben's Place 1 mile'
'Mammoth peanuts 100 feet'
'No parking near the white line'
'R. R. — Stop — N. C. Law'
'Death is on your track'
'Dangerous curve'
'Caution'
'Prepare to meet thy God'
'Tar River'
'Toll Bridge'
'Colored hotel'
'Soft Shoulders'
'Jesus'
'You are now entering Apex'

That is the kind of stuff that gives to our most distinguished highways a touch of vulgarity, offensive to eye and mind, deserving the attention of uplifters before the comparatively few painted bulletins of the tire, cigarette, and motor-car makers are assailed under the impression that all the disorder is due to them. One bulletin, even in the glaring reds and greens so popular, placed in the heart of an inspiring vista is less an offense than the unending stream of snipers which follow you the whole livelong day.

Driving from Kensico Lake to Ridgefield recently, I made a careful test by count of the proportion between organized outdoor advertising signs and the local snipers. There were 416 signs in that thirty miles, and only seven were put out by national advertisers. The remaining 409 were local. Responsibility for them rested on the community where they appeared. They were of every size, color, degree of illiteracy, and state of dilapidation. How inconsistent to petition national advertisers to remove their boards and purify the roadside, when such a hodgepodge is tolerated by communities which are not thereby deterred from broadcasting their attractions, among which beauty looms large!

An extreme instance of a community's inconsistency, advertising its scenic attractions and historic landmarks with the very signs that are so often a blot on much scenic beauty, is taken from the fourth annual report of the Chattanooga Community Advertising Association: —

> Under an arrangement entered into with the Chattanooga Automobile Club a number of 10 x 50 feet painted bulletins will be erected at junctions of main highways leading to Chattanooga. The bulletins will bear attractive scenes in and around Chattanooga, the text being in the nature of road directions and an invitation to visit Chattanooga, Lookout and Signal Mountains, and Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge Battlefields. The sites on which the boards will be erected are being selected and furnished by the Chattanooga Automobile Club, which organization is purchasing the ground on which the boards are erected so as to assure perpetual control of the locations, those already secured having been pronounced ideal for the purpose intended.

One is dismayed to think that the care and preservation of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge are entrusted to the same discretion that conceived the idea of advertising them on painted bulletins ten by fifty feet.

IV

The City of New York has just undertaken a mild form of community advertising. It is broadcasting its attractions as a summer resort. As a gesture it is absurdly disproportionate to the city's greatness and needs, but it does offer an opportunity to appraise our metropolis in the light of what has just been said about cities that invite inspection from visitors before they have completed their civic toilet.

In proportion as New York is great in her list of attractions she is also great in her sins of omission. She has done some magnificent things and she will always be New York no matter what she does or refrains from doing, but is n't it anomalous that New York is still without a plan in her era of furious rebuilding? That there is no guiding hand, no body with authority to shape and mould the physical beauty of this city as she emerges from her brownstone chrysalis and spreads her topless towers like wings? The brownstone chrysalis was the sad accomplishment of a similar era of frenzied building. Those ugly and uninspired dwellings were turned out by the mile.

Now we are mowing them down in swaths and rushing up tall apartment houses in their stead. The brownstone was ugly in detail and ugly in the mass. Our modern dwellings are frequently strikingly beautiful in detail, but not always happy in their juxtaposition.

As soon as it got about that people would leave palatial town houses to live in apartments if the apartments were only luxurious enough, a horde of builders descended upon the best streets of New York like grubstakers on a newly discovered gold field. In this city any man who can pay for a site and raise a mortgage on the land can put up any kind of building he desires, provided the plans will pass the purely utilitarian restrictions of the tenement-house law and the building department. There is no authority to decide whether such a huge addition to the civic landscape adds to its collective beauty, or even whether the building itself is in good taste. Even the setback, which has revealed some new and delightful possibilities of city architecture, was an accident. It was not intended to provide more beauty, but more light. And not all uses of it are skillful even when they are legal.

The newly born Radmore, the motor-age city growing up in the New Jersey meadows, has a board of experts to sit in judgment on every building proposed, and the mightiest city in the land builds as it lists.

There was that fine site created by moving the Presbyterian Hospital uptown, a whole block freed in the best quarter of New York. Some of us held our breath in the hope that an enlightened builder would cover that site with a structure worthy of its distinction. Instead, what happened? The block is now being 'improved' with at least nine different buildings — various heights, colors, textures, and motifs, with no ideal in common. The fenestration and the cornice lines on the Park Avenue side are on different levels, giving that irritating effect of a picture hung crookedly. It is just a heterogeneous mass of buildings, each good in itself, but without harmony. We have the inconsistency of a patient real-estate man working for years to assemble a site covering a block, buying a parcel here and a parcel there, being held up by the man who owns the corner lot, but gradually after years of work triumphing in getting together under one ownership all the parcels that constitute one block so that a single structure can be erected upon it, while on the other side of the street, where by a great stroke of luck there comes into the market a complete site, a whole block in one parcel, the first thing the builders do is to chop it up into as many sites as the block on the other side of the street had before it was assembled.

Developers are permitted to erect even on Fifth Avenue fourteen-story structures on a city lot, buildings that tower above their surroundings with a conspicuousness which would be justified only by treating them as towers. They are not treated as towers, but as segments of a larger building. They look like thin slices of apartment house cut from the parent loaf.

The water tank is another eyesore. When the tall building was a rarity, the ugly but necessary tank on top was concealed from below. Now that all buildings are rising to new horizons, these great tanks propped up on steel skeletons hit one in the eye in every direction. Some architects have found a way to conceal them and add a new beauty thereby, but there is no town-planning commission to say that all builders must add this gracious touch.

A builder might ask, 'Cannot I do as I please with my own?' But no one actually owns a lot all to himself in a city. The value of the land as land is a

trifle beside the value given it by the city around it. The buildings are the landscape of the city. We cannot escape them. We have to live with them whatever they are. Here is our great city undergoing a transformation in a short span of time, as Rome did when Augustus found it brick and left it marble. We are masters of material of incredible manageability. We have architects capable of realizing amazing conceptions. We have individual buildings that leave one breathless. But we are building new structures that are eyesores, and there is no plan, no high constituted authority, to guide us in putting our city together.

Did it ever occur to you that architecture is the only one of the major arts for which there is no regular body of criticism? Plays and books are reviewed almost every day in the newspapers; painting and sculpture at least once a week. But architecture is the greatest art of all in its effect on our lives. Pictures and statues can be concealed inside museums and other buildings. You do not need to go to a theatre or read a book. But you must live with architecture. That joyous and light-hearted periodical, the *New Yorker*, conceived the happy idea of a department of criticism on current architecture as manifested in New York, calling the column, most appropriately, 'The Sky Line.' It ventured to find fault with one of the new buildings on Fifth Avenue, and the architect promptly brought suit. It is a pity the case was never tried. One would like to learn why the architect's art, which concerns us so much, willy-nilly, is immune from criticism, while that of the painter, playwright, sculptor, or author runs the gauntlet. It would be beside the point to maintain that the comment was untrue or unjust, for after all criticism is merely the opinion of the critic. If it were anything else, if this distinction applied to other arts, many book reviewers and art critics would be in jail.

Recently there has appeared a Regional Plan for New York and its environs, a work of unusual scope and vision, financed by private generosity, which has occupied the Biblical period of seven years in its preparation. It is unofficial and is offered to the city as a method of working out some of its problems and providing for future growth. Will it be adopted? It is to be hoped that this public-spirited expenditure of time and money will benefit the people of New York. But no city has less public spirit or has done less in proportion to its wealth, its needs, and its opportunity. There are many small communities that put this big metropolis to shame. New York might reply, 'Yes, but those communities have everything to gain. New York has arrived.' But a hundred years from now these ambitious small towns may be the places where people prefer to live, and New York will have become deserted because impossible.

'Could anything be more ludicrous,' asks Edward A. Filene, one of Boston's canniest merchants, 'than the way a city like New York is laid out?' He emphasizes the waste produced by lack of plan. No matter what the Regional Plan may cost to execute, — and it may cost billions, — it cannot possibly cost as much in dollars, ignoring all higher satisfactions, as the absence of plan now costs in economic waste.

We may invoke town-planning commissions, organize drives and crusades, coin slogans, adopt zoning ordinances, and pass laws, but nothing really avails in preserving the beauty of our country and creating it where it does not exist but an aroused public spirit among the whole people. You can no more compel a desire for beauty than you can compel a desire for total abstinence.

Without a sincere interest and concern on the part of a great number, all organized efforts, however desirable for immediate objectives, fall far short of the great possibility.

The country is too large to be cared for by anybody but the whole people. With all our parade of patriotism, our 100 per cent Americanism, there is no such love of the land as exists in a country like France. The appealing beauty of even the less distinguished and picturesque provinces is due to the loving care each small landholder lavishes on his own bit of France. He is not content with merely cultivating his fields. They must contribute to the whole picture. In his heart there burns a jealous love for and a fierce pride in his country, not the empty political structure, but the physical France, with its hills and valleys, forests and streams, so that any blot that hurts the country hurts him. He works long hours to the end that his own bit of France may do her credit. This I contend is true patriotism.

A CHALLENGE TO THE FEDERAL FARM BOARD

BY JESSE E. POPE

I

THE outstanding characteristic of our social and economic history during the past two decades is the remarkable shifting of public interest from the industrial workers to the farmers. The farmer has pushed the city worker aside and now occupies the centre of the stage. His supposed distress is quite monopolizing the attention of reformers, uplifters, men and women high in the councils of the nation, bankers, and politicians both within and without Congress, and he himself has become vocal as never before through extensive organization and a small army of high-salaried advocates.

Throughout these years measures for his relief stand out like milestones, each succeeding one a little more radical, a little more distinctively appealing to class consciousness, and all culminating in the recent act creating the Federal Farm Board. This Board, the sole function of which is to look after the farmer, is clothed with practically unlimited powers and is financially buttressed by the United States Treasury.

One by one the causes of agricultural discontent had faded out, until finally the forces of farm relief had come to be trained on a single issue — the ruinously low prices received by the farmers for their staple crops. The farmer's perennial dissatisfaction was given a new impetus by the post-war collapse of agricultural prices and by the fact that they persistently remained out of line with the prices received for the products of industry. The belief was widespread that this discrepancy was due to the ability of the speculators on the exchanges to take advantage of the farmer's need to market his crops immediately after

harvest, and that the only way to thwart the speculators was to slow down marketing by storing the crops and feeding them out gradually in response to demand. 'Marketing would be made orderly' and 'prices would be stabilized.'

But the holding movement had, in most cases, proved a disastrous failure. Undeterred, however, its advocates insisted that the failure had been due to imperfect organization and inadequate credit, and the chief function of the new Board was declared to be to assist the farmer to stabilize his prices through orderly marketing; it was to step into the breach, and with its great prestige and unlimited funds to win success where heretofore there had been only failure.

Even before its confirmation, the Board was subjected to increasing pressure from within and without Congress to take some action to relieve the price situation. Its innocuous first statement that it would assist in stabilizing prices, provided the farmers would regulate their production, satisfied no one and raised such a storm of protest that more definite and radical action was imperative. Wisdom, born of sad experience, had made other credit agencies, including the Government's Intermediate Credit Banks, overconservative from the point of view of the advocates of holding; and the Board now came forward with the announcement that it would correct the situation by making supplemental loans.

In October, after further goading, it took another step by issuing a statement that in its opinion the price of cotton was too low, as a result of too rapid marketing, and that it would make supplemental loans to enable growers to hold their cotton for higher prices. A few days later it made a similar statement in regard to wheat. In the case of each of these commodities the maximum loan per unit amounted in many localities to about 100 per cent of the current market price; and prices have since fallen materially. To allay the fears of the wheat growers of the Northwest, the Chairman of the Farm Board came out with the statement that the decline had been brought about by speculators and that no one should think of selling wheat at current prices. Governor Moody of Texas, growing impatient at what he considered the Board's delay in arranging for its advances, wired that since its announcement cotton had 'declined about 1.5 cents per pound, resulting in loss of about $5.00 to $7.50 per bale to such farmers as held their cotton under the belief that 16.35 cents per pound was or would soon be available.' At this juncture, Congress came to the rescue by passing a resolution for the investigation of the cotton exchanges.

It should be noted that, as matters then stood, the loans against these commodities stood at more than 100 per cent of their value, and that no step had been taken, either by hedging or by insurance, to cover the risk of further declines. But this fact did not deter five Senators from making a call on the Board and urging that, since in the Board's opinion the current prices of cotton were too low, it should show faith in its statement by increasing the maximum loan per pound from sixteen cents to twenty cents. And another ungrateful child — a cotton coöperative — refused to accept the Board's offer of a loan because it would not meet the Board's demand that the coöperative include its entire assets in the security. It urged that the Board should make its loans 'upon its faith in the value of cotton.'

At this writing, December 20, North Dakota farmers are receiving advances

of one dollar per bushel on wheat stored in local warehouses; and, with the Minneapolis price at $1.20 per bushel, the freight charges from many points in the state, together with the handling expenses, more than take up the twenty cents differential; or, to put it in another way, since advances to Northwestern farmers were made and are being made on the basis of $1.25 a bushel, Minneapolis, the loans on wheat stand at about 105 per cent of its value. On November 15 the organ of the North Dakota and Montana pool said, 'They [the members of the pool] can get more cash as a first advance from the pool than they can get to-day at their home station by selling outright, and in addition they retain an equity in their wheat.'

It is evident, therefore, that unless the price of wheat advances enough to restore this differential and take care of the mounting carrying charges the borrowing farmer will receive what amounts to a handsome bonus, because he is still the owner of his stored wheat and can refuse to sell it at a loss, thus forcing the Board to take over the wheat and sell it at a loss or carry it over into the next crop year.

The cotton situation parallels that of wheat. By its October statement, the Board assured the farmers an average advance of 16 cents per pound; but the price of cotton has fallen, and if the freight and shipping charges are to be taken care of the loan will, in many localities, exceed 100 per cent of the value.

I am not indulging in hyperbole when I say that this action of the Farm Board is so radical a departure from ordinary business practice that it amounts to a veritable revolution. It sets up a new scheme of distribution: prices are no longer to be the outcome of the working of supply and demand, but are to be regulated by the Government, acting through a Board sitting in Washington. This Board is to say when prices are too high and when too low, when fair and when unfair; and not only for wheat and cotton, but for practically all agricultural commodities, ranging from wheat to honey. In view of the fact that we are overwhelmingly the largest producer and consumer of agricultural products in the world, the immensity and complexity of the task the Board has set for itself stagger the imagination. I doubt whether in all history so ambitious an attempt on the part of a government to assist agriculture by setting aside economic law has ever been made.

Its repercussion will inevitably be felt in the industrial world. A leading merchant has well said, 'If carried through, the programme will affect every part of the distributing organization.'

And it has already been seriously suggested that, in view of the fact that the Government is urging the farmer to combine with his neighbor in holding his cotton for a satisfactory price, and is even financially assisting him to do so, the manufacturer of cotton goods must be accorded the same privilege, now denied him under threat of imprisonment, or, with cotton thus made artificially high, he will have to shut down his mills.

II

The marketing of the world's staple crops is carried on through the Futures Exchanges. These exchanges are a product of evolution. At first only a few staple crops were listed, but each year has brought additions until now the list numbers twenty-five, nearly all of which are products of the farm. The chief function of the Futures Exchange

is to afford the machinery wherewith the dealer or merchant may shift the risks of unfavorable price fluctuations to the speculator; and out of this function there has developed another of scarcely less importance — namely, the reflecting of price movements. It is the business of the speculator not only to determine the intentions of buyers and sellers in the regions covered by the market, but to weigh all the factors affecting prices during the crop year. In this way prices are prevented from being unduly depressed by heavy supplies or unduly raised by scanty offerings, and the after-harvest feast and subsequent famine are thus eliminated.

This view, however, the Farm Board does not accept. In its eyes these exchanges, as they function to-day, are a menace to the well-being of the farmer. The Board assumes that the speculator makes prices instead of reflecting them, that he thwarts the law of supply and demand, and that therefore he must be eliminated, even though this would mean the destruction of the exchanges. A brief review of the movement of prices under the workings of the exchange should throw light on the correctness of the Farm Board's position.

Some years ago I subjected the holding movement to careful scrutiny in order to discover whether it was indeed true that farmers were suffering severe losses from marketing their crops soon after harvest, and whether, if they would delay their marketing till later in the season, the higher prices then obtaining would pay for the cost and risk involved in holding and yield them an adequate profit. My study, which covered the decade from 1903 to 1913, shows conclusively in regard to wheat and cotton, the two products with which we are here chiefly concerned, that under modern marketing conditions the free play of supply and demand so regulates prices that, contrary to prevailing opinion, the farmer who waits till the latter part of the season to sell his products is far more likely to lose than to gain by the delay, since during the early months, the period of heavy marketing, prices are relatively higher than during the later months, the period of light marketing. 'After-harvest gluts' and 'autumnal dips' are giant Mumbos.

A few years later, the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce made a similar investigation, covering the twenty-nine years from 1885 to 1913, and arrived at the same conclusions. Briefly summed up, the findings of the experts are as follows: that during the months of light movement to market — namely, May, June, July, and August — the average price of wheat was 4.25 cents a bushel higher in the case of No. 1 Northern, and 4.23 cents higher in the case of No. 2 Northern, than during the months of heavy movement to market — namely, September, October, November, and December; but that, if carrying charges be taken into account, the farmer who held his wheat till the period of light movement to market would have lost — in twenty years out of the twenty-nine in the case of No. 1 Northern, and in eighteen years out of the twenty-nine in the case of No. 2 Northern. 'In short,' concludes the Chamber of Commerce, 'the less prosperous farmer who, owing to his debts, was forced to sell immediately after harvest was, if anything, more fortunate on the average than his more prosperous neighbor who was able to dispose of his grain at the end of the crop year.'

Let us see how the holding farmer would have fared in the years 1921–22 to 1928–29. During this period, on an average, about 75 per cent of the wheat

was marketed during the first six months of the crop year. If we take the average price received during each of these months, and if we allow a nominal carrying charge of nine cents a bushel, we discover that only in two years, 1921–22 and 1924–25, would the holding farmer have gained. In the former year, his gain would have been about two cents a bushel and in the latter about twenty-four cents; in the other six years he would have sustained a loss, which in 1928–29 would have been about ten cents a bushel.

A study of the price movement for cotton gives similar results. During the eighty months of the decade from 1903 to 1913 there were twenty-four in which the grower could have sold at a profit, of from one tenth of a cent to 2.4 cents per pound, from holding; while had he sold in any of the remaining fifty-six months he would have sustained a loss of from one tenth of a cent to 2.8 cents per pound from holding.

Price statistics for 1921–22 to 1928–29 show that in only two of the eight years, if allowance be made for a carrying charge of one cent a pound, was the average price of cotton as high during the last six months of the marketing period, the time of light marketing, as during the first six months, the time of heavy marketing. In 1922–23 there would have been an average gain from holding of about 2.3 cents a pound, and in 1925–26 an average loss of about 4.6 cents a pound.

Similar studies for other crops traded in on the exchanges give similar results; and the experiences of the various coöperative holding pools bear eloquent testimony to the correctness of these conclusions. Their failures to realize their hopes were attributed to a lack of credit, and to fill the gap the Federal Government established the Intermediate Credit Banks. But almost every year the heavy loans made by these banks during the first half of the crop year have had to be liquidated during the second half, with little or no profit or with substantial losses. For example, a year ago the cotton coöperatives had direct outstanding loans from the Intermediate Credit Banks to the amount of $20,000,000; and they were finally forced to liquidate these loans by selling their cotton at prices substantially lower than those at which it would have been sold when it went into storage.

As we have seen, the Farm Board's declaration that the prices of wheat and cotton were too low was based on the theory that the exceptionally heavy marketing of these products by farmers in the early autumn had interfered with the working of the law of supply and demand. A careful analysis of the situation, however, shows that in the case of cotton there is little justification for this position. While it is true that farmers marketed their cotton somewhat earlier than usual, there is little evidence that this caused material derangement of the market.

In the case of wheat, however, the situation is different. New methods of harvesting have greatly speeded up the movement to market; and the flood of new wheat met the flood of old wheat from the huge 1928 'carry over,' which was still glutting the farmer's bins and the terminal elevators and was making unusual demands on transportation. It is not strange, therefore, that cash prices got out of line with futures and for the time being did not accurately reflect adjustment between the entire season's supply and demand. However, it is easy to exaggerate the amount of price depression; and the ephemeral nature of the situation is strikingly shown by the fact that a little more than a month after the Board's announcement cash prices and near-future prices had returned to their

normal relationship. And the present quotations on the distant futures show that the market is skeptical of materially higher prices later in the season.

The generous lending policy of the Board will undoubtedly encourage holding, and cash prices will be forced above normal levels. It goes without saying that acreage will be stimulated and that the prospect of next year's increased production will be hanging over the market and will join the unmarketed surplus in depressing the end-of-the-season prices below normal levels unless the unexpected happens — stimulation of the demand by war or depletion of the supply by crop failure. Barring such developments, prices will fall materially below the amount advanced by the Board, and the pressure to carry the surplus over into the next crop year will be irresistible.

The head of the Farmers National Grain Association, writing about the surplus on December 16, said, 'The unusually large surplus of wheat is menacing. The very large surplus carried over from the previous year has been troublesome, and, if weather conditions continue favorable and some way is not found to market the surplus which has been difficult to work for export, the difficulty in handling the 1930 crop may be very serious.' It is well known that the carried-over surplus is the rock on which all ventures in holding have sooner or later foundered. The very success of such ventures in raising prices has eventually worked destruction. This the Board well understands and it early declared against the policy of carrying over surpluses. But if the Board is to avoid the common fate it will be forced to meet the situation in the only possible way — namely, by bringing about curtailment of production.

III

As originally drafted, the Farm Board bill provided that the coöperatives should be instructed to urge their members to reduce their acreage 'as a patriotic duty'; but farm leaders saw to it that this provision did not appear in the final bill. However, the Board early intimated that it would not continue to support the market if farmers went on increasing their output. As was to have been expected, this warning fell on deaf ears. Curtailment of production has never been popular with farmers. Indeed, at the time the warning was sounded our winter wheat growers were planning a substantial increase of acreage. The Board can function only through the coöperatives, and the weakness of the situation is revealed by the fact that scarcely 25 per cent of the farmers are members of the coöperatives. Furthermore, this percentage would undoubtedly be greatly reduced by any vigorous measure looking toward enforced curtailment of production.

How fearful both the farm leaders and the Board are of antagonizing the farmer is shown by the fact that in the statutes accepted by the Board as a model for grain coöperatives not only is no provision made for crop curtailment, but it is even provided that a non-member farmer may enjoy all the benefits of the organization except the privilege of borrowing on his stored crop.

But if the Board should succeed in persuading the farmers to enter the coöperatives and at the same time getting them to agree to curtail their acreage, it would still be faced with the staggering problem of administration. In regard to wheat alone, it would be obliged to make and enforce provisions for fixing the acreage of nearly 1,500,000 growers who are scattered

throughout forty-eight states, and among whom there is an utter lack of homogeneity. There is no uniform cost of production; there are large growers whose sole crop is wheat and who are situated where no other crops can be successfully grown, and others who grow wheat as part of an orderly rotation. All must be coerced into limiting their acreage to a maximum prescribed by the fiat of a Board sitting in Washington.

For the sake of argument, however, let it be granted that the Board, acting through coöperatives, can bring about such curtailment of acreage. We are still confronted by the question, What acres shall be lopped off? Since yield is a product, not alone of the number of acres, but of soil fertility and tillage, the individual farmer can comply with the demand that he reduce his acreage and, at the same time, can enormously expand his output merely by choosing better acres, giving them more careful tilth, and resorting to fertilizers.

It is a fact too little appreciated that American agriculture is far from having reached the point where increased application of capital and labor would not bring larger yields at lower costs per unit. Farmers understand the theory of comparative costs and do not hesitate to act on it when prices warrant. How can any government agency deal successfully with such intangible and uncontrollable factors?

This new departure in government is bureaucracy gone mad; and it predicates such intolerable interference with the affairs of the individual and encroachment on his freedom of action as to make the success of such a scheme unthinkable.

IV

The wrecks which the holding movement has left strewn along the highway of its comparatively short course bear eloquent and tragic testimony to the truth of what I have just written. The failure of the post-war wheat pools of the Northwest and the collapse of the sugar and rubber attempts spring immediately to mind. At this writing Poland is struggling with a demoralized grain market growing out of the huge surplus which resulted from last year's price fixing. The Government itself has sustained heavy losses, and the taxpayers are to be further mulcted to pay the heavy export bounties on grain which have recently been instituted.

It is generally assumed also that Canada's experiment in wheat holding has accomplished wonders for her growers; but just what is to become of the huge surplus carried over from last year's crop is in the lap of the gods. The real test is yet to come.

However, the attempts to set aside the law of supply and demand which are likely to become classic are the Brazilian coffee valorization scheme and the coöperative holding movement of our own raisin growers.

For some years previous to the World War prices of coffee ruled discouragingly low, and in order to raise them to higher levels a holding movement supported by state loans was inaugurated by the Brazilian Government. There were many factors favorable to the success of the attempt: Brazil is overwhelmingly the world's largest coffee producer; its production is mainly in the hands of large growers; the demand is not oversensitive to price changes, and coffee lends itself well to storage.

Prices were indeed raised; but the Government was faced by ever-increasing supplies, which it had to buy in order to sustain the market. Coffee production was stimulated at home

and abroad and end-of-the-season surpluses mounted. One crisis followed another; but the situation was saved, now by a timely frost and now by new loans. The Government found it impossible to withdraw its support, and what had been intended as a temporary measure to meet a temporary emergency became a permanent policy.

From season to season the problem of disposing of the surplus has become more serious. Domestic production has gone on expanding, and the competition of coffee growers outside of Brazil has enormously increased.

This autumn the flood broke: there is a coffee surplus equal to the world's consumption for an entire year; and, since the hoped-for frost did not materialize, another big crop lies in the offing. While the Defense Committee, which is in charge of valorization, is refusing shipments from growers, our markets are bare of coffee. The confidence of the market in the statements emanating from the Defense Committee has been shaken; and, in the expectation of lower prices, dealers have adopted a policy of hand-to-mouth buying.

Brazil has practically exhausted her borrowing power; and the recent loan of $10,000,000 is so inadequate and carries with it such onerous conditions that the relief afforded is a mockery. Says a coffee expert, 'This small loan merely postpones the ultimate solution of Brazil's difficulties, for it would not deal at all with the basic problem of overproduction; and no real confidence in the market can be felt as long as Brazil continues to pile up an unmanageable surplus. What Brazil needs more than anything else is a price which will enable her to sell her coffee.'

Taking their cue from the Brazilian coffee growers, the California raisin producers in turn began their campaign in 1912 to raise the price of raisins above that afforded them under the law of supply and demand. The story of their losing battle so strikingly parallels that of the coffee growers of Brazil that its telling would be mere repetition. This season's devastating frost and a huge supplementary loan by the Farm Board have afforded a breathing spell; but the situation created by long flouting of economic law is as critical as ever and presents quite as baffling a problem.

V

It is time to ask the question, which I am sure has already occurred to my readers, Are there not new factors of control at the disposal of the Farm Board which will save its venture in price raising from the fate of similar attempts? Is it not probable that the Farm Board, with the political and financial backing of the Federal Government, and with a carefully selected personnel, will be able to succeed where other agencies less substantially supported have signally failed? My answer is, No. The difference between the Farm Board and the organizations which have had charge of the various pooling and valorization schemes is one of degree, not of kind. It is true, of course, that the Board has great prestige, and, as the public is being repeatedly told these days, unlimited funds, which are at the disposal of the coöperatives. But it was not faulty organization or lack of funds that defeated Poland's holding movement, Brazil's valorization scheme, and our numerous ventures in holding, but the attempt to set aside economic law as immutable as the tides; and the Board is making the same attempt.

Though it is true that the Board has greater prestige and larger resources, it should be pointed out that its task

is immeasurably more difficult. It is not the instrument of private initiative on the part of a single industry, such as raisins or wheat, but it is an instrument created by the Government and supported by taxes drawn from all the people; and, while it may be able to confine its efforts to helping the farmers, it cannot limit its efforts to aiding any particular group of farmers, — the wheat or cotton growers, for example, — but must come to the succor of every group appealing to it. This is exactly what has already come to pass. The list of agricultural industries appealing to it for aid is already long and bids fair to include all agricultural production of any consequence. Some conception of the magnitude of the task set the Board may be gathered from the fact that the annual value of our agricultural products hovers around $12,000,000,000.

Furthermore it is a mistake to look upon agriculture as a single industry, for it is made up of many industries, with conflicting interests. One group's meat is another group's poison. Higher prices for the wheat grower mean higher prices to the miller for his offal and hardship for the dairyman. Higher prices for the corn grower of the Middle West will depress the price of lean cattle, the chief product of the Western rancher. The consequent clamor for relief could be disregarded by a private agency, but must be met and silenced by a government board if it is to survive.

Furthermore the Board has increased the difficulty of its task by its overgenerous lending, as a result of which it finds itself fixing prices and taking over from the shoulders of the Futures Exchanges the enormous burden of keeping supply and demand in adjustment. Indeed it is not too much to say that, if the Board continues on the road it is now traveling, private handling of our staple products will come to an end and the speculative exchanges will cease to function. This very day, December 20, wheat on the Chicago exchange fell to $1.15\frac{3}{4}$ per bushel. This is two and a quarter cents below the basis fixed by the Board for its loans to farmers, and after the close of the market a coöperative agency acting for the Board posted a notice that it would pay the Board's upset price, $1.18, for all shipments within the next twenty days, and there is a well-grounded rumor that the Board will continue to sustain the market at this level. Under such conditions, it is evidently out of the question for private enterprise to function.

If experience teaches us anything, it is that human institutions must be built from the bottom up through slow processes of evolution; but in this plan for farm relief the very reverse is the case. The building is to be put up overnight and the work is to be begun at the top. It is not strange, therefore, that the structure is top-heavy with politics. Private initiative and private control are quite overshadowed by political meddling and political control. The taxpayers' money is turned over to so-called farm coöperatives, which only by the widest stretch of the imagination can, in most cases, be said either to represent or to be controlled by the farmers. Such conditions inevitably place a premium on unbusinesslike methods and give rise to grave abuses of many sorts. Canada has gone about the matter in a radically different way; the government is kept in the background, and it does not furnish the funds. The local coöperatives finance their operations with their own capital supplemented by bank loans, and this fact guarantees a certain degree of supervision and restraint. Europe has for years been trying to get back to a policy similar to that of

Canada, and we are taking up her discarded methods. It is strange indeed that we find ourselves in the position of a people in the act of robbing the wastebasket of another people.

Space will not permit more than brief mention of the international irritations which a public board is sure to create in carrying out its policy of disposing of our surplus commodities in foreign markets. Any attempt to raise domestic prices by dumping products on European markets would arouse the antagonism of European producers, who would demand protection from their governments and would get it. It is a strange delusion that European governments will permit such a policy, which we would not tolerate for a moment. They too have farmers who must be reckoned with at election time.

On the other hand, it is plain that European consumers will vehemently protest against paying our inflated domestic prices, with the result that only as a last resort will they look to the United States for supplies. The advocates of the holding movement are beginning to sense this opposition. A prominent Senator has suggested that our coöperatives enter into an alliance with Canadian coöperatives to combat the threat of Europeans to make their first purchases of wheat from the unorganized markets of the Southern Hemisphere. And the wheat member of the Board suggests, 'The organized European purchaser will be confronted by an organized selling market.'

Earlier in this paper I have alluded to the growing class consciousness of our farmers. It is a thousand pities that this new Board, which so intimately speaks for the nation, has not seen fit to allay this growing distemper instead of aggravating it. The Board should know (or, if it does not, it might consult the shade of Chancellor Caprivi) that a self-conscious agrarianism can be quite as selfish and unlovely as the class consciousness of other groups. It may well be that the American farmer is desperately in need of relief, but I suggest that we can scarcely hope to bring about his succor by flouting economic law and urging upon him the belief that he is a victim of class discrimination.

A DIRT FARMER SPEAKS HIS MIND

BY WILLIAM GORDON STUART

I

I AM a farmer — just an ordinary dirt farmer, making my living (or what passes for a living) out of the soil. I have but little education. The idea of my writing an article for a magazine is almost too ridiculous to believe. A farmer may know how to milk and load hay and pitch manure; he may know the difference between an Ayrshire heifer and a Yorkshire shote, between a Baldwin apple and an ear of King Philip corn; but that a mere farmer should dare to express his opinion about financial or political conditions in this country is unbelievable.

A year ago last fall I caught a severe cold while helping a neighbor with his threshing; the cold later developed into pneumonia. I got by, although it was a tight squeeze, and the doctor said I had better spend the winter in Colorado or Arizona. 'Yes,' I replied, 'I am also thinking of buying a limousine, a steam yacht, and a house on Fifth Avenue. Spend a winter in Colorado or Arizona? You'll be lucky if I have enough to spend to pay your bill.'

But the doctor insisted on the gravity of the crisis, and a family council was called. I have a brother who is a railroad engineer on the New York Central, and a niece who is a public-school teacher in New York City. My brother offered to pay all my expenses from my home to the West and back, and my niece offered to pay the expenses of a hired man to take my place from October 1 to May 1.

That was generous of them, and I greatly appreciate their kindness, but it was humiliating and annoying to feel that I had to accept such generosity. Why should conditions be such that I who work fully three times as hard as they do, I who have thousands of dollars invested in my business while they have not a penny invested in theirs, I whose work is certainly as important as any in the world, should be placed in the humiliating position of having to accept help from my relations? Why should not the much-heralded 'American standard of living' apply to a farmer and his family as well as to a railroad engineer or school-teacher?

After I had unsuccessfully sought to recover my health in Colorado, Texas, and Arizona, my doctor advised me to spend the summer in North Carolina. I did the best I could by writing to a nephew who is an R. F. D. carrier on the east coast of Florida, asking how cheaply he would board me. He replied that he and his wife would be pleased to have me as their guest for two months, after which they would charge only three dollars a week for as long a time as I cared to remain.

I appreciate his kindness as much as I do that of my brother and niece. My nephew thinks it 'pretty soft' to be an R. F. D. carrier, work four and a half hours a day, get a vacation with pay, sick leave with pay, and a fat pension after twenty-five years of service. My brother tells me that 'railroad men are sitting on top of the world,' while my

school-teacher niece assures me that she has 'a snap.'

I do not object to their good fortune. I am glad of it as far as it concerns them personally. But I am not pleased with a condition that makes it possible for other individuals and their children to enjoy ease and prosperity at the expense of my wife, my children, and myself.

We farmers have been the under dogs too long. We have been humbugged by the politicians, cheated by the railroads, imposed upon by the unionization of other forms of labor, made to appear as lazy and incompetent nincompoops by men who claim that the farmer works only a few months out of the year, and now we are going to get justice or know the reason why! We are to blame for some of our own troubles and financial difficulties, but most of them have been forced upon us by selfish interests and grafting politicians.

Reasonable cost of transportation is absolutely necessary to the success of the American farmer, and the worst enemy of the reasonable cost of transportation is the unionized railroad worker, the man who year after year insists upon having his wages raised higher and higher and higher, no matter how great the agricultural or business depression may be. And about equally guilty is the politician who backs him up in his demand. During 1926 the average pay received by the railroad worker (including *all* classes, the humble track worker as well as the haughty engineer and the lordly conductor) was a trifle over 68 cents an hour, and that is allowing that every engineer and conductor put in eight hours for a day's work — as none of them did. Yet during 1927 and 1928 the Board of Arbitration, the United States Board of Mediation, and the railroads themselves added wage increases amounting to more than one hundred million dollars! And while our kind Uncle Samuel was busy helping the poor railroad man to maintain the 'American standard of living,' another of Uncle Sam's departments, the United States Department of Agriculture, reported that, 'compared with earnings of the preceding year, the return for the labor of the farmer and his family declined nearly 10 per cent.' Is it any wonder that from 1910 to 1928, when railroad wages, counting rate per hour, went up over 400 per cent, farm mortgages increased by about the same figure?

A few days ago a farmer who owns a small neighboring farm uttered these words: 'See that conductor standing there with his blue uniform and gold braid? He makes more in one year than I make in five, and he does n't work one quarter as hard. See that engineer? Well, that goes for him, too. Now go back and look at my five-acre field of rotten melons! Rotten because, on account of the high cost of freight and handling, I could not ship them except at a loss. All my work gone for nothing!'

II

My home, a 158-acre farm, part woodland, is in Madison County, New York. I sell milk to the Dairyman's League, take a few boarders (when I can get them) in the summer time, raise my own cows, sell my surplus calves to the local butcher, also make a few dollars (last year it amounted to $341.14) by the sale of peas and sweet corn to the cannery at Canastota and eggs, chickens, raspberries, cherries, alfalfa, and potatoes locally. My farm cost me, in March 1898, $6310. I have about $3000 invested in cows and a milking machine, $475 in three horses, and about $2000 in wagons, harness, tools, and farm machinery. Two thou-

sand dollars may seem like a lot of money for a small farmer to put in machinery, but with the high cost of farm labor it is an absolute necessity. I have a grain drill, hay loader, side-delivery rake, manure spreader, reaper and binder, one two-horse riding cultivator, one one-horse walking cultivator, one plough, one side-hill plough, one small auto truck (I use this principally to deliver milk to and bring back empty cans from the milk station, some seven miles distant), one bobsled, two wagons, two sets of double and one set of single harness, a spring-tooth harrow, a disk harrow, and a smoothing harrow. I have also spent about $1600 on a silo, milk house, and engine. So, as can be seen from the above figures, I have $13,385 invested in my business. My farm cost $6310, but as a dwelling house cannot strictly be counted as part of a business investment I have deducted $2500 as the cost of my house, leaving a balance of $10,885 to be reckoned as entirely a farm investment.

I have two children, a boy of thirteen and a girl of twelve. The boy helps me on the farm (and I would rather have him than nine tenths of the hired men I can get), while the girl assists her mother in the house and does some light work on the place, such as gathering, cleaning, and candling the eggs, dressing chickens, picking berries and vegetables, and, occasionally, going for the cows. I suppose it would be fair to say that the boy, counting winter and summer, averages four hours a day and the girl two hours, making a total of 2190 hours a year. My wife does some work on the place, but her housework and other duties occupy her time so fully that she has but little left to help on the farm, so I have not counted her time at all. I put in about thirteen hours a day for seven months of the year and about eleven hours for the other five months, although on the fifty-two Sundays during the year I work only about five hours a day. On Sundays all that has to be done between the time I get up and dinner time is to brush off the cows, clean the cow stable, milk, feed the chickens, feed the pigs, groom the horses and clean out the stable, attend to the calves, and take the milk to the milk depot. Between dinner and bedtime the only work consists of feeding the chickens and pigs, gathering the eggs, cleaning out the cow stables and milking the cows, feeding and bedding down the horses, and attending to the calves.

I read a signed article by Henry Ford some months ago in one of the magazines in which the illustrious proprietor of the Peace Ship and critic of the Jews stated that 'the farmer does practically no work for seven months of the year.' I should like to have the brilliant Mr. Ford spend those seven months on my farm.

But to go back to the subject of labor and money invested. I have $10,885 invested in my business; my children work 2190 hours at that business and I work 4067 hours, a total of 6257 hours.

From January 1927 to January 1928 my gross income from the farm was: —

Chickens	$18.00
Eggs	26.40
Young pigs	16.00
Peas	22.00
Sweet corn	18.50
Raspberries	12.20
Cherries	2.00
Alfalfa	44.00
Potatoes	56.65
Bob calves	64.17
Fat calves	56.22
Seed corn	5.00
	$341.14

My milk receipts (counting in my bonus) from the Dairyman's League amounted to $1952.24. The total would have been somewhat more than

this had I not fed some of the milk to pigs and some to the boarders. My old Berkshire sow died a few days after her tenth litter arrived, so I had to use some whole milk for the little pigs; and we had three boarders during all August and most of September. I have not counted their board as part of the income from the farm because my wife did most of the work and I felt she should have all the money.

My expenses on the farm for feed (I raise most of my own feed), blacksmithing, repair work, taxes, tires, gasoline, and oil for the milk truck, extra labor when we were filling the silo, threshing, and cutting ice, gasoline, oil, tubing, and repairs for the milking machine, oil and grease for the farm machinery, amounted to $895.77. So my farm account for the year 1927–1928 was as follows: —

Money invested in plant		$10,885
Hours of labor of myself		4,067
Hours of labor of my children		2,190
Receipts		
From sale of milk	$1,952.24	
From other sources	341.14	
Total income received		$2,293.38
Expenditures		
Total cost of operating plant		895.77
Balance		$1,397.61

It is fair to allow me 6 per cent on my $10,885 investment (most business enterprises expect to — and do — receive a much higher rate than that for the money invested in the business), which would amount to $653.10. Subtracting this from $1397.61 leaves a balance of $744.51 to represent the pay for 6257 hours of labor of myself and my children, or an average of a little less than twelve cents an hour!

The town children and the children of the foreigners sometimes hire out, and the lowest you can get them for is twenty cents an hour. Figuring the work of my children at that rate would amount to $438.00. Subtracting that from $744.51 leaves $306.51, which is the amount I received for 4067 hours of work — the tremendous pay of seven and a half cents an hour! Can you imagine any other trade or profession in America working for that pitiful sum? And I am considered one of the most successful farmers in Madison County! I know dozens of farmers in New York State who cannot make both ends meet, and dozens more — if what they tell me is true — in Colorado, Texas, Arizona, and Florida who cannot make enough to feed themselves and pay their taxes.

Of course, a farmer has to take into consideration that he has no house rent to pay and that he raises a large percentage of the food he and his family consume, so that his grocer and butcher bills are much less than those of men in other occupations; but, even giving that advantage every consideration, there is no doubt that the farmer receives far less for his labor than any other American worker. For instance, just compare what I receive per hour with what my brother, the railroad engineer, receives, and my nephew, the government mail carrier, and my niece, the New York public-school teacher. My brother has a run of two hours in the morning and two in the afternoon, four hours of actual service, and receives $310 a month. His overtime brings his pay up to fully $3.00 per hour. An engineer's pay depends upon so many conditions — the size of his engine, its speed, and the like — that I could never quite take in the details, but I know that for years his income has never been less than $4000. My nephew, the R. F. D. carrier, receives about $2.60 an hour of actual service; while my school-teacher niece receives $4.93 per hour. And these figures do not take into account the fat pensions

they will all receive. Their average pay is *three dollars and a half an hour.* Mine is *seven and a half cents an hour.* Is it any wonder that we farmers see red?

III

What is the reason for this, and what is the remedy?

It seems to me that what the farmer has to *sell* he disposes of in a competitive market, a market largely (although not always entirely) governed by the law of demand and supply, while what he has to *buy* he buys in a market of forced or unnatural prices. If I should take my milk or eggs or vegetables or alfalfa to Utica and, standing in the public square, announce, 'Come on, ladies and gentlemen, I will sell you these goods at the lowest-bid prices,' I should receive as much as, perhaps more than, I do for them now. But suppose my Senator or Congressman, or sheriff or road commissioner or R. F. D. carrier or teacher in the public school, or the president or engineer or conductor of the road that carries my milk to New York, or the union laborer who helped make my shoes or clothing or plough, should stand in the same public square and announce, 'Come on, ladies and gentlemen, my position is to be sold in the open market to the bidder who will take it at the lowest figure.' Would there not be thousands of men and women who would be only too glad to take the positions at half, or a good deal less than half, of the present pay?

The railroad worker, by political and economic pressure, by intimidation, destruction of property, strikes, violence, arson, and murder, has forced wages up to an entirely unnatural level, and the same may be said of practically all unionized labor; while teachers, especially since women received the vote, have employed threats of political destruction to force salaries (especially in cities of the first and second class) up to ridiculous proportions. For instance, in New York State in 1890 there were 23,835 public-school teachers, receiving $10,422,171, and in 1926 there were 66,434 teachers, receiving $140,930,059 (which does not include pension payments); so that, while the number of teachers increased less than 200 per cent, their salaries increased more than 1300 per cent! Are farmers receiving 1300 per cent more for their labor than they did in 1890? Well, not exactly!

The past year my niece who is a teacher in New York City received $4.93 an hour for every hour she worked. Her youngest sister (who also tried for a teacher's job, but found that every position had about fifty applicants) is a stenographer for a law firm in Yonkers. She received less than eighty cents an hour. The older sister was receiving a forced price, the younger sister a natural price.

If unionization and political pressure have proved so successful with other trades and professions, the person unfamiliar with agricultural conditions naturally wonders why farmers do not employ the same methods. There is nothing to prevent them from doing so. In fact, farmers and union laborers are the only individuals who can combine to put up prices and not be liable for prosecution under the Sherman anti-trust law.

The reason the farmers do not combine to put up the prices of what they have to sell is that they cannot do so without injury to themselves. The plumber who lives in New Orleans, the plumber who lives in Chicago, and the plumber who lives in Atlantic City all have but one object in common — higher prices for their labor and shorter hours of work, or higher prices for the same hours of work. But the desires of the farmer who lives in Louisiana, the

farmer who lives in Illinois, and the farmer who lives in New Jersey are diametrically opposed to each other. The sugar-cane grower of Louisiana wants a high price for sugar and a low price for wheat and corn; the Illinois farmer wants a high price for wheat and corn and a low price for sugar; while the poultry farmer of New Jersey wants a low price on what both the Louisiana and Illinois farmers have to sell, but he wants to see his own products — eggs and poultry — bring a good big sum. So what is meat for the planter in Louisiana or Mississippi is poison for the farmer in Pennsylvania or Iowa.

Pleasant old gentlemen with theoretical cure-alls for agriculture, practical politicians, and farm 'experts' with axes to grind (and checks to receive) have advocated 'coöperative associations' and 'one big union' of the farmers. It would be just as sensible to advocate one big union of lawyer and client, or one big union of cats and mice, for how can a body of men whose interests are diametrically opposed to one another, even though they may all be classed under the general name of 'farmers,' form one big union?

Have they, then, no interest in common? Have they no object to be gained upon which farmers of the North and South and East and West may all agree?

Yes, they have. All farmers have two ends to gain — lower transportation costs and lower taxes on farm property. Even the politicians, as evidenced by the platforms of the two major parties during the last presidential campaign, have come to the conclusion that farming as an American industry will cease to exist unless agriculture receives relief in some form. And what does the party in power propose to do to help the farmer? Does it propose to make railroad presidents and vice presidents and general managers and chairmen of boards, and conductors, engineers, firemen, oilers, and telegraph operators reduce their salaries and wages to a reasonable or competitive basis? Oh, no, indeed! For has n't Henry Ford said that the way for a country to be happy and prosperous is for everybody to receive high wages for short hours of labor? And has n't President Green of the American Federation of Labor announced that the receipt for making America rich and contented is to pay all labor (by which he meant all *union* labor) the very highest wages for a five-day week of six hours a day? And does not the Grand Old Republican Party want everybody to be prosperous? Indeed it does!

IV

Well, then, how do President Hoover and his followers in Congress propose to help the man who makes his living from the soil?

They propose to do three things: first, to raise the tariff on all agricultural products grown in the United States; second, to build great inland waterways, costing hundreds and hundreds of millions of dollars, so that the farmer may move his crops 'at a reasonable cost of transportation,' to quote President Hoover; third, to spend one hundred and fifty million dollars through the Federal Farm Board to help farmers. To me — just an ordinary dirt farmer — no more foolish, extravagant, and silly legislation has ever been proposed.

There is already a 'tariff wall' so high around the United States that even the cow that jumped over the moon would have difficulty in scaling it. Should a man desire that simplest of all meals, bread and cheese, he finds that the flour has a tax of $3.12 a barrel and the cheese five to seven and a half cents a pound. Should he care to substitute butter for cheese, the tax would

be twelve cents a pound. And even should the present rates be doubled, what good will that do the farmer? It has been estimated that the proposed tariff changes will increase the food cost twelve and two-thirds cents a meal per person. At a rate of three meals a day, this means that Mr. Taxpayer must contribute $138.70 a year to help the farmer out. John Doe, who has a wife and two little Does, will have to pay $554.80 more a year for his food supplies.

If farmers were exempt from this tax we should most enthusiastically approve of the measure, — for we are just as selfish as any other class of worker, — but unfortunately the farmer is a buyer as well as a seller. If the tariff is raised, I shall receive more for my milk, berries, eggs, and potatoes, but I shall also pay more for my flour, sugar, rice, and oatmeal; although, of course, what I purchase does not amount to as much as what I sell.

And how will the carpenter, the plumber, the railroad man, the miner, the politician, the teacher, the Federal officeholder, — all those trades and professions which have the power, more or less, to increase their own pay, — how will these ladies and gentlemen accept the increased cost of food products? Will they say, 'Oh, well, the farmer is a jolly good fellow; and, as the poor chap has been having bad luck for the last few years, let's all chip in, pay the extra cost, and say nothing'?

It seems more likely that Mr. Bricklayer, for instance, when presented with his butcher and grocer and milk bill for the month, will demand, 'Why should I, a poor man with a wife and children to support, pay $554.80 a year to some farmer? If I've got to pay $554.80 more for food each year, then I've got to get $554.80 more in my pay envelope to meet the increased cost of living.' And up will go the wages of Mr. Bricklayer, and up will go the wages and salaries of every other organized and unionized worker in the United States, so that Mr. Farmer will pay more taxes, and more for his boots and his shoes and his clothing and *everything* he has to buy.

As for 'great inland waterways,' such a scheme is as foolishly impractical as it is wickedly extravagant. How are these great inland waterways to be paid for? Why, by the taxes, of course. And is the farmer a taxpayer? He most certainly is! And so the farmer is to have more taxes added to his already overburdened shoulders; and not only the farmer, but every individual in the United States is to be made to contribute to the cost of an enterprise which will never pay even the interest on the cost, and all because the railroads or the Government or the public in general cannot or will not make the railroad worker accept a reasonable wage.

But suppose the great inland waterways are ever built — what will be the result as far as the farmer is concerned? Why, the fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters and uncles and aunts and cousins and in-laws, and every 'loyal party worker' out of a job, will be provided with a nice position, holding a fat pension in the offing, on the great inland waterways; and even before a single bag of wheat or one horned animal has been placed upon a barge the 'International Union of Waterways Workers' will have been formed and the cost of transportation upon the great inland waterways will be as high as on the railroads.

The Parcel Post is an example of what happens to governmental agencies formed 'to help the farmer.' When the Parcel Post was added to the Post Office Department in 1912 it was universally hailed by agricultural publications, by the Republican Party (then in

power), and by the farmers themselves as a great boon. It was largely to cut out the middleman. The farmer could ship his ham and bacon and berries and vegetables and peanuts and maple syrup and oranges and eggs and poultry direct to the consumer, thus securing the highest retail price. In 1913, the year after the Parcel Post was established, agricultural products formed more than 65 per cent of the articles carried. Then it gradually came about that R. F. D. carriers, to meet 'the increased cost of living' and conform to 'the American standard of living,' had to receive increased pay, sick-leave pay, vacation pay, pensions, and what not. Now Rural Post cost is as high as, in some instances higher than, express charges; and in 1927 less than 5 per cent of the articles carried were agricultural products. Also during the last few years certain regulations have been added so that the big shippers have advantages that are denied to farmers.

I wanted to send some pecans and peanuts north to my children. I pasted a strip of paper around the box, exactly as Sears, Roebuck and other big firms do, and I printed on it in large black letters, 'Notice. Postmaster may open for inspection.' When I handed it in to the postmaster he remarked that I should have to cut the pasted slip.

'Why?' I demanded. 'Sears, Roebuck sent that box exactly that same way to me.'

'Yes,' he replied, 'but big firms using regularly printed labels are the only ones who can send packages that way.'

'Then farmers cannot do it, even though the notice is printed on a typewriter and worded exactly the same?'

'No,' he snapped, 'it is only for the big people.'

And so I sent my peanuts and pecans as the Post Office Department requires us little people to do, and when the box reached my home there was not a pecan or peanut left in the package.

I have two Northern Spy and two Tompkins King apple trees behind my house. A man who boarded with us one summer, and who has a small winter home below Miami, is very fond of both these varieties. He would gladly pay me two dollars a bushel for these apples, — and I should be very glad to accept it, — but if I try to send a bushel of apples to my friend I find the Parcel Post cost, not counting insurance or special-delivery fees, amounts to $5.78. This means that the apples would cost my friend $19.45 a barrel — $5.00 for the apples and $14.45 for the Parcel Post charges. Naturally, I do not send him many apples! That shows what a great help Parcel Post is to farmers.

If our noble Solons at Washington would look back a few years and study the history of the Erie Canal in my native state, they might learn something to their advantage — if a politician ever can learn anything to the advantage of anybody — about 'great inland waterways.'

As to the expenditure of $150,000,000 (which is only a starter) by the Federal Farm Board, we farmers are opposed to it for several reasons. In the first place, after the salaries and traveling expenses of Tom, Dick, and Harry are paid there won't be much left of that $150,000,000. In the second place, it is special and class legislation, and we farmers are bitterly opposed to every variety of privilege and class favoritism. It is our contention that the Government of the United States has no more right to appropriate and lend one hundred and fifty million dollars to farmers than it would have to lend fifty millions to garbage collectors, seventy-five millions to shoemakers, or two hundred millions to stove manufacturers, however worthy and necessary

those three occupations may be. In the third place, we farmers do not want to be regarded as beggars. We do not want gifts. We want justice!

V

I can, of course, speak only for myself and the farmers I know in New York, Colorado, Texas, Arizona, and Florida; but I have an idea that our wishes are about the same as those of the rest of the farmers. We share certain views on the government and policy of the country which may not always seem directly related to farming, but which we think more important than all the juggling yet done with farm problems.

1. We should like Congressmen to be elected by states, not by districts as at present. That is, a Congressman need not necessarily reside in the district he represents. If the voters of Madison County wanted Mr. Sensible to represent them in Congress, they ought to be allowed to elect him, even though Mr. Sensible resides in Washington or Westchester County. This method of electing Congressmen would lessen the power of local bosses and would remove the pressure at present exerted upon Congress by Prohibitionists, Union Labor, Church organizations, Protectionists, and other improper lobbies.

2. We farmers feel that government pensions absorb an enormous and unjustified amount of public tax money, whether these pensions are military or civil, whether they are paid to railroad workers, teachers, or what not. The idea of a poor farmer being taxed to pay a pension to a former President's wife, or to an ex-governor, not to mention thousands of others who for years have held fat government jobs! Pensions are well enough in theory, but when a farmer — or anybody else except a pensioner — pays his taxes it gets under his skin to feel that he is supporting a crowd of government workers with secure jobs and certain futures.

3. Farmers are against the creation of new political offices, boards, committees, and departments, even when they are ostensibly designed to help the farmer. The farmer believes with Thomas Jefferson that 'the less we are governed, the better we are governed.' I have read that it is an economic maxim that the power to tax is the power to destroy, and I believe history shows us many instances in which the over-taxation of the common people by the nobles and landed aristocracy led the former to rise up and destroy the government. And how about America? Is n't the history of the United States one continuous record of increased taxation? Have n't we merely swapped a tax-eating titled class for a lot of elective and appointive tax-eating grafters? It cost $38,500,400 a day to run the United States during the year 1928! That means that it takes one day in every seven — 52 days a year — from every wage-earning man, woman, and child in this country to pay for the cost of government. It also means that every nine of us have to pay to support one person on the public pay roll. In 1828 one person in every forty-eight was upon the public pay roll. Quite a difference! Have we a government 'of the people, by the people, for the people' or have we a government of, by, and for the officeholders?

I believe it was some witty Frenchman who wrote, 'The best system of taxation is the one that produces the most feathers with the least squawking from the plucked birds.' And another Frenchman who, when comparing his king with a republic, said, 'I would as lief be eaten by one lion as by a thousand rats.' Well, the farmers in this country have been plucked and plucked until they have not a feather left, but they've been squawking now for some

years and the time is coming — and coming mighty soon — when they will make their squawks so loud and clear that even the deafest person in the United States will sit up and take notice. The French farmers arose and killed their king, and the American farmers — unless conditions change mightily — are going to rise up and kill their rats.

4. To farmers the tariff is a sore point. Every farmer naturally wants a high tariff on what *he* has to sell, but, although the politicians may think otherwise, we farmers as a class are opposed to protection as a national policy. In past days the farmer, especially the Northern and Western farmer, was a believer in a high protective tariff. He raised practically all the food he consumed; his homespun clothes, socks, shirts, mittens, caps, and very often his underwear, his axe and pitchfork and shovel handles, his bobsled and oxcart, and part of his household furniture were all made at home. He purchased but little. In 1884 (I happen to have his account book for that year), my father, a well-to-do farmer, spent (leaving out his taxes, church dues, and life and fire insurance) less than one hundred dollars cash money — and that was for a family of five persons. But in these days the farmer is a buyer as well as a seller. He has seen the tariff used to enrich the merchant and the manufacturer until millionaires in this country are as plentiful as tabby cats. He has seen the lobbyist, he has seen corruption and bribery and every form of governmental favoritism, flourish like the green bay tree in the soil of the tariff. He has seen the hours of work decrease and the rate of pay increase year after year until now many forms of union labor are receiving from 400 to 3000 per cent more per hour than they did twenty-five years ago. He remembers how President Harrison, while extolling 'Republican' prosperity and the Republican tariff, made the wonderful discovery that 'a cheap coat makes a cheap man.' He has listened to false prophets extolling high tariff and high wages with such wearisome iteration that now, as he looks over his unpaid bills, his overdue taxes, and his duplicate copy of mortgage deeds, he comes to the conclusion that, with all due respect to Henry Ford and Arthur Brisbane and President Hoover and the Grand Old Republican Party, he would like to try a change to *low* tariff and *low* wages.

These paragraphs express the attitude of the farmers toward the present political structure and tendencies of the government. We believe it would be to our financial, political, and social benefit if changes were made in conformity with these views. But there are other changes which we farmers are going to *insist* upon. We are prepared to express our insistence by methods which will be criticized for lack of gentleness.

First of all, we want lower government expenditures in national, state, county, and town governments. This will mean a lowering of taxes, including the present exorbitant and crippling taxes on farm property. Next, lower transportation charges — lower by 40 to 60 per cent. Finally, the curbing and controlling of the excessive power of organized and unionized labor. If the railroad worker (and this applies to the president of the road as well as to the fireman) will not give the farmers — and not only the farmers, but every non-union person as well — a square deal, then the farmers are going to force him to do so.

ON GROWING OLD

BY GEORGE HERBERT PALMER

I LATELY gave a lecture at Harvard on growing old, explaining minutely how it is accomplished and tracing the steps through which I have passed in reaching a great age. But growing old is not confined to Harvard. We are all busied with it. Accordingly I here print what I there said, including even its personal and intimate details. It may all be summed up in a single warning precept. Old age is no bit of good luck. It comes only as the result of effort.

No doubt there are differences in natural endowment. Some of us are given at birth strong constitutions; others are frail. But such differences are of slight account. By middle life the strong man who has taken no pains will find himself burnt up, while a fragile person can gather vigor where all looks adverse. I speak from knowledge. Few have had a worse start than I. From my mother I inherited spinal disease; the spinal vertebræ do not interlock, and so I have never been able to stand up straight. My father gave me double hernia. I do not complain of these things. They have helped me to reach old age, showing early the job that was before me. I am now eighty-seven and in perfect health, only lame through my own folly. When thirty years ago I sprained my leg the doctor warned me to keep quiet for a considerable time. As after some weeks I felt little pain, I began to move about the room. Healing stopped and has never been resumed. Since then I have had only one leg to walk with. I hold therefore that we construct old age in precisely the same way as we build a barn. We merely need knowledge and persistent effort. Combined, they will carry us through anything. I have undergone six surgical operations and am now — except for a lameness induced by that early folly — in perfect health and enjoyment. To enable others to find a course which may be equally serviceable for themselves I here trace in detail six definite stages of my progress as relates to Food, Sleep, Exercise, Clothing, Moods, Religion.

1. I take no stimulant of any kind, no wine, beer, tobacco, coffee, or tea. A stimulant is a means of borrowing, and, small or large, must be paid for. Occasionally we are in a tight place and may wisely borrow. But such occasions are rare, and we enjoy life more the less we borrow. The adult heart can be kept like that of a child.

A particularly dangerous food is milk. We could not do without it, but man is the only creature that drinks it. The infant sucks it in mouthfuls from his mother's breast. A little older, he takes his bread and milk a spoonful at a time. Only when he is old enough to know better does he pour down a glass of it at a gulp. Milk is a food, not a drink. It should be taken in sips. One might as properly pour the contents of the soup tureen down his throat as the contents of the milk pitcher.

White flour in all its forms should

be avoided. Whatever is nutritious in the grain has been sifted out and thrown away. Whatever pleases the eye and tongue, even though injurious, is preserved. If one takes cold easily, the amount of salt had better be reduced. Beef, pork, and salt fish should not be eaten at all. Other varieties of meat are valuable and should be taken at least once each day. Do not bathe too often. Once a day rub yourself down with a rough towel and take a bath a couple of times a week.

The intake and outgo of food should be about equal in amount. In this matter persons differ widely. Some have a small appetite and therefore a small discharge. A strong appetite is better, if the food remains simple. Then three discharges are in order, and the amount is astonishing. At least one discharge is essential for everybody. It occurs best early in the morning. A mouthful of petrolatum oil, which contains no food, will harmlessly check constipation.

2. Many of us are troubled with sleepless nights, or rather we think we are. We lie awake watching ourselves, fearful that sleep may not come. Or we try to use the waking time for planning. Either habit is more exhausting than sleeplessness itself. I have never slept a night through in my life. I sleep an hour or two, then wake an hour or two. During the waking time I think of nothing serious. No harm comes. The method is simple. A good many hours may be spent in bed, where rest is had, whether sleep comes or not. I do not toss about. Only when after some hours the side or back grows lame I quietly take a new position. In the morning I start off on a new day as fresh as those whose night was of the standard sort. One must not say, 'How good it would be if only.' The wise man takes whatever comes and studies how to extract good from it.

3. Regular exercise is essential, the amount varying considerably for different persons. It would evidently be foolish for a frail man who eats little to take at once such exercise as fits the athlete. Each to his measure. One is liable to overdo and take too much exercise in a single piece. Exercise and rest belong together. I find I need a walk of about two miles a day, and walking is the best form of exercise. It touches every external muscle and the whole internal machinery as well. After a walk of a quarter or half a mile I take a rest of about the same time, lying flat on my back. Such a half-hour's rest too is good before a meal.

4. The problem of clothing is closely related to that of exercise. I use porous knit cotton underwear, the same summer and winter. So even in winter I seldom need an overcoat, though I keep a thin one always at hand. For riding or storms a thick one is generally prudent. At night a single blanket is usually sufficient, though a camel's-hair or down puff should be within reach. The sudden changes of the New England climate call for alertness in meeting them, night or day. Mark Twain warns us wisely, 'If you don't like the New England climate, just wait five minutes.' Under such conditions we easily fall into the bad habit of adding blanket to blanket and soon find that many become necessary. Guard against this. Writing twenty years ago, I should have thought it necessary to assert that a window near the bed should be kept open at night. But in this matter there has been real progress. Nowadays every sleeper likes to breathe.

5. But have we any dominating mood? That is essential. However favorable outward conditions may be,

they will not lead to old age unless attended all the way by suitable inner conditions. These latter are the important thing. Is their possessor fit to grow old? Has he the needful promptness, self-sacrifice, public spirit, which will unite him with his fellows and give him a share in the ongoings of the community? One cannot grow old alone. We rightly call the time when a man lives 'his age.' He should make it that, discharging casual moods as not really himself. A dominant aim of a worthy sort should knit the desires of to-day with those of to-morrow, thus giving a foretaste of immortality.

How should I praise thee, Lord! How should my rymes
Gladly engrave thy love in steel,
If what my soul doth feel sometimes
My soul might ever feel!

6. It may seem strange to speak of Religion as a means for prolonging life. But I believe that without it the likelihood of growing old would be seriously lessened. Surely he who thinks that the ultimate ground-work of all is friendly and akin to himself looks forward with more hope than one who sees himself encompassed by blind or hostile agencies. There might indeed be danger that the thought of a friendly God would make us wish to shorten unduly our earthly stay. Happy as is every day of life here, I do not desire to continue here forever. My curiosity is too great. I want to explore the regions above for my many dear ones, to see if they recognize me and I them.

Yet all this presupposes a friendly God. May He not be hostile? I do not think so. Evil involves self-contradiction, like a square triangle. Nothing can be harmoniously bad. That the wise ones know. If I had doubted it, my good sense would have been restored by my wife. And here I shall speak with the extreme intimacy which I have used throughout this paper. She had undergone a desperate operation for an intestinal trouble which was congenital. I went to see her on the morning when she awoke, and was shocked at the artificialities of the place. The nurses were black-robed nuns. The walls were hung with pictures of fabulous saints. How offensive, I thought, must all this be to that lover of simplicity, especially now when she is at the point of death and able to speak only in whispers. But as I entered her face was all aglow over 'this blessed place where the air seems full of religion and one feels entirely free and at ease.' Her thoughts were on divine things. Such are open to us all.

SPEED

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

I

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS tells of a race with a startled gazelle which he surprised on the flat table-land of the Gobi Desert. When the speedometer of his car was registering fifty miles an hour, the gazelle was easily going sixty, and in a few minutes had become a rapidly diminishing speck far ahead.

A rabbit has been clocked at thirty-five miles an hour. English foxhounds can travel forty, but the fox usually leads them for many miles. Reindeer have been reported to run fifty miles an hour when pursued.

Winged animals travel faster. Recently an American pigeon flew 300 miles at seventy-one miles an hour. In Europe there is a vulture known as the lammergeier. An officer of the British Royal Air Force saw one of these vultures flying, and started in pursuit. The bird led until the airplane's speedometer reached 110 miles an hour, when the lammergeier gave up the race in a graceful nose dive.

A swallow was taken from her nest under the eaves of a house in Antwerp, carried to Compiègne, 148 miles away, and there released. She was back on her nest in an hour and eight minutes, having flown at the rate of more than 134 miles an hour. It is a profound mystery how this frail bird, which could hide in your coat pocket, can get such speed out of mere muscle power.

Human muscles make a poor showing by comparison. The fastest mile a man has run on foot was raced by Nurmi in 1925, at a rate which figures a little more than fourteen and a half miles an hour; but perched on a camel he has traveled that distance at sixteen miles an hour, and astride a horse at nearly forty miles an hour. Swimming, a man has been able to go a mile at approximately two and a half miles an hour. A whale can propel its huge bulk four times as fast, and a silver salmon parts the water at seventeen miles an hour in sudden spurts. To get the greatest possible speed from human muscles man has had to take to the ice; skating, he has traveled a little better than twenty-three miles an hour.

But these motions are a mere crawl compared with the speeds attained during the last year by means of mechanical devices with metal muscles and electrical nerves and with man as the brain controlling the speed machine. Major Segrave caroming over a Florida beach at 231 miles an hour, and Captain Orlebar in his super-marine airplane meteoring off the Isle of Wight at 357 miles an hour, are both a demonstration and a prophecy.

They are a demonstration of what man can do toward annihilating distance, when he rides in a vehicle that is nearly all motor.

They are a prophecy of super-speeds that in a few years may be commonplaces of travel, when there will be room in the machine and carrying capacity not only for the engine and the engineer, but also for passengers, mail, freight, parlor compartments, dining saloons — all the luxuries of the

Limited. Such is the forecast of the experts.

II

Mechanical speed came slowly. The steam engine had been pumping water from mine pits for nearly a hundred years before anyone tried the experiment of putting an engine on wheels and making it propel itself. Railways were almost two hundred years old before anyone substituted for the draft horses that pulled the early cars a steam machine moving under its own power. The first railway locomotive chugged along a tramway in Wales in 1804 at about five miles an hour, but twenty-five years passed before any railway management adopted the idea as a means of motive power.

People were afraid of speed. 'What can be more palpably absurd than the prospect held out of locomotives traveling twice as fast as stagecoaches!' exclaimed the staid English *Quarterly Review* in 1825. 'We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's ricochet rockets, as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate.'

Speed was a live public question then because the proposed Liverpool and Manchester Railway had petitioned Parliament for a franchise. It was known that the chief engineer of the projected railroad, George Stephenson, had experimented with steam locomotives and favored them over stagecoaches. But scarcely a technical man in the United Kingdom agreed with him. Tredgold, in his *Practical Treatise on Railroads and Carriages*, published in 1825, pronounced the prevailing judgment of the engineering profession: 'That any system of carrying passengers would answer, to go at a velocity exceeding ten miles an hour, or thereabouts, is extremely improbable.' And Lardner, lecturing in London on the steam engine at about the same time, said: 'Carriages could not go at anything like the contemplated speed. If driven to it, the wheels would merely spin on their axles, and the carriages would stand stock-still.'

With such science proclaimed by the learned authorities it is no wonder that the legislative authorities hesitated to license a railway to be guided by Mr. Stephenson's 'insanity.' Before the engineer testified in the Parliamentary hearing regarding locomotives, the railway's attorney cautioned him against claiming unbelievable speeds, such as twenty miles an hour. If he did, warned the lawyer, he would 'inevitably damn the whole thing' and be himself regarded as 'a maniac fit for bedlam.' Thus primed, Stephenson reined in his knowledge of what steam might do, and limited his prediction to twelve miles an hour. Even so, members of the committee murmured doubts as to his sanity, and voted denial of the application for a charter.

Speed was a live public question in America, too. The usual stagecoach speed was six or seven miles an hour. When the stage from Boston to Providence rattled over its forty miles in four hours and fifty minutes, the feat was regarded as little short of miraculous. 'If any one wants to go faster, he may send to Kentucky and charter a streak of lightning,' wrote one traveler, describing a journey over this famous route in 1822.

Kentucky horses were the nearest to a streak of lightning that the lay mind could imagine then. Apparently the controlling professional mind had no greater vision, for when construction of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad began in 1828 the roadbed was laid out for horse-drawn cars. John Stevens of Hoboken and Oliver Evans of New York had been preaching the gospel of

steam transportation for more than a decade, but the business men who were putting their dollars into the railroad gave scarcely a thought to these vagaries, and proceeded to lay the track for horse power.

Old Peter Cooper thought that was too bad. A steam railroad would be ever so much more progressive. He hastily improvised a locomotive by mounting a small boiler and engine on wheels, and brought it to Baltimore to try the curves of the eighteen-mile track. The 'Tom Thumb' did n't work very well at first, but after some months of tinkering and remodeling Cooper managed to operate it with fair success at a speed of about six miles an hour.

Then a horse drawing an equivalent load raced Cooper's midget engine; the machine failed in that crisis, and horseflesh trotted in to easy victory. A horse-propelled locomotive in which the animal operated a treadmill was also tried, but it collided with a cow and upset, spilling some distinguished passengers. Experiments were made with a sail-driven car, but the wind was erratic and operation on a regular schedule impossible. After these trials the management felt confirmed in its original choice; so horse-drawn cars were installed, and continued on the Baltimore and Ohio until 1831.

Meanwhile, in England, history was making. The Liverpool and Manchester Company had somehow got its charter. Before installing stationary engines to operate a tram, as was generally favored, Stephenson begged the company to give a trial to steam-on-wheels, and the management graciously — and surprisingly — acceded. It announced a competition to be held on the railway at Rainhill, and invited inventors to enter their iron steeds. If a locomotive proved that it could run thirty-five miles at an average rate of ten miles an hour, and also met other conditions of safe and efficient operation, it would be considered for use on the railway. A prize of five hundred pounds was offered for the best performance.

And so was staged, a century ago, in October 1829, the great locomotive speed contest. The event excited unusual public interest and curiosity. Ten thousand people gathered to witness the trials. Five locomotives were entered, one the invention — or construction — of Stephenson.

I have often wondered why Stephenson called his locomotive the Rocket. Perhaps he still smarted under the *Quarterly Review's* twitting comparison of his project to Congreve's skyrockets. Certainly in his complete victory that day he rocketed into fame and became almost at one bound the acknowledged engineering genius and authority of Britain.

The Rocket's speed, pulling a train of loaded cars, averaged fifteen miles an hour. Then Stephenson detached the cars and gave an extra demonstration of what his machine could do unencumbered. He ran it up to twenty, twenty-five, thirty, and finally thirty-five miles an hour. The grandstand was aghast; then wild with applause. The engine did not disintegrate into atoms, the wheels did not spin helplessly on the axles, the engineer did not burst a blood vessel or fall into a coma. At the end of the run he stepped down from his smoking engine very much alive, exhilarated by the experience. Here was a new kind of horse indeed — one that was not only faster, but tireless.

III

The railroad made its highest speed record in 1901, when a train of the Plant System in Florida traveled five miles in two and a half minutes. Such velocity was possible, of course, only on

a straight level track, and could not be maintained around curves and up grades. The record for a run of more than 500 miles was made by a train of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern in 1905. It ran the 525 miles from Buffalo to Chicago in seven hours and fifty minutes, an average speed of sixty-seven miles an hour.

There is a tendency among American railroads to-day to increase the average rate of speed, but they show no serious ambition to make the high records of the past the normal running speed of modern trains. Twenty years ago two rival roads maintained a schedule of eighteen hours between New York and Chicago, but now the fastest regular trains operated by these same lines take twenty hours for the trip. The average speed of the Twentieth Century Limited is forty-eight miles an hour. The Broadway Limited, connecting the two cities over the shorter Pennsylvania route, needs to travel only forty-five and four-tenths miles an hour to reach its destination in twenty hours.

In 1929 both the New York Central and the Pennsylvania companies added new fast trains between Chicago and New York, but it is noticeable that all content themselves with the twenty-hour schedule. Safety, comfort, and economy rule the modern rails, rather than speed.

The automobile was arriving just as the railroad was making its most spectacular records. A musty old copy of the *Horseless Age* recalls that in 1901 — the year in which that Florida train ran five miles at 120 miles an hour — Henry Ford won his first automobile race. His speed was just under forty-five miles an hour.

In Europe somewhat better automobile records were being made; but the locomotive experts saw nothing to fear in the gasoline buggy. Then, in 1903, Henry Ford rode into the front-page headlines for the first time by driving his racing car at better than ninety miles an hour, thus bringing the world record for automobile speed to America. In the same year a New York Central train made a short run at close to 110 miles an hour. Automobile speed was going up, locomotive speed coming down.

Year by year the automobile record climbed. By 1910 it was 141 miles an hour; by 1920, 156 miles; by 1926, 170. In 1927 Major H. O'n. de H. Segrave electrified the headline artists by reaching and passing the 200-miles-an-hour rate. Like most speed honors, his distinction was short-lived; in 1928 Ray Keech drove a car at better than 207 miles an hour.

This was a surprise. Many authorities had predicted that Segrave's record would stand for years. He himself had announced, following his 1927 triumph, that he would never race again. But the speed bacillus is a tantalizing and even a domineering bug. Major Segrave came back to Florida in 1929 with a new 1000-horsepower car. In it he swept across the sands of Daytona Beach at 231 miles an hour — almost four miles a minute. And, at least until the next races, this will stand as the record for speed on the earth's surface.

IV

But meanwhile man has left the surface of the earth and in the ocean of air has learned a new magic in mechanical power and a new meaning in speed.

The first airplane flight — by Orville Wright, on December 17, 1903 — was 120 feet in twelve seconds, something over six miles an hour. Almost any eighteenth-century stagecoach could do better.

But give the birdman time — time to learn the use of wings. Two years later Orville Wright flew eleven miles at

better than thirty-six miles an hour. And in 1908 he met the rigorous requirements of the United States Army by flying forty miles an hour.

Then James Gordon Bennett offered an international challenge cup for speed, and the first airplane race was held at Rheims, France, in August of 1909. Glenn H. Curtiss, flying a biplane of his own design, won at a rate which averaged close to forty-seven miles an hour.

Every year the record for speed leaped ahead. Grahame-White took the cup away from Curtiss to England, C. T. Weyman brought it back to America, and then Vedrines carried it off to France by a spurt of 105 miles an hour. This was in 1912, and the next year France showed that its spurt was a permanent gain, for it won a second time. After the war's interruption, racing resumed in 1920; France won for the third time, and thus possessed the famous cup outright. The winning speed in 1920 was close to 170 miles an hour.

Meanwhile, another speed contest had been instituted by Jacques Schneider, a wealthy patron of sport in France. It is a tragic irony that M. Schneider died in poverty in 1928, as competitors for his trophy were spending millions of dollars in preparation for the contest. But back in 1912 he was heir of the great and prosperous Gun Works at Creusot, and his desire to encourage the development of seagoing aircraft prompted him to offer a trophy for the best speed made by a seaplane.

The aviator who won the first Schneider race, M. Prevost of France, also won the James Gordon Bennett race of that year. His speed in the landplane was better than 120 miles an hour, and in the seaplane only a little over forty-five miles an hour. This was in 1913, and these two records fairly represent the comparative speed efficiencies of land and sea planes at that time.

But now — what a difference! The swiftest flyers are seaplanes. Under the spur of the Schneider trophy competition a seaplane was the first vehicle to reach 300 miles an hour. Indeed, so far as the records show, it is the only vehicle in which a man has traveled at that velocity. To the Italian, Major Mario de Bernardi, belongs the honor of being the first to pass this mark. The winning speed in the Schneider races of 1929 was 332 miles an hour, achieved by H. R. D. Waghorn of the British Royal Air Force. Five days later one of his team mates, Captain A. H. Orlebar, made a new record by driving a seaplane at better than 357 miles an hour.

At present, the latter figure stands as the peak measure of human restlessness, man's highest attainment of motion — almost six miles a minute in the air, to compare with a maximum of almost four miles a minute on the automobile track and two miles a minute on the railroad.

V

What is the future of speed? Have we reached the limit, or are there still higher velocities attainable mechanically and controllable by man?

Sir Alan Cobham, whose experience gives weight to his words, recently predicted that within the lifetime of the present generation 300 miles an hour will be normal cruising speed in commercial and passenger transport.

Professor A. M. Low, the distinguished British engineer, says: 'We must accustom ourselves to the idea that in the future 500 miles an hour will be an every day — or night — affair.'

Louis Blériot, flight pioneer of France, forecasts that within ten years air racing at faster than 700 miles an hour will be an accomplished fact.

Other authorities do not shrink from 1000 miles an hour. Two years ago General J. H. MacBrien, president of the Canadian Aviation League and a former officer of the Royal Air Force, predicted that aircraft will reach this speed. And F. H. R. Folland, the engineer who designed the swift Gloster-Napier super-marine plane which competed in the Schneider trophy contest in 1929, said at that time, 'I see no reason why the trophy should not be won twenty years hence at a speed of 1000 miles an hour.'

One difficulty is the lack of a motor able to push a plane through the air — and against the air — at that rate. Three great enemies are air resistance, friction, and centrifugal force. Every airplane designer is continually at war with these opponents. The Dædalus who comes nearest to conquering them — or escaping from them — will be the first to fly 1000 miles an hour.

Centrifugal force can destroy. A physicist has computed that when Segrave's automobile traveled 200 miles an hour its wheels were making thirty revolutions a second and each tire was writhing under a centrifugal force equal to the pull of four tons. With every increase in the rate of rotation this pull increases, until finally a critical speed is reached: the molecules of matter can stand the strain no longer; they fly apart and the tire explodes. The same kind of force applies to a rotating propeller and the motor which drives it.

Every owner of an automobile knows what friction costs in lubricating oil, but only an engineer knows its toll on power. Major Segrave's car had motors of 1000 horsepower. Ten per cent of their energy went to overcome friction. As speed increases, the problem of lubricating the engine is additionally complicated by the danger of chemical changes in the lubricating oil. This necessitates the addition of a cooling system to guard the engine against overheating and consequent break-up of the lubricant. But a cooling system always means lessened power — 20 per cent of the gasoline burned in even the better types of motors goes to make up for the loss of power through cooling, a loss directly chargeable to friction.

Speed's arch-enemy is air resistance. After 100 of his horsepower had overcome friction, Major Segrave had 900 mechanical horses left, which would seem to be ample, but — 500 spent themselves in overcoming air resistance!

Air resistance is a glutton for power. Suppose you find that a ten-horsepower engine will drive you thirty miles an hour, and you wish to travel sixty. Is it enough to double your horsepower? No; experimenters have found that the power required to overcome air resistance varies as the cube of the speed. Therefore, to double the speed of an airplane, you must increase its motive power eight times. If a ten-horsepower engine develops thirty miles an hour, an eighty-horsepower engine is necessary to develop sixty miles an hour — assuming that all other things are unchanged.

But designers of airplanes do not leave all other things unchanged. Alexandre Gustave Eiffel, who built the tower in Paris that bears his name, made experiments to determine the stresses and strains produced by winds. He dropped objects of different shapes and measured their behavior in the air. He found that a cylinder with hemispherical ends encountered only one fifth the air resistance that was met by a cylinder with flat ends. Aeronautical engineers have conducted similar investigations in wind tunnels, and out of these researches has come the modern science of streamlining.

By streamlining is meant shaping the body and each exposed part so as to

facilitate the flow of the air around it with the minimum of disturbance. Even before the aeronautical studies in this field, naval engineers both abroad and in America had experimented with models of ships in towing tanks, and had discovered the influence of a ship's shape upon its speed. The principles apply alike to motion through water and to motion through air.

To-day not only airplanes, but racing automobiles, motor boats, and the super-swift ocean liner, the *Bremen*, are streamlined The principle is even applied to the shape of buildings, and in Dayton, Ohio, a large hangar for dirigibles was designed with rounded corners and curving surfaces in accord with the laws of streamlining.

There is a limit to the gain that can be made in this direction, however. The air is essentially, and will continue to be, a resistant medium. We are driven back to the question of motors.

Henry Ford remarked in a published interview that there is no such thing in existence as an airplane engine, explaining that the engines used in aircraft to-day are 'really automobile engines in all their fundamental principles.' Mr. Ford indicated that he is experimenting with the Diesel engine. The Packard Motor Company has already demonstrated an aircraft motor of this economical oil-burning type. President Charles L. Lawrence, of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation, has indicated that his hope for the future motor is a machine operating on the turbine principle — a rotary engine in which every movement will produce transmittable power.

New types of motors will inevitably come. But — remembering the greed of air resistance for power — will it be possible to make motors able to push through the enormous opposition that the air will offer to a craft moving 1000 miles an hour?

An obvious way to defeat air resistance is to rise above it. At ten miles up, the air is one tenth its density at sea level. At twenty miles, the density is only one one-hundredth of that to which we are accustomed at the surface of the earth. Above that level the air thins to the vanishing point. The same power that produces the ordinary cruising speeds of 100 and 125 miles an hour at our usual flying levels would easily produce many times that speed in the thin upper air.

But our present aircraft are dependent on air density. The propeller must have air to bite into; the wings must have air to push through; the motor relies on air to supply oxygen for its ignition. A gasoline engine suffocates when it gets above a certain height. The high-altitude flyers carry an auxiliary device, a super-charger which pumps air under pressure into the motor, and so by a process of concentration strengthens the diluted rations of the upper sky. But a supercharger adds weight. It is a fact that only a few airplanes have been driven higher than seven miles above sea level, so dependent is the gasoline-driven craft on air density. To travel 1000 miles or more through the higher levels would seem to call for a radically different system of motive power.

VI

A motive power which is independent of the air is the rocket — for Dr. Robert H. Goddard, director of the Physics Laboratory at Clark University, has shown that the efficiency of a rocket increases as the air in which it operates thins.

In his now historic experiments, which are preserved in a publication of the Smithsonian Institution, Dr. Goddard obtained from a steel rocket operated in the air an ejection of gases at

the rate of 8000 feet a second. Experiments in a vacuum with smaller rockets showed greater speeds there than in the air; the rates, applied to the large rocket, gave for it a velocity of 9700 feet a second in the vacuum. These results were obtained with smokeless powder. Later experiments with a liquid explosive show that gas velocities of at least 12,000 feet — more than two miles — a second are possible.

Thus we have in this spectacular heat engine — which most of us think of only as a device for celebrating the Fourth of July — a speed machine that is independent of the air and that has no rotating parts to generate friction, create lubrication problems, and develop centrifugal force.

Dr. Goddard is almost alone in America among scientific investigators in this field; though in Europe, and particularly in Germany, the idea has been taken up in recent years with spectacular results. A society devoted to the study of rocket travel exists in Germany and publishes a monthly journal of rocket lore. A similar organization has been formed in Russia. In 1928 both Fritz von Opel and Curt Volkner successfully piloted rocket-driven automobiles over the Avus Speedway in Berlin. Max Valier installed a battery of powder rockets in a thirty-foot sled, and in trials on frozen Lake Starnberg in February of 1929 this rocket-propelled vehicle is reported by Valier to have attained a speed of 235 miles an hour. Again, in September of 1929, Fritz von Opel piloted a rocket airplane for a distance of one and a quarter miles at a speed of sixty miles an hour — the first recorded flight of man by rocket power. In each instance the rocket burned gunpowder.

What does the engineering profession think of the rocket as a source of power? An editorial under the title, 'The Rocket Airplane,' appeared in the *Journal of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers* (July 1928), of which the following are brief excerpts:—

> Like all engineering achievements, rocket propulsion starts in a crude way, to be refined and developed as time goes on and information accumulates. The chamber may ultimately have to be cooled, and we may yet witness a controversy between the advocates of air and water cooling for trans-oceanic rockets. Powder may be replaced by explosions of gasoline-air mixtures, and the chamber given more complicated shapes and therefore made more efficient. . . .
>
> The spinning top, once a child's toy, has been developed into the gyroscope. It would be nothing surprising if the rocket, once an amusement device, should be harnessed to do work in super-swift transportation.

A recent visit to Dr. Goddard's laboratory at Worcester, Massachusetts, disclosed that the very problems mentioned in the editorial are already live ones with the rocket designers.

Thus, the shape of the rocket has proved to be an important element. Early in his experiments Dr. Goddard found that a cylindrical explosion chamber is not so efficient as one which widens toward the exit in the form of a cone. The flaring vent allows for greater expansion of the discharging gases, hence greater speed of ejection. Since a rocket works on the reaction principle, — the reaction of the metal chamber against the expanding gases, — its rate of movement forward is directly proportionate to the speed of ejected gases backward. Therefore the rocket designer does everything possible to speed up the gases.

Not only the shape of the rocket, but also the fuel, has been changed as a result of Dr. Goddard's experiments. He began with black gunpowder which had a heat content of 545 calories.

Next he tried smokeless powder, which burns with a generation of more than double the heat — namely, 1238 calories. Since 1920 the scientist has been working entirely with liquid explosives, and during the last three years with a liquid which has a much higher heat content than even smokeless powder. The temperature of this exploding liquid is 3000 degrees Fahrenheit. Advantages of using liquid propellant are twofold: (1) because of its higher output of heat it gives greater velocity of ejection than any form of gunpowder, and (2) it opens up the possibility of feeding the explosive from a reservoir into the firing chamber of the rocket. The latter arrangement would greatly facilitate the control of explosions during flight — one of the fundamental problems.

It should be added that Dr. Goddard's experiments were begun with the purpose of sending an exploratory rocket into the upper air. Scientists of the Weather Bureau, radio laboratories, astronomical observatories, and other research institutions are eager to get some direct evidence of the air levels above twenty miles. Dr. Goddard conceived the idea of using a rocket as a means of sending up a thermometer, a barometer, an air trap, and other measuring and sampling devices, and began to work on the problem at Princeton in 1912. Transferring to Clark University, he continued his studies there. Since 1916 the investigations have been prosecuted under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution and with its financial support. Several short but successful rocket flights have been made with liquid propellants, and in July of 1929 a rocket carrying recording instruments and equipped with a parachute was sent up. The instruments — a barometer and photographic camera — were brought down on the rocket uninjured. Present work is centred on building a large rocket capable of ascending to a height of several miles.

Dr. Goddard believes that the most important outcome of his research, from the engineering point of view, is its demonstration of the high efficiency of the rocket as an engine. The waste of power in most of our present power-producing machines is notorious. At the foot of this page is a table of efficiencies of various types of engines that will give an idea of the comparative waste.

The high efficiency possible for the rocket results from two conditions. First, most of the heat energy of the explosive can be converted directly into motion energy of the swiftly escaping gases, this being particularly true in thin air. Secondly, in a rocket consisting largely of propellant, the rocket itself can receive a large share of the energy of the propellant, easily 50 per cent in the case of a rocket which has

	Percentage of Efficiency	*Source of Information*
Steam engine, locomotive	5	Chatfield, *Airplane Dynamics*
Steam engine, ocean liner	15	Chatfield, *Airplane Dynamics*
Corliss engine	Under 20	Prof. C. A. Read, Worcester Polytechnic Institute
Steam turbine	22.8	Account of modern installation in *Power*, 1929
Airplane gasoline engine	25	Chatfield, *Airplane Dynamics*
Diesel engine	30–34	Fulton Iron Works, manufacturers of the Diesel
Rocket	50	Prof. R. H. Goddard, Clark University

three quarters of its weight in explosive material.

What of speed? The rate of ejection of gases is a direct index to the possible speeds. Dr. Goddard has computed the elements of a rocket capable of a steady acceleration which at a height of 740 miles above the earth would be moving 6.4 miles a second — enough speed, at that height, to escape into space. Such a rocket would need to have 90 per cent of its weight in fuel. Indeed, as planned by the physicist, it would be a composite of several rockets arranged in series, the empty shells of the outer rockets to drop off as their fuel is consumed.

VII

Can the human body endure greater speeds? That is an old question. It was raised in Stephenson's time; it crops up perennially. The best answer, perhaps, is to recall that as passengers on this whirling planet we are already moving at speeds far beyond anything that is even imagined by the most speculative dreamer of future transport. As Dr. A. S. Eddington puts it, in his Gifford Lectures: 'Motion does not tire anybody. With the Earth as our vehicle we are traveling at 20 miles a second around the Sun; the Sun carries us at 12 miles a second through the galactic system; the galactic system bears us at 250 miles a second amid the spiral nebulæ; the spiral nebulæ . . . If motion could tire, we ought to be dead tired.'

Flesh and blood could not endure the below-zero temperatures of the upper atmosphere, nor could it breathe in the thin air. Any high-traveling craft would necessarily carry its passengers and crew in sealed cabins, heated and ventilated artificially.

But are greater speeds desirable? The rapid success of the air mail is striking evidence that speed of communication is desired by the public. The recent linking up of rail and air lines in passenger transport which brings the Pacific Coast within two days' travel of New York is additional evidence. There is demand for swift transportation of serums, medicines, and relief forces and supplies in time of disaster, and for the quick carriage of perishable commodities, emergency freight, and emergency passengers at all times.

An aircraft flying 1000 miles an hour would be able to carry a letter or a passenger from New York to Chicago within one hour, and to San Francisco in less than four hours. It would be able to make a circuit of the earth within twenty-four hours. At such speed the machine would keep pace with the rotation of the globe, and, in Kipling's phrase, 'hold the Sun level in his full stride.'

Finally, there is that ultimate possibility, that daring dream. J. B. S. Haldane predicts it in his prophetic essay on Man's Destiny: —

> Man will certainly attempt to leave the Earth. The first voyagers into interstellar space will die, as did Lilienthal and Pilcher, Mallory and Irvine. There is no reason why their successors should not succeed in colonizing some, at least, of the other planets of our system, and ultimately the planets, if such exist, revolving around other stars than our Sun. There is no theoretical limit to man's material progress but the subjection to complete conscious control of every quantum of radiation in the universe.

What speed is necessary to escape from the gravitational control of the earth? Seven miles a second at the surface of the globe, lesser speeds as you rise above the surface. And rockets can be made to produce that speed, say the men who in the laboratory are experimenting with the mysterious power of expanding gases.

OBJECTIONS TO LAUGHTER

BY ROBERT LYND

I

'LAUGHTER' is a word, we are told by the philologists, that is a distant cousin of the Greek κλώσσειν, 'to cluck like a hen,' and also of κράζειν, 'to croak.' But we need not go any further than our everyday speech to have it brought home to us that when we laugh we do something that puts us on a level with the lower animals. Half the words we ordinarily use to describe anybody laughing are words borrowed from a vocabulary descriptive of the various inarticulate sounds that must have made the chief music of life in Noah's ark. We say of a laughing human being that he 'bellows' or 'roars' or 'cackles' or 'crows' or 'whinnies.' Some people even speak of 'barks of laughter' and of 'hoots of joy.' We say of one man that he 'laughs like a hyena' and of another that he has a 'horse laugh.' And, even if a man is guilty of nothing worse than that noiseless form of laughter known as a smile, we often describe him as 'grinning like an ape' or 'like a Cheshire cat.' It is true that, in describing weeping, we also occasionally use words that suggest a comparison with the lower animals. A child, like a dog, is said to 'whine,' and its sobs as well as its laughter are often spoken of as 'bellowing,' 'roaring,' and 'howling.' Still, the vocabulary of the forest and the farmyard seems to be much more freely applied to our expression of mirth than to our expression of woe.

We have often been told that the ability to laugh is one of the chief things that distinguish man from the other animals. The report that 'the little dog laughed to see such sport' when the cow jumped over the moon is generally discredited as a legend. I am confident, however, that the people who say that animals never laugh are wrong. Animals undoubtedly make slightly different sounds from ourselves in their expressions of pleasure, and possibly they are pleased with different things, but when they are pleased they have a way, like ourselves, of making inarticulate sounds, and I see no reason to doubt that pigs, geese, starlings, dogs, parrots, and green woodpeckers at times make these sounds in a mood of what we call hilarity.

Certainly there seems nothing in the ordinary dictionary definition of the word 'laugh' to suggest that laughter is something of which other animals than man are incapable. The first dictionary I consulted on the matter defined 'laugh' as an intransitive verb meaning 'to express mirth or joy by an explosive inarticulate sound of the voice and peculiar facial distortion.' A dog undoubtedly is capable of that. The next dictionary said: 'Laugh . . . to express feeling by a series of inarticulate explosive sounds due to the characteristic vibrations into which the vocal cords are thrown by the jerky, spasmodic character of the expirations.' That is no better a description of a human laugh than of a donkey's bray. I doubt, indeed, whether anyone has ever succeeded in defining or describing

laughter in terms inapplicable to the facial contortions and explosive sounds made by animals. All the descriptions of the act of laughter that I have met with have seemed to me equally applicable to the snarling of wild beasts and to the merriment of human beings at a dinner party.

Take, for instance, Professor Sully in that excellent book, *An Essay on Laughter*. Near the beginning of the book, he has a description of a smile — which, as he tells us, viewed as a psychological event, is rightly regarded as a laugh, though as an incomplete laugh. 'Smiling,' he declares, 'involves a complex group of facial movements. It may suffice to remind the reader of such characteristic changes as the drawing back and slight lifting of the corners of the mouth, the raising of the upper lip, which partially uncovers the teeth, and the curving of the furrows betwixt the corners of the mouth and the nostrils (the nasolabial furrows) which these movements involve. To these must be added the formation of wrinkles under the eyes — the most characteristic part of the expression — which is a further result of the first movements. The increased brightness of the eyes is probably the effect of their tenseness, due to the contraction of the adjacent muscles and the pressure of the raised cheek, though an acceleration of the circulation within the eyeball may have something to do with it.'

I confess that I do not find a smile, so dissected, particularly human. To read of it is to conjure up a picture of the expression on the face of Red Riding Hood's wolf rather than the expression on the face of La Gioconda. And, when we pass from the smile to the laugh proper, Professor Sully's description is equally humbling to those who have taken pride in the thought that when they laugh they give convincing evidence of their difference from, and their superiority to, the other animals. Laughing, says Professor Sully, 'is an interruption of the natural rhythm of the respiratory process, in which inspiration and expiration follow one another at regular intervals. The obvious feature of its interruption . . . is the series of short, spasmodic, expiratory movements by which the sounds are produced. These are, however, preceded by a less noticed inspiration of exceptional energy and depth. These interruptions of the ordinary respiratory movements involve also an unusually energetic action of the large muscles by which the chest is expanded, *viz.*, those which secure the contraction and so the descent of the dome-shaped diaphragm and those by the action of which the ribs are elevated. The production of the sounds by the spasmodic expiratory movements shows that the passage from the trachea into the pharynx, *viz.*, the glottis or chink between the vocal cords, is partially closed. The quality of the sounds is explained by the particular arrangements, at the moment of the cachinnation, of the vocal apparatus, and more particularly the shape of the resonance chamber of the mouth.'

Let those who are given to boasting of their sense of humor as though it were one of the highest achievements of which humanity is capable look on this 'slow-motion' picture of a laugh and realize that all their sense of humor can do for them is to enable them, like any other animal, to make spasmodic expiratory movements through a partially closed passage from the trachea to the pharynx.

II

Perhaps it was their realization of the essentially animal nature of laughter that led so many philosophers, saints, and authorities on behavior to

condemn it. Plato, in the *Republic*, censures Homer for having degraded the gods by making them laugh in the sentence: 'Inextinguishable laughter arose among the blessed gods, when they saw Hephæstus bustling about the mansion.' And he expresses his dislike of laughter still more strongly in the same book when he makes Socrates declare that the guardians of the State ought not to be given to laughter, and that persons of worth must never be represented as being overcome by laughter. Pythagoras, again, is a philosopher of whom we are told that 'he would avoid laughter and all pandering to tastes such as insulting jests and vulgar tales.'

It is true that there have been philosophers of a less unbending disposition, such as Spinoza, of whom it is said that 'after protracted studies' he 'would mix with the family party where he lodged, and join in the most trivial conversations, or unbend his mind by setting spiders to fight each other; he observed their combats with so much interest that he was often seized with immoderate fits of laughter.' But it is a significant fact that among philosophers there is only one who is known as the Laughing Philosopher, and the learned assure us that Democritus was not really a laughing philosopher at all.

I do not know whether we are any longer permitted to believe the story that Democritus used to walk down to the harbor of Abdera in his lighter moments and 'laugh heartily at such variety of ridiculous objects, which there he saw.' Even Burton, who repeats the story, describes Democritus as 'a little wearish old man, very melancholy by nature,' and an older authority declares that he used to train himself 'by a variety of means to test his sense-impressions by going at times into solitude and frequenting tombs.' Yet this man is apparently the nearest thing to a laughing philosopher that the world has seen.

As for the saints, though many of them have been cheerful men, few of them have been conspicuous for their hilarity. Some of them have even thought it was a sin to laugh. Saint John the dwarf, for example, on seeing a monk laughing uncontrollably at dinner one day was 'so horrified that he at once began to cry,' and Saint Basil wrote against the wickedness of laughing, declaring that it was the one bodily affection that the Founder of the Christian religion 'does not seem to have known.'

I fancy the saints of all the religions and all the churches have been the same in this respect. One does not imagine John Knox as a patron saint of laughter, and I am sure that the Presbyterian elder who rebuked someone for whistling on Sunday in the sentence, 'Mon, this is no day for whustlin',' would have equally rebuked anyone whom he had heard laughing on the sacred day.

And when we leave the saints and come to more worldly authorities on behavior we find the same thing. The greatest English gentleman who ever left detailed instructions as to how to behave like a gentleman was Lord Chesterfield, and in his *Letters to His Son* he declares emphatically in more than one passage that a man who wishes to be regarded as a gentleman must avoid laughter above all things. Everyone knows the passage in which he warns his son: 'Loud laughter is the mirth of the mob, who are only pleased with silly things; for true wit or good sense never excited a laugh, since the creation of the world. A man of parts and fashion is, therefore, only seen to smile, but never heard to laugh.'

In a further letter, Lord Chesterfield

returns to and reiterates his warning. He writes: —

Having mentioned laughing, I must particularly warn you against it: and I could heartily wish that you may often be seen to smile, but never heard to laugh while you live. Frequent and loud laughter is the characteristic of folly and ill manners; it is the manner in which the mob express their silly joy at silly things; and they call it being merry. In my mind, there is nothing so illiberal, and so ill bred, as audible laughter. True wit, or sense, never yet made any body laugh; they are above it. They please the mind, and give a cheerfulness to the countenance. But it is low buffoonery, or silly accidents, that always excite laughter; and that is what people of sense and breeding should show themselves above. A man's going to sit down, in the supposition that he has a chair behind him, and falling down upon his breech for want of one, sets a whole company a laughing, when all the wit in the world would not do it; a plain proof, in my mind, how low and unbecoming a thing laughing is. *Not to mention the disagreeable noise that it makes, and the shocking distortion of the face that it occasions.* Laughter is easily restrained, by a very little reflection; but as it is generally connected with the idea of gaiety, people do not enough attend to its absurdity. I am neither of a melancholy nor a cynical disposition; and am as willing and as apt to be pleased as any body; but I am sure that, since I have had the full use of my reason, nobody has ever heard me laugh.

Chesterfield then goes on to denounce the 'very disagreeable and silly trick of laughing,' and to speak contemptuously of 'a man of very good parts, Mr. Waller, who cannot say the commonest thing without laughing; which makes those who do not know him take him at first for a natural fool.' And indeed Lord Chesterfield, in his assertion that nobody had ever heard him laughing, had noble predecessors through the ages. Johnson declares that nobody had ever heard either Swift or Pope laughing. And was it not said of the grandfather of the great Crœsus that 'he never laughed but once in his life, and that was at an ass eating thistles'? One feels that he might have chosen a more exciting occasion.

But it is not only the philosophers, the saints, and the authorities on manners who have belittled laughter. One of the most fastidious spirits of modern times, the poetess Alice Meynell, devoted a carefully reasoned essay to an appeal to her fellow countrymen to laugh a little less loudly and a little less frequently than they do. The English, she observed, though they speak less loudly than the Continental nations, are given to laughing more loudly in the theatres, and, disliking noise, she held up to them for imitation 'the Oriental estimation of laughter as a thing fitter for women, fittest for children, and unfitted for a beard.' Mrs. Meynell was mistaken, it seems to me, if she thought that in her objection to laughter she was singular. The ordinary man may occasionally laugh, but he does not think much of laughter. He has as poor an opinion of it, indeed, as Plato or Mrs. Meynell herself. That the ordinary man cares little for laughter can, I think, be easily proved.

Consider, for one thing, what has been the most widely read literature of the past two generations. Is it not a conspicuous fact that among the most popular novels four or five are by writers who never try to make us laugh, or, at least, who never succeed? Twenty years ago the 'best-selling' English novelists were Miss Marie Corelli and Mr. (now Sir) Hall Caine. To-day three out of four of our best-sellers are writers who depend for their effect scarcely at all upon humor of situation or character. I do not forget that Dickens, the permanent best-seller of English literature, was a humorist as well as a tragic sentimentalist. But, taking a general view of popular litera-

ture, we shall be safe in affirming that it is easier to become a best-seller with a book that does not contain a single laugh than with a book that, in the language of the reviewers, contains a 'laugh on every page.' A novelist may leave out the laughter of life, indeed, and appeal to the public, not only for his own time, but for all time, as Defoe does in *Robinson Crusoe* and Richardson does in *Clarissa*, but no novelist has ever succeeded in becoming immortal through laughter alone. Sterne has his sentimental interludes. As regards Cervantes, again, we are constantly reproached by some of his most enthusiastic admirers if we do not share his sorrows with Don Quixote, instead of laughing at his misfortunes. It is the same with nearly all the masterpieces of comedy. They are most ardently appreciated, not for comic, but for serious reasons. If you take up a book on Aristophanes or Rabelais or Molière, you will almost certainly find that it sets out to explain his serious purpose rather than to echo his hilarity.

III

All this — the consensus of saints, philosophers, men of fashion, and ordinary human beings — seems to constitute a very strong case against laughter. And, indeed, laughter is open to the objection that it is not only offensive to others, but tiresome in itself. It is one of the abnormal, rather than one of the normal, activities of a human being. I notice that, even by a famous physiologist, it is included in a list of 'certain abnormal forms of respiration,' along with coughing, sneezing, clearing the throat, snoring, crying, sighing, yawning, and hiccoughing. All these things are good in their way, but none of them would be good all the time as a constant and normal part of our lives. Sneezing is a cure recommended by many modern doctors, for instance, for certain forms of catarrh. Useful as sneezing may be, however, no doctor has yet proposed it to us as an ideal that we should sneeze twenty-four — or even twelve — hours a day.

And the same thing is obviously true of laughter. The ordinary human being, if he went on laughing continuously for even three hours, would become totally exhausted. If you could imagine a farce so funny that every sentence sent the audience into fits of uncontrollable laughter, many people would be unable to sit out more than the first act; others would retire at the end of the second act; and the few who had enough staying power to last till the fall of the curtain would not have strength left to call the actors before it for a final round of applause. You will often notice at a farce that, however much laughter there is in the course of the performance, there is far less applause at the end of it than at the end of a tragedy or a melodrama. Even the comedies of Mr. Shaw, which have many other qualities besides laughableness, used to have an exhausting effect of this kind on the dramatic critics. Mr. Shaw once declared bitterly that during the performance of one of his plays he could see the critics rocking in their seats with laughter and that in the next morning's papers they would all solemnly denounce his play as tedious and boring. The explanation is simple. He had worn them down physically with laughter, just as he would have worn them down if he had made them sneeze or cough violently for three hours on end.

Laughter, like sneezing and coughing, is, as I have said, abnormal, and Rabelais himself would not be tolerable if it were not that he discreetly intermingles with his comedy long passages of boredom. A comic writer must be either tragic in parts or sentimental in

parts — he must be a critic of society or have the saving grace of dullness — in order to take his place among the world's great writers.

Thus we arrive at the theory that laughter, being something abnormal like an accident or an electric shock, can play only a very small part in an ordinary man's life. Its very essence is surprise and a break in the monotonous continuity of our thoughts or our experience. It is a physical appreciation of the surprising things of life, such as — to take some elementary instances — the spectacle of a man falling suddenly on ice, or sitting down on the floor instead of on a chair, or being shot in the leg by someone who was aiming at a pheasant.

Such things make us laugh, of course, — as we read about them in *Pickwick Papers*, for example, — only if the results are not too serious. If a man died as the result of any of these accidents, nobody but a savage would think it funny, however surprised he might be. What makes us laugh is a mixture of the shock at an accident that looks as if it might be serious and the realization that it is not after all a hundredth part as serious as it might have been. The shock is obviously one of the things that make us laugh in such cases, but among civilized people the surprise of finding that the shock was superfluous is equally necessary.

You will see an excellent example of this in motoring accidents. At present, motoring accidents are not as a rule funny, because we are apprehensive that the results may be fatal. Recently, however, someone has invented a kind of cowcatcher for motor cars which tosses the astonished pedestrian into the air and deposits him safely in a net; and it is certain that if this comes into general use motor accidents in the future will become more generally funny. As you walk down Piccadilly on a spring afternoon, you will see whole clutches of messenger boys, policemen, clubmen in top hats, and all sorts of people, tossed by motor cars as by bulls and left sprawling, alive and kicking, in a tangle of network — a scene that, I am sure, will make most people laugh even more heartily than Democritus laughed at the sights he saw in the harbor of Abdera. Saints, philosophers, and perfect gentlemen may not laugh; but ordinary human beings will, and in this, I think, they will show their humanity. For to laugh at an accident that ends happily proves not so much that one enjoyed the accident as that one enjoyed the happy ending. We should find the accidents that happen to Don Quixote intolerable if any of them ended fatally. We enjoy them only on the understanding that the Don is a cork who sinks under the sea for a few moments to rise again and bob as buoyantly as ever on the surface. We laugh at the accident, indeed, on the assumption that the victim will speedily recover from it. The escape as well as the disaster contributes to our mirth. It is cruelty suddenly merging into kindness. Hence we find that, at its best, it is the characteristic of humane men — of Shakespeare and Cervantes, of Fielding and Dickens.

Even so we can see why, on this assumption, saints and Utopian philosophers are on the whole hostile or indifferent to laughter. The saint and the Utopian philosopher have a vision of a perfect world in which accidents do not happen. The saint realizes that, if Adam and Eve had never sinned, we should all have been as the angels, and angels never have their hats blown off or slip on the ice or sit down on the floor instead of a chair or get chased in their dressing gowns through the streets, like Mr. Winkle, by needlessly suspicious husbands. Laughter is a confession of

the sins and silliness of the world, but it is also a kind of genial acquiescence in these sins and sillinesses. To the saint, the stumblings of man are tragic, proving that he is not yet an angel. To men and women with a sense of humor, the stumblings of man — even on his way to perfection — are largely comic, proving that he is only a human being after all. We may deplore, if we like, the saint's lack of humor, but in this I think we may be wrong. He has a vision that we have not. Our sense of humor is only a compensation for our lack of his vision. We should never have possessed it if we had remained in Eden. It is the grace of our disgrace — a consolation prize given to a race excluded from Paradise.

IV

Hence it is natural enough that laughter should play a comparatively small part in the great literature and records of the human race. No doubt the characters named in the Old Testament often laughed, but there is not a single laugh described in all its pages that infects us with mirth as we read of it to-day. The tears of David over the dead Absalom still touch the heart, but the merriment of the days before the Flood no longer moves us to sympathetic mirth. The laughter referred to in the Bible is for the most part the laughter of scorn. The more cheerful kind of laughter — the laughter of the fool, as it is called — is even compared to its detriment by the Wise Man to 'the crackling of thorns under a pot.' Homer, again, though he made the gods themselves laugh, has given us no supreme comic scene as a companion picture to that supreme tragic scene in which Hector parts from Andromache. There may have been Greek writers who were as comic as Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, but their fun died with them, and even Aristophanes, the greatest comic writer of antiquity, and some say of all time, is not, I am sure, as funny as he used to be.

Tragedy can live as long as a mummy — as long, one might almost say, as one of the immortal gods. It affects us as profoundly three thousand years afterward as it affected men in the year in which it was born. Laughter, on the other hand, is as a rule as volatile as eau de Cologne sprinkled on a handkerchief. A few great writers have been able to imprison this essence and give it, if not immortality, at least a life thirty times as long as that of the oldest brandy. A jest unfortunately does not improve with age as brandy does, and many even of Shakespeare's jokes have to be explained to modern readers in footnotes. At the same time, if we may change the metaphor, a small handful of men of genius have been able to make the best of their jokes permanently explosive, like Mr. Wells's radioactive bomb. This is, undoubtedly, one of the most difficult miracles in literature.

As to what the nature of the first laugh was after man had descended from the trees, the authorities on the subject differ. Father Ronald Knox has lately put himself on the side of those who hold that satire preceded humor in the history of our race, and that therefore man laughed first out of derision at the pain and humiliation of his fellow creatures. For this view there is something to be said, for primitive savages who would see nothing amusing in *Pride and Prejudice* are said to roar with laughter at the spectacle of a man getting a bad fall or writhing in pain with fever. On the other hand, the baby is the most primitive type of human being that we know, and the baby in the cradle begins to laugh long before it knows that there are such things as pain and humiliation in the world, or can appreciate the humor of

an accident. You will see a baby lying on its back in a perambulator and, as it looks up at the leaves of a tree dancing and twinkling on a windy, sunny day, laughing with an exuberance equal to that of any grown-up man or woman at a disaster to a fellow creature. You can make it laugh by peeping out at it from behind a handkerchief. You can make it laugh by tickling it. It is in tickling, perhaps, that we find the best evidence of the non-satirical origin of laughter. The psychologists in their works on laughter have written a great deal about tickling, and some of them have even experimented on their children to discover which, in their right order, are the most ticklish parts of the body. The order given by one writer is: 'The sole of the foot, the armpit, the neck and part under the chin, the ribs.' Darwin even experimented in tickling anthropoid apes, and discovered that they gave out 'a reiterated sound, corresponding with our laughter, when they are tickled, especially under the armpits.' Several authorities maintain that when dogs are tickled they respond with what is described as 'an incipient smile.' Others declare that pigs like being tickled, but the author in whose works I have seen a reference to this subject observes: 'Never having been on tickling terms with pigs, I have nothing to say about them.'

Certainly the pleasure of being tickled is one of the earliest pleasures known to a human being. One of the commonest metaphors used in describing laughter, indeed, is that which speaks of a person's being 'tickled to death.' This suggests — and I think it is Professor Sully's view — that laughter originated in play rather than in derision. In the baby it is an expression of happiness without a breath of malice in it. And, apart from the evidence of tickling, if laughter be some subtle form of malice, how can we explain the smile with which friends greet each other when they meet and which most people wear when they are being introduced to a stranger? When you are introduced to a man, you smile, not because you have noticed something wrong with his clothes or in his personal appearance, but because you are pleased to meet him, as the saying is, or pretend to be. This may seem to conflict with the theory that angels never laugh, for angels must often experience pleasure. The laughter of human beings, however, seems to me to express an animal rather than a spiritual pleasure. Meredith traced English laughter to its sources in the gastric juices. The laugh has undoubtedly evolved since the days when Pharaoh's daughter tickled the infant Moses, till now we are able to laugh at the wit of Anatole France and the humor of Chekhov. But it is still, at its best, play, even when salted with derision or bitterness.

As with play of all sorts, one of its chief functions is to release us from the hardening formulæ of our daily lives. We cannot help attempting to imprison ourselves and all our opinions and experiences in formulæ. We see our neighbors as formulæ walking. We are turned into formulæ ourselves by our habits. Thus we make a too rigid pattern of life, and deceive ourselves into believing that the world is a mechanical, settled, and law-abiding place in which nearly everybody will behave according to pattern. For instance, the ordinary English child has a formula in accordance with which he thinks that everybody ought to speak more or less like himself. When he hears a foreigner speaking, he is inclined to laugh. He will laugh at what he regards as the mispronunciations of a Scotsman or an Irishman. His laugh is partly derision — derision in defense of the pattern. But I think it is also a playful delight in novelty. Englishmen do not go

to hear Sir Harry Lauder in his Scottish songs merely to deride the language of the 'braw, bricht, moonlicht nicht.' Similarly when they laugh at the mention of a 'haggis,' — as Englishmen, being queer creatures, do, — the laughter is not in derision of the Scottish diet so much as a playful escape from the pattern of the English menu.

Laughter at the antics of a drunken man is also due in part to the fact that in not too fatal a way he breaks the expected pattern of life. If an ordinary sober man lets a coin fall on the pavement, his swift stooping down and picking it up does not make us laugh, for this is what we expect him to do. See a drunken man trying to pick up a fallen coin, however. His attempts to preserve his balance at each new bend of the body, his misjudgment of the distance at which the coin lies from his hand, his quite disproportionate air of determination and sobriety, are all a contradiction of common life. He no longer acts with the mechanical regularity which we expect in the behavior of human beings. He has dissolved the human pattern, and we on our part are dissolved in laughter. There are some people who deny that laughter can take drunkenness as one of its themes, but this is because they see drunkenness entirely in terms of its tragedies. They see drunkenness, not as an accident, but as a doom, and, like the saints, are distressed because it is a negation of the perfect world. Ordinary men laugh at a thing, however, not because it is a negation of the perfect world, but because it is a contradiction of everyday life. If everybody were drunk all the time, nobody would see anything to laugh at in Sir Toby Belch.

V

Comedy gives us, indeed, a new and surprising pattern of life — a pattern that is a lampoon on the pattern to which we are accustomed. Mrs. Malaprop breaks the pattern of the ordinary English pronunciation and use of words, and as a result her 'allegory on the banks of the Nile' still sets the theatre in a roar. Lear in his nonsense verses breaks the pattern of intelligible speech, and we love his nonsense because he enables us to escape for the moment from the iron rule of sense. People do not laugh when a cock crows, but I have heard the gallery laughing uproariously when a man in the audience imitated a cock crowing. This is because, when a cock crows, he is acting in accord with the accepted farmyard pattern, but when a man crows he is breaking the pattern of human behavior. The amusement many people get from talking and performing animals may be explained in the same way. The parrot that uses blasphemous language is not behaving according to the monotonous rules of bird life. The dog that rises on its hind legs and fox-trots across the stage defies the laws laid down by Nature for the behavior of dogs. Lord George Sanger amused thousands of people some years ago by introducing into his circus an oyster that smoked a pipe. This would not have been amusing but for the fact that oysters do not, as a rule, smoke. Nobody would pay a penny to see a human being smoking a pipe. The oyster did not smoke a pipe either, but Lord Sanger was able to make people pretend to themselves that it did, and for one glorious moment the pattern of conventional oysterdom was smashed to pieces.

All the comic writers from Aristophanes to Shakespeare, from Swift to Lewis Carroll, have broken the pattern for us in a comparable way. They have taken us when we were tired of looking at life as though it were a series of demonstrable theories in Euclid, and

have torn all those impressive triangles and circles into small pieces, and have dipped them in color and put them into a kaleidoscope, and have invited us to look at the result, in which all the legalism of Euclid has been turned into a chaos of ludicrous and distorted figures. Comedy has no respect even for the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle. It does not care whether or not two parallel lines ever meet. It does not care whether the radii of a circle are equal. On the whole it prefers to suppose that they are not.

Laughter, then, springs largely from the lawless part of our nature. Hilarity is a kind of heresy — a cheerful defiance of all the laws, including the law of gravity. The planets are not amusing, since they obey fixed laws. Human beings are amusing because they do not. The saint or philosopher who believes that life should be lived according to law may therefore easily be tempted to regard laughter with suspicion. In this, however, I think he would be wrong. We must judge laughter, like other things, by its results. And a reasonable defense of laughter may be founded on the fact that it is not men with a comic sense who are the greatest lawbreakers. Murderers and thieves are not noted as a rule for their hilarity. They are for the most part serious men, who might have remained law-abiding citizens if only they had had a greater capacity for laughing.

It would be going too far to claim that all the laughers are virtuous men and all the non-laughers criminals. At the same time it is probably true that the laughing man, if he is virtuous, will as a result of his laughter be less offensively virtuous, and if he is vicious he will be less offensively vicious. Laughter gives a holiday both to the virtues and to the vices, and takes the imagination on its travels into a country in which the only principle is the principle of comic incongruity. Here man can resign himself to the enjoyment of life as a topsy-turvy wonderland as strange as any that Alice ever visited, and can see his dullest neighbors as a gallery of caricatures. It is a land of happy accidents, of large noses and blown-off hats, where words are misspelt and mispronounced, where men wear spats on their wrists instead of cuffs, the land of paradoxes and bulls and the things that could not happen. Whether it is worth visiting nobody will ever know for certain till the Day of Judgment.

The worst thing that can be said against laughter is that, by putting us in a good humor, it enables us to tolerate ourselves. The best thing that can be said for it is that for the same reason it enables us to tolerate each other.

KOUS–KOUS

BY ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

I

THE little Negro boy was crying as he ran, turning his kinky head over his shoulder beseechingly at the tall figure striding behind him and thrusting him forward with a rigid hand on his shoulder. It was only too evident that the child was being hurried to some awaiting Nemesis, a little slave in robes of fine wool propelled forward by an angry master. The school-teacher from America turned rigid the moment her eye lit on the pair hurrying down the narrow lane toward her. As a woman, she felt she had a right to interfere in any matter concerning a child; as a Nordic, she felt she had a right to call any Arab to account.

'Stop him, Mohammed,' she ordered breathlessly. 'Find out what it's all about.'

Mr. and Mrs. Pauling, who happened to be the only other members of the party there at the time, stopped, taking no part one way or the other.

Mohammed — who thought that the teacher, as a woman, should not be on the street at all, and, as a foreigner, should mind her own business — stopped perforce, between the devil and the deep sea. His bread depended on such fools as these, but he cringed at the sight of the well-to-do young man whom he was to accost in the midst of a simple act of household discipline.

But there is more than one way of skinning a cat, and Mohammed advanced suave and smiling.

'Ask him what he is going to do to that child,' demanded the teacher hotly in his ear.

'Sir,' said Mohammed, bowing, 'you know how lacking in manners these foreigners can be! But the lady has taken a great liking to this little black of yours, and declares she has not seen a finer in Morocco.' Mohammed's English left much to be desired, but he lacked no power in his own tongue.

The young Arab halted, his hand firm on the shoulder before him.

'She wishes to buy the creature?' he asked — at which the child burst into renewed sobbing.

'I believe so, sir,' answered Mohammed promptly. To the American he said, 'Little boy run away. He fetch back home.'

'By Allah, he deserves no better,' exclaimed the Arab.

At this the child began bawling. He twisted in his master's grasp, and, catching his other hand, began covering it with kisses.

'O sir! O my lord! O my sun! Not to the white devils!' he sobbed. 'I will come the moment you clap your hands! I will be your shadow! I will never go to the circus again, even if the lions roar and roar forever!'

For the first time a slight twinkle appeared in the Arab's eyes.

'Perhaps I will not sell the little worthless this time,' he said to Mohammed, giving the child a gentle shake and letting him go, 'but if he runs away again I shall send for you and give him to the white lady for three sous.'

'A thousand thanks, O my protector!' said the little boy, beginning to grin.

'What does he say? What does he say?' asked the teacher.

'Boy sorry. All right now,' said Mohammed.

'We'd better be going on,' said Mr. Pauling, who, though fond of children, was not fond of interfering in other people's affairs.

'What a cute little pickaninny he is,' said the teacher, lingering.

'What does she say?' asked the Arab with dignity.

'She praises the child,' replied Mohammed.

The Arab, having a possession praised, felt the pleasure common to owners at such times. Although a well-to-do merchant, he had few dealings with foreigners, and felt much curiosity concerning their extraordinary ways.

'Ask them if they will come to my house for kous-kous this evening,' he said.

Come? Oh, indeed they would come with pleasure. Even the Paulings were glad to come. With smiles and bows the two little parties separated, full directions having been given to Mohammed, and the teacher had the real satisfaction of seeing the little Negro go off capering beside his master, not guessing for a moment that her part in the affair had been largely in the rôle of bugaboo.

'I did n't know they had slaves,' said Mr. Pauling, 'now that the French are here.'

Mohammed shrugged.

They climbed for several minutes, and turned corners. Then the lane entered a sort of tunnel with a stone bench along it. A great door in the wall led into a tiled porter's lodge, and up more steps into the terraced gardens of the hotel.

'Let's have something to drink before we go in,' suggested Mr. Pauling.

'I don't believe I'd better,' said the school-teacher.

'Oh, do; it will taste so good. It's Tom's treat,' said Mrs. Pauling.

'How lovely!' exclaimed the American, sitting down and looking about the garden. She could not afford to buy many things in the *souks* or pay for such luxuries as liqueurs. It had taken the earnings of some years for her ticket. Here at Fez she felt that she was getting her money's worth. The hotel had been the palace of a grand vizir, disgraced in a former reign. She was not sure if he was the one who had been chained to his dead brother for twenty days in a prison cell — anyway, it was in the family.

'We do have such good times, don't we?' she asked as Mr. Pauling returned with a waiter carrying small glasses and bottles.

'It is beautiful,' said Mrs. Pauling, hitching her chair into the late afternoon sunshine. 'You know, every city seems to specialize: camels and palms for Marrakesh, figs and storks for Rabat, horses and olives at Meknes — and here, would n't you say it was poplars and mules?'

'Well, there have been mules everywhere,' said the teacher.

'But they're bigger here, and more of them with the high cerise saddles. Merchants and mules go together.' Mrs. Pauling defended her position between sips.

'What about the donkeys?' asked her husband.

'Oh, they're everywhere, the poor unfortunate mice,' said Mrs. Pauling, launching into a description of the wife of a French officer whom she had discovered in the courtyard of an inn, the head and soul of an organization called the Fondouk. Mrs. Pauling had thought her a remarkable woman, and imagined that the natives were of the

same opinion, for she went about the city at all hours, driven by a superhuman energy, taking the sharp goads from donkey drivers, cutting galling straps, distributing saddle blankets, rewarding small boys whose animals were in good condition, collecting crippled horses, carrying with her own hands water to beasts left untended by their masters for days at the inns. She was without fear, and would catch a cruel master by the throat in the midst of a crowd of his friends; but in her very boldness lay her safety, for many thought her possessed by a spirit, a holy woman, a female marabout sent by Allah for the town's discomfiture. The school-teacher, having no money, nor any interest in the sufferings of foreign animals, turned the subject completely.

'And have you seen the favorite's rooms?' she asked the moment the opportunity offered.

'Damp,' said Mr. Pauling. 'And the tortoise in her pool is dying. He does n't like us foreigners. Give me the Grand Vizir's room. Have you seen it? We may try to get changed into it to-morrow. It's in a tower, with its own stair and bath. The windows are down to the floor, and all the furniture is native: cushions and low beds painted with flowers, and texts from the Koran cut in the plaster in a border over the tiling, and old lamps hanging from honeycomb ceilings. The town below looks like a bowl of cream. The tower even has the hand of Fatima daubed on the outside. I never saw such a place.'

'It sounds wonderful,' said the school-teacher, finishing the last drops in her glass. 'I suppose I've got to go and dress. The water in my bathroom runs all muddy.'

As she walked between the rose trees toward the upper terrace her mind was turning over the thought of the Grand Vizir's bedroom. Why should n't she have it, since it was so nice? The Paulings had everything they wanted. They could buy and buy. Besides, he had only said *maybe* they would try to change their room. And they owed her something. If it had n't been for her, they would n't be going for kous-kous in a native house tonight. Surely she had a right to the Vizir's room.

She had, as always, chatted a good deal with the French manager of the hotel, and now he made very little objection to her changing rooms. With the help of a chambermaid she rearranged her things, much elated. Never had she dreamed that her salary was to buy her the high towers of Moroccan vizirs. She wondered what she should say to the Paulings, and decided to keep still as long as she could and if necessary say that the manager had suggested the change of rooms. Her conscience did not trouble her.

When she had put on an apple-green taffeta dress which made her look more blond and buxom than ever, she sat down for a minute on one of the leather cushions by the windows. Through the heavy protective netting she looked past the terraces and poplars of the garden at the city, which lay below her in a sloping hollow in the hills. The minarets rose glowing above the blues of white roofs already in shadow. Far away the snows of the Middle Atlas shone like roses. The sky looked like a turquoise bowl, across which flew flocks of white herons seeking the dark shelter of trees growing beside one of the many streams whose waters she could hear. Again the teacher felt vaguely that she was getting her money's worth, but her attention turned to find something human on which to fix. The women on the roofs of the town, in their rose and green dresses, come out to breathe the coolness of the

descending evening, were too distant to interest her. But by craning her neck she could look down into the garden of the next house. The owner was sitting on a rug by a square pond with a book in his hands, while men in pigeon-colored robes came and went along the terraces.

'He must be awfully rich,' thought the school-teacher, and sighed.

II

It was well after dark when they left the hotel, a spring evening cool and fresh. Their small procession clattered along the narrow lanes, led by a boy from the hotel, while Mohammed brought up a stately rear. It was the month of Ramadan, and all day, from the hour when a man could tell a white thread from a gray one, the faithful had been without food or drink. Now with the going down of the sun the food stalls were crowded with customers. The old merchants had taken the spectacles from their noses and were sipping thick soups. Bells rang everywhere as the half-naked water carriers brought their dripping goatskins from one thirsty mouth to another. Mr. Pauling noticed one of the men stopping to fill the cup of a blind beggar, running on again without pay.

'Why are there so many blind men, Mohammed?' he asked.

'In old times, robbers, you know, put out the eyes,' said Mohammed, smiling. Mr. Pauling stopped to drop a coin in the man's dish.

There were trellises over the narrow streets, and the moonlight sifting through them lay like Roman mosaic on the earth. Against the walls rose the chants of beggars wrapped in old cloths like grave cloths. The light of the kerosene lamps of the little shops conflicted with the blue moonlight of the lanes. Occasionally the long crowing of a cock rose above the other sounds, and died in a thin halloo. Men with beards dyed with henna, women and children in shapeless robes, jostled the party from the hotel, which slowly cut its way through the crowd like a dull knife, amid the cries of '*Balak! Balak!*' ('Make way! Make way!') from the boy.

Once out of the souks they made better time, through narrow streets deserted of all but the moon and certain unsavory odors. Suddenly, when they least expected it, the boy stopped before a nail-studded door and rapped on a hand-of-Fatima knocker. The door was thrown open and they saw the Arab of the afternoon bowing and smiling.

'Well, here we are,' said the school-teacher, laughing, 'and I'm as hungry as a horse.'

Mohammed, somewhat at a loss, translated.

'How do you do?' asked Mrs. Pauling.

'How do you do, sir?' said Mr. Pauling.

Their host led them into a large room with a fountain in the middle surrounded by a sort of arcade whose walls were lined with clocks, none of them exactly agreeing with its neighbors.

'And they say we Americans are fond of keeping track of time!' said the school-teacher.

'She admires your clocks,' translated Mohammed, and the merchant bowed again. They then went up a stair, passing a door which closed as they neared it, shutting off a sound of excited laughter.

'Can we meet his wives?' asked the teacher.

Mohammed pretended not to hear.

They entered a large room with a divan running along two walls. The floor was covered with a rose-flowered Brussels carpet over which, in the corner near a low folding table, a white

cloth had been tacked. Taking off their shoes, the guests sat cross-legged on the divan, while their host gravely took his place opposite them on a cushion. The school-teacher looked around her. There was nothing here of the splendors of the East as she had imagined it.

'Ask him how many wives he has,' she told Mohammed.

'I think it's better not to,' interposed Mrs. Pauling. 'I believe one is not supposed to mention them. Let's see, Mohammed, you might ask him if he has ever ridden in an automobile.'

Mohammed asked. The Arab, who had been waiting attentively, looking from one to another, now burst into smiles and spoke animatedly at some length.

'Yes, he has,' translated Mohammed.

'Has he been in England?' said Mr. Pauling.

This was translated. And again there was a long and apparently detailed reply which Mohammed simplified to 'No, he has not.'

'Has he been to France?' asked Mrs. Pauling.

Mohammed brought back a 'No.'

'Has he been to America?' asked the school-teacher.

There was further spirited talk between the men.

'No,' said Mohammed.

It was rather like a dull game of twenty questions. But there was nothing to be found out at the end of it. The Arab watched them anxiously, meditating what could be done for his guests' amusement. Then, on an inspiration, he rose and walked to a cupboard, returning with a photograph, which he handed to Mr. Pauling. It represented the merchant against a velvet curtain, holding the handles of a bicycle with an air of great daring.

'A very good likeness,' said Mr. Pauling. The compliment, repeated after an explanation, reached the original through Mohammed, and was greeted with pleased smiles.

'Does he think that 's his Arab steed?' asked the school-teacher.

Mrs. Pauling said, 'Very nice.'

They were all glad when the merchant clapped his hands and a bundled-up servant girl, with her outer skirts tied behind her in a sort of bustle, entered with a long-necked brass pitcher, bowl, and napkin, with which she washed their hands, with difficulty restraining a nervous giggle. In a moment she returned with a huge platter of chicken and carrots, out of which they all ate, obeying Mohammed's instructions to use only the thumb and two fingers of their right hand. Their host ate almost nothing, but picked out delicacies which he handed to each in turn on pieces of bread.

'Gee, but this is good!' said the teacher. 'Tell him, Mohammed.'

The evening was looking up.

Mutton and artichoke hearts followed. Again their host waited until almost the entire dish had been eaten. Again the servant appeared, this time with highly spiced meat balls and sliced oranges swimming in sugar and cinnamon.

'Help! I'll die!' cried the school-teacher, licking her fingers.

'We have to eat all we can, or it's considered rude,' said Mr. Pauling, manfully helping himself.

'This is the third meat course,' sighed Mrs. Pauling, 'and I'm thankful we've reached dessert. I've done my best. But my jaws are nearly worn out. Every time I stopped to draw breath, he handed me something more.' Then, seeing her host's bright eyes fixed attentively on her face, she added, 'Tell him, Mohammed, these oranges are delicious. We do not prepare them this way.'

There was a sudden shriek of real consternation from the school-teacher: —

'Oh, lord! Here she comes with more!'

'This is the kous-kous,' said Mohammed.

'Do you mean to say we have n't been having kous-kous right along?' they asked in a chorus.

'This is the kous-kous,' he repeated.

'Once more into the breach, dear friends!' cried Mr. Pauling, generously leading the attack on the new dish, a great platterful of farina, raisins, and pale beans, crowned with mutton. The farina offered unexpected problems. Mohammed and the merchant jiggled it neatly into a ball in the palms of their hands and tossed it down their throats.

'I'm not going to eat any,' said the teacher, flatly.

'You must,' murmured Mr. Pauling. 'The kous-kous is the symbol of hospitality.'

'I shall burst, then,' said the teacher, helping herself gingerly.

The kous-kous was eaten amid despairing hilarity.

After the bowl and towel had again made their round, two little boys, one already very familiar, came into the room and made the circle of the guests, kissing their hands, and then, after kissing the Arab's, climbed familiarly into his lap.

'It is his son,' said Mohammed, looking almost as proud as the father; 'and the other is his son's slave.'

'The Arabs certainly love children,' said Mr. Pauling.

The teacher sniffed.

'Tell him they are beautiful children,' said Mrs. Pauling.

But the merchant had almost forgotten these strange beings whose presence he had brought upon himself. Now with the children in his arms he was again at ease, gay and gentle. He was almost as tender with the little Negro as with his own son. The others watched, charmed by the scene.

Again the servant girl appeared.

'More?' asked the school-teacher wildly, rolling her eyes. She was now playing her part as guest in the spirit of farce. She had not been overawed as she had expected, but at least she might enjoy herself.

The servant set a fine hammered brass tray before the young merchant, who put the children beside him, where they sat as serious and still as two dolls. He himself made the tea, with cones of sugar from a brass box, and handfuls of fresh mint. When the drink had steeped he filled a small Bohemian glass, tasted the mixture, and poured the rest back into the kettle. Then he filled all the glasses and with a charming smile offered them to his guests. Mohammed drank his with a great snoring intake of breath.

'That is polite,' he said to the others.

The school-teacher laughed, flinging back her head. Then she too drank noisily, and laughed again. Mohammed showed how the glasses should be held — lightly, with the thumb and first finger of both hands.

'Fancy!' said Mrs. Pauling. 'A tea ceremony in Morocco too. Tell him, Mohammed, it is very nice.'

'Don't the children have any?' asked Mr. Pauling, looking at the two little boys, who sat as still as mice, their big eyes following everything that went on.

'No,' said Mohammed; 'a son does not drink when his father is near.'

The same glasses were refilled and repassed in any order, but this time more sugar had been added.

'No, thank you,' said Mrs. Pauling, who was unable to tell which was her own glass.

'Three glasses, always,' said Mohammed firmly.

'Thank you,' said Mrs. Pauling, taking a glass without visible wincing. 'Tell him, Mohammed, it is very good.'

III

The teacher continued drinking with noisy sips, but her eyes were on the brass tray. It stood on a low folding stand. The brass work was very fine, with a pattern delicate as moss. She was thinking how much she would like to have one in her apartment, and how pleasant it would be to say, 'Oh, yes, I picked it up on my last trip to Morocco,' when the other teachers admired it. But she had priced such trays in the shops and knew they were expensive. This was even finer than the ones she had seen — probably it was an old one.

As she sipped her third and sweetest glass of tea, she said, 'Tell him, Mohammed, that is a beautiful tray.'

The merchant looked pleased, gave a slight bow, and smiled as he spoke.

'It is yours,' translated Mohammed casually.

'Oh, really! How lovely! How lovely of him! Tell him I shall always remember him by it! Tell him —'

'But that is only a way of saying —' said Mohammed, looking very uncomfortable.

'He gave it to me, did n't he?' said the teacher angrily.

'But —' said Mohammed.

'You tell him what I say,' said the teacher. 'If there's any mistake, he'll say so, not you.'

Mohammed had thought he was beyond being humiliated by foreigners, but it was in a voice filled with shame that he spoke to the merchant. The other looked slightly surprised, then shrugged, and rose gracefully from his cushion, making a slight gesture of a hand to include the tray and the young woman.

The Paulings, who had watched the scene stiffening, could bear it no longer. After an exchange of looks, Mrs. Pauling said, 'But, my dear, really you must refuse it. You know that in the Orient such a speech is only a form of politeness and means nothing.'

'It'll teach him to be sincere, then,' said the teacher, tossing her head, and trying to carry off the affair.

Mr. Pauling saw red.

'I suppose when a man signs himself "Yours sincerely" you'd sue him for a breach of promise?' he asked bitterly.

'Tom!' exclaimed his wife.

But the school-teacher was not listening. She was instructing Mohammed to tell the merchant how very much they had enjoyed the evening. It was so good for different races to get to know each other. The merchant bowed. The children came forward and kissed the strangers' hands once more. In a queer silence they filed again down the steps, led by the merchant, with Mohammed in the rear carrying the tray as though it were hot. Their host never glanced at it as he opened the door for them into the moonlight. Mrs. Pauling had thought him a little childish with his photograph of a bicycle and his rows of clocks. Now he seemed to belong to something prouder and older than their civilization. She wished that she could find a way to explain and apologize. But it was impossible. She sighed and shook her head. He bowed as they crossed his threshold, and the yellow light from the doorway lay on the cobbles as they walked away. Then the door quietly closed again.

The school-teacher walked with her head held high. Her eyes smarted with tears. It had been a bad quarter of an hour, but she would never see the Arab again, and in a few weeks she would be saying good-bye to the Paulings. What did their opinion matter, really? The tray would remain. And he had certainly given it to her. She thought of her apartment and of the teas she would serve there, some day.

'*Per aspera ad astra*,' she said to herself, comforted.

ORDER OF SERVICE

Sunday morning, near Wheeling, on the Ohio, June 1810

Hold up, hold up, you Jersey folk,
Fetch in the reins, you 'Ghany men!
All Yanks and Dutchies halt your yoke:
The foremost wagon's bogged again.
Bogged down hub-deep in 'Hio clay —
The Devil take these watersheds.
Hi-yup! The foremost wagon, hey!
Pour leather in them tender-breds!
(*Here shall the horses bow their heads.*

Come up, come up, you wagoneers,
Hitch up your belts a notch or two;
Bring on that team of bull-neck steers —
There's work ahead for steers to do.
On-hook them horses' traces, Jem,
Yoke on them critters. Jonas, peel
Your coat, and fling it under 'em —
They've lost their footen — let 'em feel. . . .
(*In this place shall the oxen kneel.*

You jaunten-men, you 'Ginny lads,
You Methody one-horse preacher folks,
Light down from off your drivers' pads
And put your weight against them spokes.
She's clear. Hi-yup, and let 'em roll!
Pass on the word we roll again.
— The Devil takes the Devil's toll,
But can't keep Us from travelen!
(*And all the people shall say Amen.*

Merle Colby

A FOOTNOTE TO SHELLEY

BY LESLIE HOTSON

[In his forthcoming book, Mr. Hotson gives in full all the surviving documents relating to the suit of *Shelley* v. *Westbrooke*, brought before the Court of Chancery in the year following Harriet's death, to determine the custody of Shelley's children. These documents include (besides the letters from Shelley to Harriet already published in the *Atlantic*) notes made by the prosecuting counsel in the preparation of his brief, a summary of the whole case prepared by a Master in Chancery, and detailed plans for the care and education of the two children, submitted by each party.

In the following pages Mr. Hotson states briefly the main issue of the case, the question of the children's guardianship, and its outcome. — The Editor]

I

With the copies of Shelley's letters preserved among the Masters' Papers are included numerous affidavits, proposals, and draft reports. Some of these documents are formal and of little interest, but others embody material which supplements or corrects our knowledge of the proceedings in *Shelley* v. *Westbrooke*. The purpose of this case was to determine whether Shelley's two children by Harriet should be returned to his custody, or left in the care of the Westbrooks. There is no need, however, to go over the details of the beginning of the case, which have been amply set forth by H. B. Forman, Professor Dowden, and Mr. Roger Ingpen. I shall confine myself as far as possible to presenting additions and corrections.

The hearing was held on January 24, 1817, and Lord Chancellor Eldon, by his decision given on March 27, restrained Shelley and his agents from recovering the custody of his children, and appointed Mr. William Alexander, a Master in Chancery, to inquire what would be a proper plan for the maintenance and education of the infants, and also to inquire with whom and under whose care the infants should remain during their minority or until the further order of the Court.

Shelley was deeply outraged by this decision, but he could not believe that the Chancellor would presume to put the children quite away from his friends and acquaintance and into the hands of some stranger whom the Westbrooks might select. His solicitor, P. W. Longdill, agreed with him, and offered to propose himself as the children's custodian. Shelley accepted the offer, and accordingly Longdill drew up the proposal, and added to it a detailed plan of education.[1] Anticipating the possible suspicion with which any proposal from Shelley's side would be regarded by Mr. Alexander, Longdill made this plan sound as conservative and as religious as possible.

The proposal follows: —

[1] Longdill's plan has hitherto been ascribed to Dr. and Mrs. Hume, who, as will appear, merely adopted it. Since Longdill's plan contains passages which have never before been published, it is perhaps worth reproducing in full. — Author

The Defendant Percy Bysshe Shelley proposes that the said Infants should be placed under the care of Pynson Wilmot Longdill of Grays Inn in the County of Middlesex Gentleman and Selina his Wife, there to remain during their Minority, or until the further Order of the Court of Chancery.

The said Pynson Wilmot Longdill resides at No. 1 Sidmouth place Grays Inn Road, and at Hanwell in the County of Middlesex; he is of the age of 35 years; his Wife is of the age of 26 years; and they have three Children; two Daughters, one of the age of 6 years and upwards and the other of the age of two years; and a Son of the age of four years.

For the maintenance of the said Infants the said Percy Bysshe Shelley proposes that the Dividends of the sum of £2000 4 per Cent Bank Annuities mentioned in the pleadings of this Cause, and which are directed by the Trust Deed in the pleadings also mentioned to be applied towards the Maintenance and Education of the said Infants, should from time to time as they become receivable be paid into the Hands of the said Pynson Wilmot Longdill towards such Maintenance and Education; and whatever may be requisite for the Maintenance and Education of the said Infants beyond the said Dividends, he the said Percy Bysshe Shelley will be ready and hereby undertakes to supply.

To this proposal, Longdill added his plan: —

The Plan of Education with respect to these Infant Children which Mr. Longdill would adopt, if they were confided to his care, would be immediately to put the Infant Eliza Ianthe, and the Infant Charles Bysshe as soon as he was capable of receiving instruction, under the care of a Governess (but at the same time under the strict and immediate superintendance and control of Mrs. Longdill) to learn Reading, Writing and Arithmetick, and to receive such Instruction generally as their infant minds were able to comprehend.

With respect to the Boy, it appears to Mr. Longdill that it would be advisable when he arrived at about the age of seven years, to send him to a good School where he might be instructed in the rudiments of the Classicks and in Antient and Modern History &c. &c., and be prepared for some of the large or public Schools. And at a proper Age and after being suitably prepared at such a School, Mr. Longdill would propose (other circumstances permitting) to place him at one of the Universities. In fixing on a *first* School for him, Mr. Longdill would be led to look for one under the superintendance of an Orthodox Clergyman of the Church of England [though perhaps he would not consider the circumstance of the Head Master being a Clergyman as positively essential, if there were other points of high recommendation in favour of any Establishment which presented itself to his Notice].[2]

With respect however to placing him at the University, or by anticipation pointing out any particular profession or mode of life for the Child, it would in Mr. Longdill's Opinion be premature at present to do so, as the prudence of any step must depend on a variety of circumstances which cannot be now foreseen, as well as upon the feelings and habits and manners and intelligence of the Boy, which cannot now be prognosticated.

With respect to the Girl, Mr. Longdill proposes to have her educated with his own Daughters at home, under suitable Masters or Mistresses, giving her Lessons in History, Geography, Literature in general, and on every proper Subject as early as it might appear that her mind was open to receive them. The accomplishments of Drawing, Painting, Musick, Singing, and Dancing should receive all the attention which they deserve when the Child displayed a capability of receiving the necessary instructions, and the more homely Employments of Fancy Work and Sewing should not be neglected. Domestic Economy too should receive its share of attention. In short Mr. Longdill feels [MS. feeling] that a young mind must be continually occupied by those things which would in some way or other lead to its Improvement or to general Usefulness. Upon the score of Dress, Mr. Longdill would, if necessary, be very posi-

[2] The bracketed passage was crossed out. — AUTHOR

tive on the absolute necessity of resisting and disregarding the Fashions of the Day, if they included, as they do in his opinion in the present day, an apparent abandonment of all feelings of feminine Delicacy and Decency. Habitual neatness of dress he would require on the most private occasions, and an habitual Decency of Dress on all occasions.

As to the general reading of the Girl at a more advanced age, Mr. Longdill would, as far as his influence extended, keep from her perusal all Books that tended to shake her Faith in any of the great points of the Established Religion. He would discountenance the reading of Novels, except perhaps some few unexceptionable Works of that sort. He would to a certain degree encourage the reading and indeed the studying of some of our best poets; but with respect to Pope and some others, Mr. Longdill would take care that she was furnished with selections only. Of Shakespeare Mr. Longdill understands an Edition purified from its grossnesses has been published, and this Edition he would put into her hand. He believes also an Edition of Hume has lately been published in which his insidious attacks on Religion are omitted; And with this Edition Mr. Longdill would take care that she was provided.

To the Morals of the Children Mr. Longdill would pay particular attention, and would strive to make Instruction and Discipline go hand in hand. He would endeavour strongly to impress upon the Children Notions of Modesty and self-diffidence, and to repress every feeling of Vanity and self-sufficiency. He would endeavour to inculcate in them high notions of the value of a Character for Truth and personal Honour, and a thorough detestation of Affectation, Deceitfulness and Falsehood. The particular irregularities to which the mind of these Children may be most prone, and which perhaps will be very different in each, it is so impossible to foresee, that it would be worse than useless, in Mr. Longdill's Opinion, to pretend to point out the precise and particular course which ought to be pursued with respect to either of them. Speaking of Children in general and particularly of Children whom we never saw, it is in Mr. Longdill's Opinion idle to predetermine to affix to them any particular Character. The great point is, as Mr. Longdill has seen it somewhere expressed, to observe what Nature has made them, and to perfect them on her Plan. The grand duty of a Parent or Guardian towards Children consists, as Mr. Longdill conceives, in promptly and continually repressing, and if possible extirpating every propensity radically vicious; in guiding and by gentle means bringing back to the right course every irregular inclination; in exciting when it may be necessary a proper spirit of generous rivalry and emulation; in not countenancing and indeed in not tolerating any irreverent allusions in matters of religion; in being very circumspect (particularly as far as respects Girls) in the Books which are permitted to be brought before them; in promptly repressing every feeling of Vanity and self-importance; in requiring from them a respectful and deferential manner at all times towards their Superiours whether in rank or in age; an affable and unaffected manner towards their Equals; a mild, kind and condescending manner towards their Servants and Inferiours; and a humane and charitable Feeling and Manner towards the Poor and Distressed.

On the Subject of Religion, which though here mentioned so late Mr. Longdill thinks the very first in point of consideration and importance, he would bring up the Children in the Faith and Tenets of the Church of England; he would deem it an imperative Duty to inculcate in them solemn, serious, and orthodox Notions of Religion, but at the same time he would be cautious not prematurely to lead their unripe minds to that momentous Subject. To a morning and evening prayer and Thanksgiving, and to Grace before and after Meals, he would regularly accustom them, and take occasion as circumstances might arise to inculcate on them a general religious feeling, without bringing to their Notice controversial Points that might excite doubts which they would be unable to solve, and entangle them in difficulties from which they would be unable to extricate themselves. What is clearly revealed Mr. Longdill would endeavour to teach them fervently to embrace, and what the limited

powers of human Intellect would not permit them to understand, he would endeavour to make them feel it their Duty silently to revere. A regular attendance at Divine Service on Sundays Mr. Longdill would, when the Children arrived at a proper age, consider an indispensible Duty.

On that important and complicated subject 'A Plan of Education,' Mr. Longdill is aware that a great deal more might be said than has been here said, and that what is expressed might have been expressed much better, but as he has been proposed by Mr. Shelley to have the care of the Children, he has thought it more proper on such an occasion to put down his own personal thoughts and opinions as they arise on the subject, than to consult those who would have considered the subject more deeply and have treated it much better. He begs to add however that whatever the Master might think proper to suggest on the point of Education or Management of the Children, would be received by Mr. Longdill with the greatest respect and attention.

As it must naturally be concluded that the Children in their younger years will, if confided to the care of Mr. Longdill, be more under the immediate inspection and superintendance of Mrs. Longdill than of himself, it may be necessary to state some particulars with regard to her. She is about the age of 26. She plays on the Piano Forte and sings as well as most Ladies not professional; she dances better than most Ladies; she paints and draws; she understands fine Needle Work, and various sorts of Fancy Work; she has a slight knowledge of Italian and German; she speaks French as fluently as English and in the most correct Parisian manner, free from Anglicisms and all foreign Idiom and Pronunciation, having been for five years (from 1802 to 1806) educated in a Protestant School in Paris.

With respect to the Interference of Mr. Shelley with the Children, the Lord Chancellor having intimated that he should suspend his Judgment as to how far and in what degree he would in this Case interfere against Parental Authority, Mr. Longdill can only say that while he had the care of the Children, if it should be confided to him, he would feel it his bounden duty implicitly to obey the order and directions of the Lord Chancellor with respect to the intercourse and interference of Mr. Shelley with the Children, whatever that order and those directions might be.

II

Longdill submitted these documents to Mr. Alexander on June 21. The Westbrooks followed on July 1 with their counter-proposal, which, after the preliminary phrases, continues: —

That the said Plaintiff Eliza Ianthe Shelley is of the age of Four Years or thereabouts and the said Plaintiff Charles Bysshe Shelley is of the Age of two Years or thereabouts and they are the only Children of the said Defendant Percy Bysshe Shelley Esq^re^[3] who is the eldest son and Heir of the said Defendant Sir Timothy Shelley, the said infant Charles Bysshe Shelley being the presumptive heir to the said Title.

That the said Plaintiffs the infants were brought up under the Care of their Mother Harriett [MS. Harriott] Shelley deceased Daughter of the said Defendant John Westbrooke until the time of her death which happened in December last and since that time have been under the Care of the said Defendant Elizabeth Westbrooke and have always been accustomed to have and from their tender Age and Health require very Particular Care and Attention.

That with a view to Education of the said infants suitably to their future prospects and rank in life and especially to the early establishing of their minds in correct principles of Religion and Morality, it is proper that the said infants should be brought up under the immediate Care and inspection of a person well Qualified in this behalf.

That the Reverend John Kendall of the Town of Warwick a Clergyman of the Church of England of exemplary Character and highly qualified, hath been applied to and Consented to receive the said Plaintiffs

[3] This statement ignores Shelley's children by Mary. — AUTHOR

into his family and provide them with Cloaths and every other thing necessary to their Situation and to instruct them so far as they are at present Capable of receiving instruction and to take the Charge of them in all respects in the place of a Parent for the Sum of Two hundred pounds per Annum.

That the said Plaintiffs are entitled to the sum of £2000 £4 per Cent Annuities Standing in the names of the said Defendants Elizabeth Westbrooke and John Higham upon Certain trusts declared by the Indenture of the 2nd day of January 1817 in the pleadings mentioned the Dividends whereof amount to the Sum of £80 Per Annum and which is all the fortune the said Infants are at present possessed of.

That the said Defendant Percy Bysshe Shelley is entitled to an Annuity of £1000 per Annum payable by the said Sir Timothy Shelley and Secured to the said Percy Bysshe Shelley by a Rent Charge upon Certain Estates of the said Sir Timothy Shelley.

It is therefore proposed on the part of the said Plaintiffs that they the said Plaintiffs should from the 24th day of June instant be placed in the family of the said Mr. Kendal to be brought up under his Care until the further Order of this Court And that the Sum of £200 per Annum should be allowed to the said Mr. Kendall for the Education Maintenance and Support of the said Plaintiffs to Commence from the 24th day of June instant And it is further proposed that the Sum of £80 per Annum to which the said plaintiffs are entitled (being the Dividends arising from the said Sum of £2000 Bank 4[1] per Cent Annuities) should be Applied by the said Defendants Elizabeth Westbrooke and John Higham in part payment and discharge of the said Annual Sum of £200 And that the residue of the said Sum of £200 (being the Sum of £120 per Annum) should be allowed by the said Defendant Percy Bysshe Shelley and paid by the said Defendant Sir Timothy Shelley out of the said Annuity of £1000 to which the said Defendant Percy Bysshe Shelley is entitled as aforesaid.

In this, the original form of the proposal, the effrontery of the Westbrooks is notable: Shelley's children, they suggest, are to be put under the care of their own appointee, a stranger to Shelley, and £120 of the annual £200 for their maintenance is to be stopped out of Shelley's allowance from his father! Before this proposal was accepted by Mr. Alexander, Longdill saw to it that its closing phrases were altered to read: 'And that the residue thereof [*sc.* £120] should be made good by the said John Westbrooke the maternal grandfather of the said Plaintiffs.'

The Reverend John Kendall was the person under whose care the children had been placed before Harriet's death. We derive certain particulars concerning him and his family from a supporting affidavit made by Samuel Parr, LL.D., on July 16: —

The Reverend Samuel Parr of Hatton in the County of Warwick Doctor of Laws maketh Oath and saith that he knows and is intimately acquainted with the Reverend John Kendall the Master of the Earl of Leicester's Hospital in the Town of Warwick and Vicar of Budbrook near to the said Town and also with Martha the Wife of the said John Kendall and hath so known them for twenty years last past And this Deponent saith that the said John Kendall is of the age of fifty years or thereabouts and the said Martha his Wife is of the age of fifty three years or thereabouts. And that the Family of the said John Kendall consists of three daughters and no other children and who are of the respective ages of twenty two years, twenty years, and eighteen years or thereabouts And this Deponent saith that the said John Kendall is of a moral and upright character and a man of good talents and learning and that the said Martha the Wife of the said John Kendall is a Lady of high character and amiable manners and that the daughters of the said John Kendall are all possessed of superior attainments in literature And this Deponent saith that in the judgment and opinion of this deponent, and which judgment and opinion is formed from long and intimate knowledge and ac-

quaintance with the parties, there cannot be a family better calculated by their integrity, knowledge, and manners to have the care and education of children than the said Mr and Mrs Kendall and their Daughters.

[*signed*] SAMUEL PARR

III

Certainly from any disinterested point of view it would seem that the little Shelleys would have a better chance with Selina Longdill and her youngsters than with the fifty-three-year-old Mrs. Kendall and her grown-up daughters.

All the materials, with the exception of any plan of education on the part of Mr. Kendall, being now at hand, Mr. Alexander proceeded to his inquiry. It appears from what follows that he did not confine himself to the Chancellor's order, but imagined that it was his duty to review the case against Shelley, and to decide whether or not Shelley's conduct and principles made it improper for the children to be entrusted to the person he should select. To this end he not only went over the plaintiffs' petition and defendants' answers, but also scrutinized the letters to Harriet and had extracts made as follows: —

No. 1. dated 15th September 1814. He avows [*sic*] that his Attachment to Mary neither could nor ought to have been overcome. He states that she has resigned all for him.

No. 2. He expresses a Wish that his Wife may find a Lover as passionate and faithful as he would ever be a Friend affectionate and sincere. He wishes she could see Mary who he declares is the Object and the Sharer of his Passion.

No. 3. He expresses his Solicitude, although united to one perfectly adapted to his Nature by a lasting and intense Affection, that his Wife should have perceived that he continued to be mindful of her happiness, that he would have superintended the Progress of her Mind and have assisted her in cultivating an elevated Philosophy, to which without the Interest he had taken in her Improvement it was probable that she never would have aspired.

No. 4. dated 16th Sept. 1814. He desires her to acquit herself with Justice toward himself and Mary for united as they were they could not be considered separately. He urges her to consider how far she would desire her future Life to be placed within the Influence of his superintending Mind.

No. 5. dated 26th Sept. 1814. After various Reproaches he remarks that he was an Idiot to expect Greatness or Generosity from his Wife, — that when an Occasion of the sublimest Virtue occurred she would fail to play a Part of despicable Selfishness. That the pure and liberal Principles of which she used to boast that she was a disciple, served only for display and that in her heart it seemed she was always enslaved to the vilest superstitions. He speaks of himself as an innocent Man struggling with distress and denies that Godwin favored his Passion for his daughter, an Assertion which his Wife had made and which she knew to be most false and wantonly cruel and unjust to circulate such a Report.

No. 6. dated 27th Sept. 1814. He mentions the Satisfaction he should have if Reason should restore her to Philosophy, and after noticing that she had applied to an Attorney he says 'You are plainly lost to me, lost to the Principles which are the Guide and Hope of my Life,' and after stating that he considered this Application as an Act of determined Hostility, he proceeds thus: 'I desire &c.' (Copy this Paragraph). He then states that Godwin refuses with bitter Invective and keen Injustice all further Communication with him and he urges her if she yet felt any Ambition to be ranked amongst the wise and good to write to him.

No. 7. dated 5th Oct. 1814. He desires that she will not send him Mary Woolstonecroft's Works, that he committed an Oversight in requesting them and begged her to keep them.

In addition to these passages from the letters, Mr. Alexander drew up brief notes of the allegations made in the pleadings, with a view to ascer-

taining their truth. In his final summing up, he reviewed the evidence against Shelley's character, and certified 'that I feel myself bound by every moral and religious Feeling to reject the Father's Proposal and to approve the latter' (i.e., the Westbrooks').

Accordingly, we find his endorsement on Mr. Westbrook's proposal, 'Allowed 19 July 1817 W.A.' and on Longdill's, 'Disallowed 19 July 1817 W.A.' Mr. Alexander's report was submitted in full on August 1.

IV

Longdill was disgusted by Mr. Alexander's action, which not only was harsher than was warranted by the cautious language of the Chancellor's order, but also in effect cast suspicion on him. Therefore he appealed, from the Master to the Lord Chancellor, but did not gain a hearing until November 10. On that date the Chancellor referred the matter back to Mr. Alexander, with instructions to receive further proposals for a suitable person to have the care of the children, and also a further proposal or plan for their education and maintenance.

Longdill was therefore obliged to withdraw his own proposal. As a substitute for himself, Shelley and he decided on Dr. Thomas Hume, a neighbor of his in Hanwell. Dr. and Mrs. Hume, on reading Longdill's elaborate plan of education, had no objections to it, except that they saw no immediate need for a governess. The proposal includes the following description: —

> The said Thomas Hume is a Doctor in Medicine in the University of Oxford; a Fellow of the College of Physicians, London; Physician to his Majesty's Forces, and to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge; and the said Thomas Hume is about the age of 45 years, and the said Caroline Hume is about the age of 30 years.
>
> The said Thomas and Caroline Hume have been married several years and have no children, and Mrs. Hume is particularly fond of children and is a highly accomplished woman and eminently qualified to have the care and management of children.
>
> The Residence of Dr. Hume is in a retired part of Hanwell, half a mile distant from the Public Road, in an open and healthy situation, and is surrounded by pleasant walks, affording opportunities for exercise to the children without any communication with the high road.
>
> The said Thomas Hume and Caroline Hume are orthodox members of the church of England and regular in their attendance at Divine Service, and in every respect qualified for the Charge which the said Percy Bysshe Shelley hereby proposes to commit to them.

The Humes' statement as to Longdill's plan of education follows: —

> Dr. Hume and Mrs. Hume having read over the Plan of Education which they understand was submitted to the Master by Mr. P. W. Longdill on a former reference on the present subject, so entirely concur with Mr. Longdill on all the principle points detailed in that plan that they think it unnecessary to say more than that they should in a great measure pursue the Plan which Mr. Longdill proposed. Mrs. Hume however having no children of her own, and having sufficient leisure to give every requisite attention to the Children, and feeling that it would be her duty if the Children were placed in her family to devote a considerable portion of her time to them and to give them her continual attention, does not at present think that it would be necessary to engage a Governess for the present education and management of the Children; but if on experience she should find the assistance of a Governess for any reason necessary, Dr. and Mrs. Hume would immediately engage one.

The Humes were supported by affidavits from two ecclesiastics: the Reverend John Bond of Hanwell, Doctor in Divinity, and the Reverend

Joseph Holden Pott, Archdeacon of London.

On their side, the Westbrooks proposed the Reverend Jacob Cheesbrough, of Ulcomb, Kent, who was recommended by the Reverend Charles Cage of Bearsted, the Reverend George Wasey of Swanbourne, Bucks, and Sir Robert Graham of Dulwich, Bart. He even had a personal note from Lord Ormonde in his favor. In their summary plan of education, Mr. and Mrs. Cheesbrough assured the Master

> . . . that no pains whatever should be spared for perfecting the said Infants in every branch of useful and polite education and that the said Infants should not be exposed to the corruption of immoral Companions nor should they on any occasion visit except in the Company either of the said Mr. or Mrs. Cheesbrough and every possible care and pains should be taken both by precept and example to form their habits and manners so as to qualify them for that station in life in which their rank and expectations entitle them to move and above all they should be early and deeply impressed with the importance of the knowledge of divine truth, its sanctions and obligations, and taught to be sincere Members of the established Church.

Late in February, when it had become evident to the solicitors on both sides that Mr. Alexander intended to approve of Shelley's nominees, the Humes, John Westbrook and his daughter Eliza proposed to visit the Humes 'with a view,' as they said, 'of removing any apparent hostility or opposition' and of withdrawing their nominee, Mr. Cheesbrough, if upon such visit they should see 'no reason to be dissatisfied with the said Doctor Hume and Mrs. Hume and the situation of their residence.' The suggestion was refused, and Longdill gives the reason in an affidavit: —

> That he had a conference on the following day with Dr. Hume on the subject of the proposed visit and it did appear on such conference to Deponent and to the said Dr. and Mrs. Hume that such a Visit would not only be unpleasant to the feelings of Dr. and Mrs. Hume, but that the said Mr. and Miss Westbrooke coming with no predisposition to be satisfied with Dr. and Mrs. Hume, and being perfectly satisfied with the Reverend Mr. Cheesbrough whom they had proposed as the person to have the care of the Infant Plaintiffs, such visit might lead to altercations and Disputes in the Office of the Master to whom the Cause stood referred which might have a tendency to produce those very feelings of hostility which on the part of Dr. and Mrs. Hume were not then in any way felt or entertained, and which it was the ostensible object of the proposed visit to prevent. And the said Dr. Hume expressed at the same time a desire to satisfy Mr. and Miss Westbrooke if it could be done by receiving their Solicitor Mr. Desse, and he directed Deponent to make an offer of receiving Mr. Desse at any time.
>
> That in consequence of this conference Deponent waited upon the Plaintiffs Solicitors, when he saw Mr. Desse and explained to him the objections which Dr. Hume had to a visit from Mr. and Miss Westbrooke, but Deponent at the same time informed Mr. Desse that Dr. Hume would be happy to see Mr. Desse at any time he would appoint, and Deponent pressed Mr. Desse to accept such offer and assured him, as the truth was, that Dr. Hume had desired Deponent to say that he would be happy to see Mr. Desse to dinner on any day; but the said Mr. Desse refused to accept such Offer or Invitation.
>
> That the opinion of Deponent that such a visit as proposed on the part of Mr. and Miss Westbrook would lead to unpleasant altercations and feelings was much strengthened and confirmed from its having been stated to Deponent by the Solicitor of Sir Timothy Shelley that he had proposed a perfectly unobjectionable Lady as a person to have the care of the Infant Plaintiffs and that in consequence of his proposal, Miss Westbrooke had called upon the Lady, and that the conduct and manners and enquiries of Miss Westbrooke were such as gave the Lady great offence. That the Lady so proposed was totally unknown to Deponent,

and as he believes to said Percy Bysshe Shelley, and that she was mentioned by Sir Timothy Shelley's Solicitor to the Solicitor of Mr. and Miss Westbrooke, without any communication to Deponent or said Percy Bysshe Shelley.

That Dr. Hume never stated to Deponent that he considered the proposed visit as an Insult, nor did Deponent as he verily believes ever use such an expression, but Deponent saith that in his Interview with Mr. Desse he stated that such visit from three persons coming certainly with no very friendly feelings for the avowed purpose of inspecting Dr. and Mrs. Hume and their domestick Concerns and Establishments must in the nature of it be offensive to their feelings. And Deponent saith that he gave less credit than he otherwise should have done to the alledged Motives of the Proposal on the part of Mr. and Miss Westbrooke to visit Dr. and Mrs. Hume, from the fact of no disposition 'to remove any apparent hostility' being shewn until after it was evident to Deponent and to the Solicitor of the Plaintiffs that it was the intention of the Master to report in favour of Dr. and Mrs. Hume as proper persons to have the care and Management of the Infant Plaintiffs.

Among the papers of Mr. Alexander I find the following memorandum: 'I approve of Dr & Mrs Hume. 9 March 1818. W. A.' His formal report was submitted on April 28, and confirmed on July 25 following by the Lord Chancellor.

CLEANIN' UP THE COUNTY

BY ELEANOR RISLEY

I

'THAR ain't no spring on this-hyar road. But effen you-all is thirsty, thar's a big spring th'ough the timber ter the left. Hain't no path ter hit, ye might say, but hit won't mis-putt me none to stanter a ways 'ith you-all.'

John, with the wisdom of dogs, gave the bearded mountaineer one long look, and, discrediting the story of a spring, disappeared toward a fringe of willows bordering the distant river.

We were thirsty and tired, and we 'stantered' what seemed a long way. Suddenly the man, with no preamble, said, 'I reckon I'll jist turn back now.' And he set off down the hill. We gazed at each other in astonishment.

'Hi there!' called Peter. 'Where's the spring?'

'Mister, jist kim down hyar a minute, an' I'll tell ye somep'n.'

I offered Peter the rifle I carried, but he refused it, and walked back down the hill. I followed him with an anxious eye, my finger on the trigger of the gun. For all day we had seen fresh boughs in the road pointing to dim paths that led to sequestered nooks where one might place a piece of money on a stump, turn one's back, and, after a decent interval, find there 'a snort o' liquor.'

But more than hidden stills I feared the motor cars — not much smaller than the desolate cabins before which they stood. For the manufacture of moonshine is an old, dignified, established business in the mountains, but the get-rich-quick distributors are often reckless 'furriners,' and their

cars sometimes carry intoxicated parvenus.

After what seemed a long time, Peter climbed the hill, pushed Sisyphus into the shade of a sweet gum tree, and carefully rolled a cigarette. I whistled for John and waited.

'The man,' said Peter, 'tells me that you are a mighty likely womern.'

'Indeed! He might have blurted that out before me. I should n't have cared. Is that what he called you back to tell you?'

'I gathered as much. He advised us to "go on a leetle furder, camp fur the night, and turn back at sunup." We are almost at the county line, and they're "cleanin' up" the next county. Now just how bright is the face of danger to you this afternoon?'

'Radiant, as always. Cleanin' up a county should n't dim it.'

'It's this. They are chasing out the moonshiners in dead earnest in the next county, and the moonshiners are doubly ferocious and suspicious of informers. He says that the whole county is given over to religious revivals. "Thar hain't nobody kin git a snort o' liquor, exceptin' they take Communion at church, 'ithout gittin' shot at. Both sides is pow'ful het up, an' effen they wuz ter git hit inter thar haids you-all wuz informers, they might take a crack at you-all frum behint a rock afore they knowed better. They is Gawddlemighty keerful jist now, fur ivery other man in the county is a deputy sheriff. An' that-air womern o' yourn a-pintin' a gun at me up ther hill is a pow'ful likely womern to run a chancet o' bein' a widder womern."'

'The man's judgment is sound. Anyone can see that! But back trails are not thrilling. Let's go on. It's only one night before we get to the village. Nothing can happen in one night.'

'It would n't take longer than one night to shoot a man. But it's coming on to rain, and the tent is leaking. We can get beeswax and oil to paint it in the village. We can reach Avola tomorrow afternoon and go in a safe camp near the town — safe unless they take us for evolutionists.'

'Oh, we look like fundamentalists. We could pass anywhere now.'

John came, a streak of white through the green field, and we set out at a rapid pace for the church, where the mountaineer had said there was 'a good well o' water; an' 'bout half a quarter furder a store kep' by a furriner frum Texas.'

'And now,' said Peter, 'effen inybody says ter us, "Jist move on and don't look back," we're jist ter move on. An' effen inybody stanters with us kinder offen the road, we're not ter be curious-like, but jist talk pleasant-like that we is takin' a tower fur the womern's health.'

'Oh, we always do that!'

II

It was twilight when we came to a small frame church crouched in a sallow, dank hollow, surrounded with pines. But the pump was painted a cheerful pink, and the water was delicious. The doors were locked, and I peered through an open window at the back. 'Why, it is a schoolhouse! There is a little blackboard. But there's a pulpit, and a Bible.'

Suddenly there came a few great drops of rain, and the thirsty earth answered at once with rich perfume.

'The lantern is empty!' cried Peter. 'I'll run up to that store for kerosene. Back in a minute.'

I looked about for a place to trench for our leaking tent. We often slept in schoolhouses; but a church — that is different. Schoolhouses in the mountains are used for anything other than

school. In a summer's wandering we had found but one schoolhouse functioning properly. But that one rewarded us. It was the first week of school, and the tall, erect young mountaineer who was the teacher apologized for lack of order. Order! Why, the petrified children sat on hard benches like little statues.

'It is extremely difficult to maintain order at first in a strange settlemint,' said the teacher carefully. 'But after I whoop a few of the larger pupils several times they settle down. Hit's — it's a new neighborhood to me.'

We sat on the front bench and watched a little boy, with hair so white it had a cast of blue, as he glowered at the primer on the teacher's knee.

'Now this is *A*,' said the teacher. 'Look at it good.'

The boy backed away, and looked up scowling. 'How do ye know hit's *A*?' he asked contemptuously.

'Because hit's right thar in the book' — falling into the vernacular from the shock. The boy scratched his brown leg with a bare foot. Then, as if considering it too trifling a matter for contention, he said, 'Huh! All right, hit's *A*.'

As we left, Peter asked the boy his name, which was Elmer Bond, and slipped him a quarter. He vows that child is destined to wipe out fundamentalism in his state.

The rain delayed. I prepared the 'jambalaya' and set it on the camp fire I had built. It makes a comforting supper on rainy nights — that, with cookies bought from a village housewife, and tea. For 'tea is the boy for the woods.'

Peter ran down the hill with the lighted lantern, and we hurried to cut pine boughs for a bed — though, unless one has learned the art of making a pine-bough bed, there is need for a chiropractor by midnight.

'We'll sleep in the schoolhouse,' said Peter.

'The church,' I corrected. 'I hope no one will see our light. They may know nothing of sanctuary.'

As the door was locked, Peter threw in a great armful of boughs through the window, and I started to cast in my smaller contribution. There was a crash, the sound of an overturned bench, and the front door slammed.

Peter dragged me back out of the light of the fire and whispered, 'Be quiet! It's that fellow from the store, spying. He has n't any stock in the store. It's a bootlegging joint.'

Presently from the wood across the road from the church sounded 'Halloo! Halloo!' Peter, from behind a tree, answered with another halloo, and around the church strode the Texas 'furriner' and stood before the fire. He was tall and rangy, and his moustaches were fierce and wide. His flannel shirt gleamed red in the firelight, and there was a pistol in the holster at his belt. He carried a jug. 'Say, stranger, why n't you answer? I ben a-hollerin', fur I could n't locate yore camp. Hyar's the key ter the church. It's goin' ter rain like hell and blazes. Better sleep thar. I reckon you're jist driftin' and 'll move on ter-morrow. And hyar's a jug o' milk I thought yore womern might like.'

He unlocked the door, but refused to enter with us.

'No, it's goin' ter rain cats and dogs and nigger babies. So long.'

I could n't keep the quaver from my voice. 'He was listening inside the church! If we had said the wrong thing I might be here alone now.'

'Oh, I guess not,' said Peter, but without conviction.

We pushed Sisyphus into the church, and supper was served in grand style on a desk. The milk the Texan had brought us was, of course, buttermilk.

Sweet milk is so called, and is churned sweet. Buttermilk is a beverage. It looked delicious, but with my first taste I set down the cup. 'Taste it! Is he trying to poison us?' Peter tasted the milk from my cup, and looked serious. He poured himself another cup, and grinned. 'I think,' he said, 'the next county is on our nerves. I'm afraid I left the soap in your cup at noon.'

III

It was cool, and the rain drummed softly on the shingles, and the pine-bough bed was delightfully fragrant. John curled up at the foot, and I drew the blanket about me in the perfect peace that comes from an all-day tramp on the open road. Peter took the Bible from the pulpit and said, 'We may as well bone up for the next county; I'll read you to sleep.'

There is no sleep, at least to me, so deep or so sweet as that into which we sink while a familiar voice reads from a book, well written, but not so eloquent that it wakes the mind to wonder, or the heart to ecstasy. For undirected thoughts will seek dark paths that lead away from the sea of sleep; and music with its melody and rhythm lulls the body, but the soul stirs uneasily and at the mystery of beauty wakes to ancient pain; and too often the beating, baffled wings of prayer pursue us, spent and bewildered, to the very shore of sleep.

Peter chose to read from the Psalms. But who could sleep while David bares his great human heart to God!

Long ago, someone — was it well-loved Peter Ibbetson? — taught me to cry 'Crac' to the reveille of 'Cric' which the patient reader calls to find if I am still awake. And what a rare pleasure to turn back a moment from the engulfing wave of sleep and to float away again on its deep calm tide.

'Peter,' I say apologetically, 'would you mind changing the subject?'

He switches to Revelation. But outlandish horned beasts emerge from the shadows, and Death on the pale horse bears down upon me, and all the gigantic pageantry of Revelation thunders past.

'Crac!' I cry desperately, sitting up wide-awake.

Peter laughs, and in a low monotonous voice, which blends with the gentle drumming of the rain on the roof, reads a page of 'begats' — and I know no more till the morning sun streams through the dusty windows of the church.

We stopped at the store to return the jug, and to thank the Texan for our night's shelter.

'Stranger,' he said, 'sence you appear to be driftin' to Avoly, it'd better your hand, I believe, to take the trail to the left and cut off some miles. By the help and assistance o' good luck and some sense you'll come out on top of the mountain whar the road leads down to the dad-gasted town that'd give any growed-up man the popeyed willies jist to look down on!'

Remembering the warning of the friendly mountaineer, we meekly took the trail to the left. With the aid of our pocket compass and the moss on the north side of the trees, we wandered north over great boulders and through small canyons, tying a rope to John's chain and hauling long-suffering Sis up and down precipices by main force.

'That bootlegger,' said Peter, 'must have had his lingering doubts that we might report stills to the next county.'

There was lunch, and a long rest, on the summit of the mountain, and the setting sun was flinging rosy fleece over a sea of faintest green when we came to the outskirts of the village. A man who was sweeping out a church said,

''Bout half a quarter back o' the church thar's a good campin' spot whar thar's good water in the crick.' He called after us, 'Thar's a big meetin' goin' on hyar! Kim over ter-night! We're cleanin' up the whole consarned county!'

It was an ideal spot for a camp. A low, rounded hill crowned with tall pines. Below ran a clear stream where great symmetrical sweet gums guarded the blooming laurel. We spread our blankets beneath the haughty pines that stared down in silent scorn upon the deciduous trees that pay court to rivers and when winter comes stand stark and humiliated. For in the veins of the Southern pine runs liquid fire.

Suddenly the full moon is here, and the river and the moon sing together. For while by day the streams murmur, it is only at night that the waters wake and sing.

We lay weary, but not exhausted, on our bed of pine needles, and presently from the church came the sound of voices singing 'Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war.' There was a certain pathos in the thought that here were people calling on their deepest instincts to root out a one-time innocent custom dear to them through generations, to prove their allegiance to a law more honored in the breach than in the observance over all America. Then we fell asleep to the pleasant drone of 'The Sweet By and By.'

IV

The following morning we left John to guard camp, and carried the wheel of Sisyphus to the village for repairs. Before the combined blacksmith's shop and garage stood a young but dissipated-looking automobile surrounded by a small group of men. Peter took the wheel inside to the blacksmith, and I listened to the animated conversation of the men about the car.

'How you stand on the cow, Ramsey?' asked an old mountaineer. 'I'm whole hawg or nothin' fur the man. Hain't no use bein' a plumb fool effen a man *is* a Christian.'

Ramsey answered: 'Hit's a case o' a man perviden fur his own family, which the Bible says a man orter do first!'

'Wal,' said the first speaker, 'hit air a curious thing that the onliest folks that object ter the cow deal is the Holy Rollers and one infi-*del*. Never knowed 'em to agree afore!'

'Hit's my opinion,' said another, 'thet Brother Martin hes bit off more'n he kin chaw this time — in regards to cows. Hit air outen his line! A preacher better let business alone, and stan' squar' on preachin' thet Jesus Christ's the Son o' God!'

'Shucks!' said the first speaker. 'Iverbody in the world knows Jesus Christ's the Son o' God. Thar hain't no use *re*-peatin' hit all the time. Brother Martin is aimin' at makin' practical Christians.'

'All I kin say, he's stirred up Avoly and this settlemint. An' whichiver way he decides hit Sunday mornin' thar's goin' ter be argumints and hard feelin's. I believe in stickin' ter the Gospel. A feller kin work out his own practical experience.'

I was tremendously interested, and felt it was unfortunate that Peter should appear from the shop just then and we should have to hurry on to the store for beeswax and linseed oil to paint our tent while the sun shone.

Two women leaned over a gate talking together. 'I wusht to the Lord that cow'd niver been borned!' cried one. 'Pappy don't talk o' nothin' else, and hain't hauled up a stick o' timber sence last Sunday. I ben pickin' splinter offen the back fence fur firewood fur cookin' iver sence that-air pesky cow-trouble was turned loose on us!'

Farther on an old man, evidently deaf, put his hand to his ear and called to a young fellow working in his garden, 'How ye standin' on the cow, Jim?'

''Pears lak hit seems thet I jist cain't make up my mind noways!' yelled the young man, frowning, and stopping to lean on his hoe. 'But I got twell ter-morrow mornin'. Maybe I'll get enlightenmint afore mornin'.'

'Peter,' said I, 'have we by any chance wandered into India? Why, a sacred cow is the one topic of conversation here! Try to find out what it's all about.'

There were two stores, but we selected the one that held the post office. For we had learned that here, beside the ubiquitous checkerboard behind the stove, usually sat the wisdom club of the village. Peter bought his material for painting the tent, and then selected himself an empty nail keg with the group behind the stove. Women are debarred from the wisdom club. The two vital questions discussed are sex and religion. And a mountain man considers a woman sufficiently endowed by nature and by God with both. Hers not to reason why, hers but to do and die.

So I waited in the front of the store, and bought a dozen eggs from a tall, sad woman, who took off her blue sunbonnet and fanned herself wearily.

'Have you walked far?' I asked.

'Not ter say fur,' she replied in her thin, monotonous voice. 'A leetle better'n two mile. But I hain't no 'count. I jist got over the flus, an' I got a enlarged melt. Hit runs up and down in my side. Jist putt yore hand thar and feel hit.'

I hastily asked her if she had consulted a physician.

'Yeah. I thought hit war a chill-cake in my side, but I wint ter thet doc over in Springdale — thet fat doc — I disremember his name. He 'lowed hit war high blood pressure a-movin' hit up and down thetaway. But I hain't murch use fur thim newfangled docs. Jist afore I kim down 'ith the flus, I stayed 'ith Arreny Reed, — she thet wuz Arreny Wear, ye know, — an' whin the baby kim thet fat doc frum Springdale wuz thar. She had the peartest leetle boy ye iver see. But thet doc said thar war another; an' hit could n't be borned nohow. Arreny kep' beggin' fur her snuff, an' thet fool doc would n't let me give hit to her. I slipped out an' got a fresh althy stick, but he cotched me afore I could dip hit inter the snuff can and slip hit to Arreny. Finally the doc sets down by the haid o' the baid an' says, pow'ful solemn, "Wal, Mis' Reed, I done all I kin. We'll hafter sind ter Springdale fur instermints. I'll give you some easin' medicine now."

'Arreny hollers, "You gimme my snuff! I don't want none o' yer easin' medicine! Gimme my snuff!" 'Fore the doc kin say inything, I grabs the snuff can an' hands hit to Arreny. Her hand is trimblin', an' afore she gits hit under her lip hit scatters on the quilt; an' Arreny begins ter sneeze, an' tother wuz borned to oncet! Peartest leetle gal ye iver see! Thim docs don't know murch nowadays.'

I tried, hopelessly, to give the woman some idea of diet. But well I knew that all the good green food from her garden must be cooked with pork 'afore hit's fitten fur humans.' Even lettuce is never eaten without 'bein' wilted 'ith ham grease.' But I bought the three shriveled oranges displayed in the show case. The woman accepted them reluctantly and gave me no thanks, but her eyes shone.

V

Peter appeared, and as we set out I asked if he had learned anything re-

garding the sacred cow of the village.

'The city preacher from Springdale,' he said, 'put a question to Avola at the church last Sunday. He is to speak on the question to-morrow morning. We'll go to church. He asked them to think on the question, but I suppose he did n't know they would think of nothing else. A man had a cow to sell which he had priced at forty dollars. Some mountain cow, I'd say! A stranger moves in who belongs to the same church as the man with the cow, and wishes to buy it. The owner, who knows that the stranger comes from afar, — a better country, where cows are cows, — sells him the cow for fifty dollars. Was the man justified in raising the price on his Christian brother? The village is divided against itself, and as the preacher is running for the legislature his friends are uneasy, for whichever way he decides it's bound to lose him some votes. I'm wondering just how that preacher will sidestep.'

At camp we hurriedly prepared to paint the tent. As I dipped my brush in the hot mixture, I looked up and whispered, 'A visitor.'

Slowly down the hill walked a very tall, deep-chested man, who carried a shotgun.

'I seen you-all at Perry's store,' he said, seating himself under a pine, 'an' I jist 'lowed I'd stanter over an' see how you-all wuz comin' on.'

We explained that it was necessary to go on with our work, and apologized. He turned great gentle blue eyes upon me and said in a voice of velvet: 'I'm the constable o' Avoly. I seed Billy Godbehere a-sneakin' th'ough thet fenced-in field across the road frum you-all's tint. The deppity sheriff's got Billy's cow shet in thar. Hit hain't rightly none o' my business, but the sheriff's a-lookin' fur Billy Godbehere, an' hit would n't surprise me none effen thar wuz a leetle mite o' a ruckus. Joe don't reely aim ter shoot Billy, I reckon. Hit's likely, though, he'll shoot eround 'nuff ter putt the fear o' God in Billy.'

'What,' said Peter, rolling Billy Godbehere's name delightedly under his tongue, 'has Billy Godbehere done?'

'He air lettin' the boys hev liquor. I tole Billy ter stop hit whin we-all begin cleanin' up the county. He don't 'pear ter take hit serious a-tall. Thet's Billy a-runnin' th'ough the field now,' he drawled. 'An' hyar kims Joe after him lickety-split! I reckon you-all better pick out a tree ter git behint.'

He selected his own tree with surprising agility for so large a man, and we chose adjacent trees. Peering around my tree, I saw across the lane in the fenced field a tall man running zigzag from one persimmon clump to another, while a short, square-set man pursued him, waving a gun and yelling, 'Hold up, Billy! I aim ter shoot!' But the tall man ran on, dodging and doubling, and evidently trying to reach the fence.

Suddenly a bullet whined through the boughs above us. The constable turned edgeways to his tree and stood as still and as erect as an Indian. Another bullet sang high above us, and the spectacle was lost to me until I heard a great shouting and a motor rattled down the lane from the direction of the town. It stopped for a second; the tall man, with a mighty leap, cleared the fence and fell into the car, which vanished down the road. That car, even in its own class, was no doubt socially extinct, but it cleared the river in one jump and tore up the hill on the other side with amazing speed.

The short man climbed the fence, slowly crossed the lane, and sank at the foot of the constable's tree. Wiping the sweat from his face with his sleeve, he gasped, 'Now wuz n't thet a sight on airth how Billy Godbehere got erway!

I see Lee Ramsey's new car settin' afore the shop, an' I knowed the Ramseys and Godbeheres is kin. But Lee 'lowed the car wuz plumb busted. Said he'd hafter haul hit inter Springdale fur a new amature, an' somep'n inside needed a assanine torch. I might a knowed Lee lied! Say, Link, why n't ye kim over 'n' holp? 'Stid er settin' hyar on yer hunkies watchin' Billy git erway!'

'Wal,' drawled the constable in his gentle voice, 'fust place, I wuz n't settin' on no hunkies whilst you wuz a-shootin' plumb at these strangers — an' one a womern, too. I hain't no deppity sheriff. I'm a constable, pyore and simple. I got troubles enough 'ith my court. I don't ricollict o' hyarin' o' yore holpin' me none in the argumints round Piney Hill Church when I wuz follerin' up my sorter mixed-up settlin' o' law an' Christianity at one lick.'

'I 'low thet wuz different,' said the sheriff. 'Hit wuz thet mixed up hit 'd take a lawyer an' a preacher ter settle hit.'

'I jist puzzled th'ough hit rightly, effen hit did start some argumint. I'll leave hit ter this stranger. Hit war thisaway.'

The little sheriff bit off a comforting chew of tobacco, and Peter rolled a cigarette.

'Jeff Ross, he driv up ter ther meetin' at Piney Hill Church one night frum sellin' a wagonload o' watermelons an' mushmelons at Springdale, an' he lit right out fur the mourners' bench an' claimed he got religion right off. He smelt strong o' liquor and pranced round onseemly, an' the young folks on the back seat sniggered. Next mornin' I up an' fined him five dollars — as a constable, o' course. But whin Jeff Ross he kim ter church thet night an' claimed he kim th'ough an' wuz saved the night afore, I remitted his fine — as a Christian, o' course. Hit ain't fur me ter say thet Jeff did n't git shed o' his sins thet night whin he wuz tight. I don't noways aim ter shorten ther Sperrit's power, but I 'lows Gawddlemighty Hisself might find hit handier ter convart a skunk lak Jeff Ross whin he's sorter softened up an' out er hisself. An' I'm hyar to say a man hed better git religion whin he kin — drunk er sober. Thar's a heap o' argumints 'bout how I handled thet case round erbout ther settlemint, but I claim I done right twicet!'

'My opinion,' said Peter judicially, 'is that you showed a great deal of wisdom, and a cold, correct nerve. You done right twicet.'

'Ter-morrow is Sunday,' said the constable softly, 'an' thar's a big baptizin' in the river back o' my place. You-all kin go home 'ith me after meetin' an' go to the baptizin' an' stay all night. Hain't no preachin' Sunday night. I'll kim in ther big wagon an' haul you-all's little contraption erlong. Your womern 'pears to like dogs. I want you-all ter see my houn's. I ben offered more 'n seventy-five dollars fur ole Tod.'

I exchanged a glance with Peter and accepted the invitation. It was on our road to Springdale, and I liked the constable, and I wanted to see Tod.

VI

The next morning we tied John to the wheel of Sisyphus and left the cart near an open window of the crowded church. Peter sat with the men at the right, and I with the meek sisters at the left. The portly preacher from Springdale looked over the faces in his congregation with shrewd, kindly eyes. He read for the morning lesson the seventh chapter of Saint Matthew, and took his text from the first verse: 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' The sermon was simple, tolerant, and

even fervent. And his impressive voice ended solemnly: 'With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.'

Then suddenly he stepped down from the little platform and with a friendly smile addressed us. 'Here speaks the politician, not the preacher,' I thought.

But the frozen Sabbath faces in the congregation never changed by the flicker of an eyelash, though each man knew the question of the day was now before the house. Only Peter smiled delightedly at the masterly manner in which the candidate for the legislature sidestepped.

For we must first of all learn charity. Who can read the heart of a man who has a cow to sell? God alone can do that. The question he had propounded each man must answer for himself according to the dictates of his own conscience, but bearing in mind his own limitations and the necessity for charity. Beware of judgment. The day the man offered the cow for forty dollars he may have been in financial distress, and, hoping for a quick sale, put too low a price on the cow. He may the next day have been offered more for cream and butter, thus enhancing the cow's value. His children may have been so attached to this particular cow that they must be pacified by an extra ten dollars. His wife may have held an interest in the cow which the man had forgotten the day before. Who are we to judge a man selling a cow? Is a merchant unjust that his prices fluctuate with the market? The price of cows may have risen overnight.

Solemnly and impressively he closed with the warning words: 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.'

We all sang 'Scatter Seeds of Kindness,' and arose to receive the benediction. (Peter afterward declared that the appropriate song would have been the one we heard at a Sunday-school concert in another county: 'You Can't Make a Monkey Out of Me.')

Outside there were loud expressions of admiration. Their preacher had 'got by'! For the mountaineer, condemned by lack of practice and of opportunity to the harmlessness of the dove, accords generous, if wistful, homage to the man with the wisdom of the serpent.

The little sheriff met us at the door and cried, 'I reckon you-all niver seen a slicker talker 'n Brother Martin nowhar a-tall! He knowed he'd bit off more 'n he could chaw, an' he jist switched the Bible onter us. He'll git ivery vote in this-hyar settlemint!'

We lifted Sis into the big wagon with the four delighted children. The constable called in his caressing voice to the sleek mules, 'Git erlong, now!' and we jolted away down the hot sandy road with John trotting proudly beside us.

DEATH, SCARCELY NEED I TROUBLE THEE

Such peace is on the great pine wood,
  Such moonlight on the sea,
Such running rhythms on the night
  That frontiers cease to be.

The flesh no longer surface has,
  Wind cleanses it as air,
It feels like wings, it has no pull,
  Light shines through everywhere.

There is no place for sin to hide,
  No place by pain controlled,
Nothing is there that hate can touch,
  Nothing that love can hold.

I measure by the straight pine tree,
  Lifting my two hands high,
Till brushing past the topmost plume
  They cup beneath the sky.

Facing the shore I spread wide arms
  That lengthen without end,
The ocean rolls against my breast,
  Nor does my being bend.

I orb them and they ring the moon,
  Night star and star of day,
And every other globèd thing
  God made to light the way.

Death, scarcely need I trouble thee —
  So close my Future lies,
So vast a confirmation speaks
  In wind and sea and skies.

Charlotte Kellogg

THE LAMAS OF MONGOLIA

BY FRANS AUGUST LARSON

I

I WRITE this at evening time, by candlelight, seated on the floor in a white felt yurta. I am a guest in the encampment of a Mongolian family whom I have known for many years. My yurta is next in line above the 'god's tent,' and my low writing table vibrates with the throb of moaning lama drums. Above the drums I hear the alto chant of lama priests repeating Tibetan prayers.

Chactar, my old friend, has not been well for many months, and priests have been called from a temple to hold a week of special prayer for his health. Chactar himself is a lama priest. So are his nephew and his grandnephew. The first-born sons of three generations — three males from a family that numbers but five males in all! That leaves one grown man and one small boy of three summers to fulfill the material duties of life.

An alarming percentage of the male population of Mongolia are lama priests. Custom requires that every first-born son shall be given to the priesthood, and as many more sons thereafter as possible. This is a great drain on a family, for it leaves so very few to carry on the work of caring for the herds and the flocks. But the more lama priests given by a family, the greater the virtue of that family. According to the religion which holds Mongolia in an iron grip, health, wealth, and happiness are dependent upon the dedication of many sons to the temple.

By strict regulations, lama priests are forbidden to marry. This has played an important part in the depopulation of the country — although not all priests observe this rule. Demp-si, for instance, a lama priest related to the head of this family, was married a few months ago with much ceremony. Demp-si has always liked the ladies. His fondness for them has led him in past years to give away as gifts some of the best horses from the family herds, in addition to many cows, goats, and sheep, as well as felt and other trifles. The family have found this continuous drain an annoyance, so in council they decided that the best thing was for Demp-si to marry. His wife is a very pretty girl, who seems practical and sensible and likely to keep him in order.

Buddhism first came into Mongolia through the conversion of the wife of Kublai Khan by a priest from Tibet. The Mongols look upon Tibet as their spiritual home, and when traveling through Mongolia I continually come upon pilgrims either en route to Tibet or returning from there. Lamaism is a compound of black magic, nature worship, and Buddhism. It is the national religion of Mongolia, and numbers among its adherents almost the entire population. Lama temples dot the whole country, from the borders of Russia to China. The maintenance of these lamaseries is a heavy tax on Mongolia. Not only are the building, furnishing, and keeping in repair of the temples expensive; but more than one third of the male population

of Mongolia is drawn into them as lama priests and must be supported by the lay population.

Lamaseries are the only religious buildings in Mongolia, except for a few Christian mission houses. Some of the lamaseries number their inmates by the thousand. Others have a resident population of below a hundred, with a number of adherent priests who spend a part of the year in their homes in the country.

Children destined for the religious life are sent to the temple any time up to their eighth year. I have often seen children as young as two or three already inmates of a monastery. According to the regulations, a child entered for the priesthood should not have any physical blemish. There is no real medical examination, as we understand it, but it is called such in the book of rules. It simply means that a child with bodily disfigurement or an impediment of speech is not considered a suitable candidate.

In certain monasteries only novices from good families are admitted — that is, families whose reputation has been excellent for generations.

The child, after he has been accepted by the monastery, is handed over to the care of a senior priest, who is held responsible for the education, discipline, and morals of his pupil. If possible, a senior priest who is a relative of the child is selected; but if this cannot be arranged the matter is decided by consulting the child's horoscope. The teacher of a boy is presented with gifts by the child's parents at the time that he is taken over; these vary in accordance with the wealth of the family.

After a short period the senior priest takes his pupil before the assembled priests of the monastery and seeks their sanction for his protégé to enter the order. The boy is now classed as a novice — a probationer. After this, if he is small, he has one guardian who looks after his food and material needs and another who teaches him his religious texts. In return for their care he must perform for them such menial services as he can. When the boy has learned a certain number of Tibetan prayers by rote, — none of which he understands, as Tibetan is not his native language, — he is sent up for examination before the priests again. If he repeats smoothly and well what he is supposed to know, he moves up one step further. He is now supposed to be ready for higher education.

The tutor approaches the abbot of the monastery about this, sending in to him at the same time as valuable gifts as the boy's parents can afford to make. Provided all things are in order, the names of the pupil and his tutor are now entered in a higher register. Opposite their names their thumb impressions are put, and below the thumb impressions the seals of two citizens who vouch for them.

Until now the budding lama has worn his ordinary lay clothes. During the ceremony of entrance upon his higher education he has been dressed in all the finery that he could possibly afford — the most gorgeous robes of a layman; but at the end of the ceremony he is stripped of all his gay raiment and clad in the sombre attire of a priest, and a scarf is knotted about his throat. This signifies his renunciation of all material things and his entry into the serious world of religion. Many monks never pass beyond this stage, either because they do not have the necessary funds or because they are too dull to learn any more prayers. In the case of a rich student, bribery often makes up for dullness.

Once a monk has donned his priestly robes and equipment, he must dress in them; he cannot again garb himself in lay clothes. These priestly robes con-

sist of a voluminous skirt, a sleeveless waistcoat, a large serge scarf for covering the shoulders, and a cap. The color is either crimson or yellow, depending upon the sect of Lamaism the temple belongs to. Each priest also wears a rosary.

The next step is for the novice to apply to the abbot for permission to take part in the temple services, accompanying his request with gifts according to his means. If his prayer is granted, a favorable day is fixed for the ceremony. Early in the morning a brother priest shaves his head, leaving only a small tuft of hair on the top of the skull. At the hour of service in the temple, led by his tutor, he presents himself clad in beggar's rags to the assembled monks and says that he accepts the holy priesthood as his career by his own choice. The head lama of the monastery then cuts off the remaining tuft of hair.

Now the applicant is given a religious name by which he is henceforth known. The ceremony is concluded by the repetition of the formula, 'I take refuge in Buddha, in the law, and in the priesthood.'

The next celebration of service is called the ceremony of marriage with the Church. The young priest enters the temple holding a bundle of incense sticks and led by a monk who is called the 'companion of the bride.' The young priest places his incense sticks before the altar, lights them, and prostrates himself, promising never to make an earthly marriage, but to live in union with religion.

II

From this time on the novitiate enjoys many of the privileges of a fully ordained monk. After three or four years, according to his progress in his studies, he is given better quarters in his hostel, regardless of how thin his purse may be. Now he must memorize volume after volume of sacred books. If he slackens in his work his tutor does not hesitate to inflict corporal punishment, for should he fail in his examination the tutor is in danger of a beating himself by order of the higher priests.

From now on the novice may continue to pass periodical examinations, take part in public disputations, and commit books to memory as long as he cares to do so. It takes twelve years or more for a boy to become a full-fledged lama. No monk can reach this rank before the age of twenty, and in actual practice few ever attain it before forty. After this he has an opportunity to study metaphysics and the more abstruse works of Tibetan religious literature. Some novices take up the study of magic and leave their monastery with a degree which authorizes them to practise this art publicly. Others feel inclined toward care of the sick and learn how to treat illnesses according to the weird and wonderful lama theories. A few of these are really wise in the use of herbs and are very successful in treating diseases with the healing roots and leaves that they gather from the surrounding country.

The treatment of the sick, whether by magic or weird prayer or herbs, is the most lucrative profession in the priesthood. In time of bad health people will part with all their wealth to be restored to normal physical condition again. Unscrupulous priests take advantage of this: often after an epidemic all the good horses, camels, cattle, sheep, and goats from the surrounding families are the property either of a lamasery or of individual lamas.

At the head of each temple are an abbot and a lama of a high order in whose body dwells the spirit of a Buddhist saint.

When one of these lamas dies, the spirit of the saint that has dwelt in him enters the body of a child who is born at the instant the lama dies. After the death, a deputation consisting of other such lamas and learned lamas of rank search for the child in whom this spirit has been reborn. They are guided by the advice of astrologers, and proceed to the district indicated. Here the committee inquire for any newborn child whose entrance into the world has been marked by such omens as showers of shooting stars or the herds showing signs of unusual restlessness. Four or five such children may be discovered, and the names of all of them are written down.

Then, when the children are a few months old, the priests come again to each yurta where such a baby is and lay before him articles that belonged to the dead lama. If a child turns away from these things, the lamas go on to the next baby. And so on until they find one that greets the articles with pleasure. This they think is a sign that the reincarnated saint recognizes his own possessions. One meets such committees continually in Mongolia. I have talked with them many times, and their methods have not changed in the least since I first came to Mongolia.

When a person dies in Mongolia the lamas are sent for immediately. First they read prayers for the repose of the dead spirit, and then a priest versed in black magic selects a suitable place to lay the body. The priests mark out a plot with a rope and place the body there entirely nude, covered only with a white cloth. The lamas repeat prayers over it and it is left for three days.

During these three days the lamas feast in a yurta prepared for them by the deceased's relatives, reading prayers and holding services for the benefit of the spirit. No one goes near the place where the body has been left until the morning of the third day. Then, if the eagles and the wolves have devoured it, the Mongols are satisfied that the spirit has passed into Heaven. They consider the quickness with which the earthly body disappears an indication of the degree of virtue of the deceased person.

This is a gruesome practice which made horrible the territory just outside the city of Urga. Urga is the only place in Mongolia where a multitude of Mongols live close together. But no encampment is safe from the possibility that one of the family dogs may come in dragging a human leg or arm. Thirty-five years in Mongolia have not inured me to this. I shudder with horror every time it happens.

There are Mongols who cannot bring themselves to lay their beloved dead out for the wolves to devour or dogs to tear to pieces. Some few families burn their corpses and send the ashes to repose in a holy place, such as a niche in a Tibetan temple or the temple of Wu-Tai-Shan.

III

The Living Buddha was born in Tibet. When he was a baby, lama priests took him to Urga, saying that it had been revealed to them that he was a holy child sent to be God on earth to the Mongolian people. The Mongols accepted him. His training was entirely Mongolian, yet through him the Tibetan priests had considerable influence in Mongolian affairs. His fun-loving personality captured the hearts of the fun-loving Mongols. They not only worshiped him as divine, but eventually they appointed him Emperor. His political position in Mongolia, even before his coronation as Emperor, was analogous to that of the Popes of mediæval Christendom.

My first meeting with the Living

Buddha illustrates how easily a foreigner can be put into a foolish position by a slight knowledge of the language of the country into which he has newly come. It was in 1894, when I first went to Urga. I was at that time working very hard at the study of the language, and had a good teacher. One day when I had finished my daily lessons, and felt very much in need of exercise after a cramped two hours of writing instruction, I ordered my riding horse and went out alone.

I had not gone very far when I saw a party of lamas, dressed in flowing yellow robes and mounted on frisky horses, coming at a good pace toward me on the same road on which I was riding. I heard someone shout 'Bo!' As the only meaning I knew for *bo* was 'gun,' and I did not have a gun, I paid no attention. Suddenly I noticed that everyone was staring at me and shouting 'Bo! Bo! Bo!' Still I did not understand, and thought it very strange that all the people, save the lama party, had dismounted and were standing by their horses.

One of the lamas detached himself from the party and galloped up to me. He stopped at my horse's head and shouted right into my face, 'Bo!' I did not understand, and, returning his stare gravely, explained that I did not carry a gun. At that he, as well as the crowd, burst into laughter. He pointed to the ground and motioned to me to get off my horse.

I dismounted and stood meekly at my horse's head, and the lama turned his horse and dashed back to his party. They all galloped up past me, smiling and laughing in a manner that made me feel like a lunatic. As soon as they were out of sight I took the shortest way home and presented myself to my teacher. I told him what had happened — how I had been ordered to give up my gun when I did not have one and forced to get down from my horse while the party passed. He then explained that the word *bo* has several meanings and one of them is to get down from a horse. From my description he knew that the party of lamas must have been in attendance on the Living Buddha, also out for his afternoon ride. He told me that by the law of Mongolia every man, woman, and child had to dismount when the Living Buddha passed.

This incident roused my curiosity about the man whom my teacher told me was worshiped by all the people of Mongolia as a god who even in the eyes of kings and princes could commit no sin. Consequently I often chose a road past his palace for my place of exercise.

One day, shortly after my first sight of him, I found near the palace a crowd of several thousand jostling, laughing people, packed into every possible nook and corner; but as I am taller and stronger than most men, I succeeded in pushing my way well in to the centre of the good-natured mob.

I supposed that I should witness some religious ceremony; so you can imagine my surprise when a window in the upper story of the palace was flung open and a jolly man, dressed in a gown of glittering gold, appeared and flung out a lady's corset. It flew over my head. I caught it. My impulse was to fling it back at him, but before I could do so someone snatched it out of my hand.

My very fair hair made me a target in that crowd of dark men and women. The man at the window noticed my discomfiture and clapped his plump hands with delight. He hurled down a large bottle of perfume, which broke. The people sniffed the air and made faces at the odor.

A shower of watches followed — good watches of Swiss manufacture.

There was a terrific scramble for these — men and women went mad, jumping on top of each other in their eagerness; but fortunately the Mongols are not only of the most amiable disposition, but strong and sturdy, so no one was actually hurt. After the watches came clocks, all of foreign make, and of many types. Most of them were delicate, dainty things, such as ladies admire; but he heaved out one tall grandfather's clock, which fell with a thud and was broken to pieces.

Lamps followed the clocks; then more perfume. He disappeared from the window. The mob called him to come back. They cheered when he returned with his arms filled with Western ladies' dresses. These he threw out one at a time — evening gowns of silver lace, riding habits, walking costumes of tweed, and a very much beruffled wrapper that fluttered down like a balloon.

Hats which must have been designed to match a costume were tossed out as if they were so many cakes. Both men and women put these on over their own headgear. The Living Buddha even tried one, — a concoction of straw and ostrich feathers, — and thrust his head through the window for the admiration of the crowd before he threw it down.

Shoes came next — high-heeled shoes of leather and of satin. These were followed by a shower of face powder punctuated with fluffy puffs. There were even a pair of skates, a toy windmill, a Noah's ark, and a small sailboat.

He ended the afternoon's sport by scattering hundreds of horns and whistles and some Christmas-tree tinsel. Then he closed the window. The Mongols cheered, blew their horns, and whistled through their fingers, calling him out again. He threw the window open and thrust out his empty hands; then the people dispersed. All that afternoon and evening they rollicked through the streets on horseback, blowing the whistles and horns like children on a circus day in Sweden.

Later, when I had come to know the Living Buddha as an intimate friend, I discovered that he had an insatiable curiosity concerning all Western things, and, since he could not go abroad, he used to send for catalogues from shops in Stockholm, Berlin, London, Paris, Rome, and New York. It was his custom to order each article that interested him, so that he had frequent consignments of foreign goods arriving at his palace on the Tola River.

To make room for new things, and also reasoning that it was silly to keep material objects that had already served their purpose by informing him as to what foreigners use, he would proclaim a day on which he would distribute Western goods from the palace windows, and the jolly crowd I have pictured would collect on each of these days. The performance gave a lot of pleasure to hundreds of fun-loving Mongols, and the Living Buddha enjoyed it immensely. I did too, on those occasions when I was asked to assist him.

IV

When I had lived in Urga some time, had made many friends, and had become familiar with the language, a young Mongolian duke, the eldest son of the Prince of Hanta, invited me to go with him to the Dolan Horsone Natam, or Festival of the Seven States. This was a festival held by the Living Buddha at a place some distance from Urga. People made preparations for it throughout three-year intervals by getting together the best possible outfit of clothes and by training the best race horses; and they looked forward to the absolution of their sins by the

Living Buddha's personal blessing. It was by far the biggest show of splendor and of gayety held anywhere in Mongolia, and people flocked to it from all over the country.

The young Duke of Hanta had spoken to the Living Buddha about me and had asked for permission to bring me along, so I had the honor of being one of the Living Buddha's own party when he left Urga for the place of festivity. Consequently I went in company with the young nobles who escorted the Buddha when he went abroad on state occasions.

There were about twenty thousand people gathered for the fair from all the states in Mongolia. I did not see anyone at any time who was not dressed in silk of the best quality and of the most brilliant colors. All my friends changed their costumes several times a day, so I concluded that this was the general custom.

The women here, as in Western society, wore by far the most elaborate apparel; they were all in bright colors — never a pastel shade. But these bright hues suit the Mongolian type of beauty. They wore heavy gold and silver headdresses made in the shape of crowns. All these crowns were jeweled, and many women had clusters of pearls that hung down to their waists. Lobsen Jensen explained to me that a woman's headdress might cost many thousands of dollars, and he pointed out to me one beautiful young lady who had the equivalent of a herd of five thousand horses on her head.

All the women had coral, the national ornament of Mongolia, somewhere in their headdresses; and they all wore riding boots, similar in pattern to men's boots, ornamented with designs in colored leather at the top.

At the festival everyone moved on a horse; no one seemed even to consider the possibility of walking the few yards from one tent to another. In fact, it would have been dangerous to do so, because no pedestrian was safe amid the galloping movement of the half-controlled horses. Hobbled horses stood before every tent, waiting the pleasure of the owners.

The horses, as is the Mongolian custom, were dressed almost as gayly as the men or women who rode them. Their bridles and their tail straps were all studded with silver and gold, or ornamented with gems, according to the fancy and wealth of a rider. The saddles were covered with scarlet and were also ornamented with silver and gold.

Over the tents flew the bright banners of the different tribes, and on them were sewn the royal colors, the inherited right of each noble family.

On the hillside and on the grassy plain surrounding the tents were horses for racing, mares and cows for milking, and flocks of sheep to provide fresh meat for each day. They were tended by herdsmen and shepherds dressed in flowing garments of brilliant color, with streamer hats.

The festivities lasted for eight days, which were principally devoted to the horse races. The Living Buddha occupied the place of honor at each day's race. He was always gorgeously robed in gold and surrounded by a brilliant escort of priests and princes who sat about his outdoor throne.

The races were for different types of horses on different days, and any horse bred in Mongolia could be entered. The prizes were not large, — a roll of silk or a little lump of silver, — but the honor of being the owner of a winning horse was very great. The Mongol owners bred their stock with this thought in mind, and entered their best in each contest. To us Westerners there would seem perhaps to be a drawback in the fact that each winning

horse must be presented to the Living Buddha. But the Living Buddha was so looked up to by all the Mongol people that every man and woman considered it an extremely great honor to have reared and trained a horse fit for his herds.

The jockeys in all the races were children between seven and fifteen years of age. They were all dressed in small silk jackets and very short silk pants. A few saddles were used, but, as the Duke of Hanta explained to me, jockeys had been badly hurt and even killed at former festivals by having their saddles slip and being caught in them, so they were looked upon with disfavor by the owners, the crowd, and the jockeys. Consequently nearly all of the horses were ridden bareback.

The Living Buddha had a great many of his own horses at the festival. The Prince of Hanta and I looked them over together, as we were much interested in the one which had been the winner of the gelding race for the last three seasons. He was a beautiful animal, — a big bay with four white socks, and a white star in his forehead, — and appeared in very good condition. But we knew his age, and the Prince of Hanta said that two or three other horses would press him very hard for first place this time.

We went on to the inspection of a horse that a prince from the East was entering for the same race. It was a younger animal, of cream color, with long slim legs and well-developed running muscles. I was very much attracted to this horse from the instant I saw him, and gave little attention to the animals in the three or four other herds that we visited.

The hour of the race came. The horses got off in fine order. With the Duke of Hanta I rode to the rise of a hill from which we could watch the first part of the race, and then around to another hill from which we obtained a view of the open valley in which the last stage was run. It was very easy to follow the progress of the cream horse because of his light color. In the same way the white socks of the Living Buddha's bay marked him on the course.

These two entered the valley running neck and neck. The cream, my favorite, gained slowly inch by inch until the bay's nose was level with his tail. There was only a little way to go — I thought that the race was the cream's without a doubt, and relaxed the strain with which I had been leaning forward in my saddle. But something happened. I cannot be certain that the jockey pulled his horse to the left — the little boy must certainly have been too exhausted to do that after ten miles of galloping bareback on a strong horse. Still, the bay came in winner, filling out the circle of his fourth season.

At the end of each day's race the Living Buddha went back to his tent; then rows on rows of people knelt about the tent on the green grass, their bowed heads low on their hands. Prostrate and humble, these rich noblemen from all over Mongolia awaited the blessing of the little Tibetan boy, now grown to manhood, whom the lama priests had told them was sent to earth to reveal to them the will of God. He would come out of his tent and walk among them, touching each one gently on the head. Then they would rise and go back to their own tents.

When the hour of blessing was past they shook off their seriousness and were gay people seemingly interested in nothing beyond horses and frivolity. And the Buddha too, when he had done his duty, would be one of them in merriment.

Mounted on horses, all the people dashed about from tent to tent, visit-

ing and feasting with their friends, the women as free and gay as the men. They made tests of horsemanship over the course where the races were run, dared each other to ride this horse and that, and sang songs and played flutes until all hours of the night.

V

From the day on which I was first introduced to the Living Buddha he was always exceedingly kind to me and most solicitous for my comfort. One summer, when it was unusually hot in Urga, he invited me to stay with him in his palace on the Tola River. I hesitated to accept, as I thought that the invitation was just an act of politeness; but he continued to send for me to come, so finally I went for two weeks. While I was there every possible thing was done for my pleasure and amusement. The Living Buddha saw to it that I had an interesting time; and his wife, who managed her large household with marvelous efficiency, looked after my material needs.

The Buddhist religion forbade the Living God to marry, but when he fell in love with a vivacious, handsome Mongolian girl the Mongolian people found a way. There was a most elaborate ceremony whereby she was created a goddess. And after she had become a goddess there was no reason at all why she was not a fit mate for a Living God. In fact, by all reasoning a god was the only person she could marry. The Mongols never spoke of her as a human being, but always as a goddess. She was a practical, sensible woman, and a splendid home-maker, driving from the Buddha's great palace any gloom that may have lurked in its many corridors before she came. She was a jolly companion, a good horsewoman, an excellent shot. The Buddha was exceedingly proud of her.

During the two weeks that I was at the palace she and I went every morning to the Sacred Mountain for target practice. One day the Living Buddha said, 'Now we must have a contest so that I can discover which of you is really the better shot.'

He ordered a target to be put up, then handed each of us a rifle. He especially stressed the fact that the one he gave me had come from France and was very expensive. His wife fired three shots and made as many hits in the mark. I then took careful aim, but registered three misses, to the Buddha's huge delight.

Upon examining my gun I noticed that the sight had been knocked to one side. I called the Buddha's attention to this. He laughed loud and long, and said, 'If you are really a good shot, you should have noticed the condition of your gun before you aimed.'

He was always fond of a practical joke. Some years after this, when I took him the first motor car that was ever seen in Urga, he connected the electric current with the body of the car, and then invited the highest lamas and nobles to come to tea. After tea he exhibited the car, and he asked his guests to feel the fine polish on the fenders.

The first man to touch the car drew back as though burned. The others laughed at his timidity. Then a second one put out a brave hand — and jerked it back. More laughter, led by the Buddha. He took the greatest pleasure in this tea party at which each of his friends received a shock, so that not one of them would consent to ride with him in his car — they all marveled at his own ability to sit in it and ride comfortably through the palace grounds.

The Buddha lived in a luxurious way and surrounded himself with every object that his fancy desired, fed on the

richest and the most costly foods, drank expensive French champagne, and dressed himself and all his attendants in the most gorgeous apparel. But he was a very kind man. No poor person, priest or layman, ever came to him in trouble during all the years that I knew him and went away without the Buddha having done everything in his power to make the suffering one's lot easier. His charity extended into the far corners of the country that knew him as the Living God. He also had infinite compassion for all creatures of the animal world.

To the south of Urga, near his palace, there is a fine mountain called Bogda-Col. During the Living Buddha's lifetime all hunting and killing of animals was forbidden on this mountain. Here one could see, any day of the year, big herds of reindeer, wild bears, wolves, foxes, mountain deer, and hundreds of kinds of birds, all quite tame and not at all afraid of man.

The Buddha constantly collected his animals from other places and had them freed in this paradise — apes, bears, rare birds, and even an elephant. Likewise in the River Tola, which runs by Urga, the Buddha forbade all catching of fish.

In 1911 the people of Mongolia sent the Manchu governor back to China and decided that their country would be better governed without further coöperation with China. A delegation of kings, princes, dukes, and commoners went to the Living Buddha and asked him to become Emperor. He consented. The inauguration of the new Emperor was a very impressive ceremony. The whole of North Mongolia flocked to Urga in festive robes, and the streets were paraded by Mongolian soldiers mounted on beautiful horses and dressed in rich uniforms.

The people presented to the Living Buddha, as a thank offering for his consenting to be made Emperor, three hundred white horses with yellow halters, each with a red fox skin tied about its throat, and one hundred white camels, each with a sable skin tied about its throat. These were led up to the palace and presented to him. Then the nobles, kings, princes, and commoners all promised allegiance to the new Emperor, after he had taken a solemn oath.

The Emperor soon selected ministers and officials. His government ran smoothly, and the best blood of Mongolia flocked around him. This was a prosperous time for Urga. Life was very gay, and hope ran high; it was a good season and wealth abounded. Chinese and Russian merchants did a fine business, and trade throve throughout the Empire. There were no heavy taxes. The roads were filled with big caravans going and coming constantly, winding down across the plain through Kalgan to China, or northward into Russia. Mongolia prospered as she has never prospered at any other time during the years that I have lived among her people.

VI

The end of the régime was brought about because of the generosity and the goodness of the Mongols' character — a too great trust in all men, a simplicity which judges others to be as honest as they themselves are.

In November 1919, a Chinese general, Little Hsü, under pretense of protecting the border, obtained permission to bring an army through Urga. However, on getting his army to Urga he broke the Kiakhta Treaty and made himself master of North Mongolia. He was a shrewd and sharp little man and did his work quickly. Nobles who entertained him were thrown into

prison, and he seized Urga in a cruel grip.

Two different parties of Mongols set out trustfully to Russia to get help against this army. One party went to Moscow and invited the Soviet authorities to come and help; the other party went to see Baron Ungern-Sternberg in the mountains to the east of Urga. The Mongols did not realize that Russia was then a divided country. In their eyes its inhabitants were simply the Russian people, a signatory party to the treaty that had been broken — genial and just traders with Mongolia for more than a century. The Mongols knew nothing of 'Red' and 'White.' If they had heard the words, they did not comprehend them.

Baron Ungern-Sternberg was the nearer, and reached Urga before any authority in Moscow could act. He attacked and took Urga in February 1921 with his army of seven hundred and fifty Russians and as many more Mongols, destroying most of Little Hsü's army of fifteen thousand men. He was now ruler over Urga and North Mongolia. But, although he was a cruel soldier of fortune, he had great respect for the Living Buddha and treated him and the Mongol nobles fairly. The Living Buddha was treated as Emperor, but in reality had little power.

Baron Ungern-Sternberg was an energetic man. He opened a big tannery in Urga, installed electric light, and built and repaired many bridges. But he was obsessed by a hatred of all Jews, and put to death with terrible cruelty all the Russian Jews in Urga that he could lay his hands on, — men, women, and children, — despite everything that the Living Buddha and the Mongolian people could do. His régime was of short duration, for the Red Russians came in from the North and defeated and killed him.

The Russian Red Army entered Urga in July 1921. They again gave the Mongols assurance of their independence, and promised assistance in the fulfillment of the Kiakhta Treaty. But, as their political views were against emperors and princes, the Living Buddha never regained his former splendor or power, and all nobles soon disappeared from North Mongolia. Commoners, advised by Russians from Moscow, were the power in the new government. The Living Buddha sickened and died in 1924, and it seems that there will never be another Living Buddha in Mongolia.

The Living Buddha was always very kind to me. He made me many valuable presents, and bestowed upon me the Mongolian ducal decoration. When I took my friend, Sven Hedin, to visit him, he was a sick man. He was nearly blind, and his heart had been broken by the turn of affairs in Mongolia. But he did everything in his power to make Hedin's visit to Urga a success. He was not only the Living God who gave absolution for their sins twice weekly to Mongolian supplicants at Urga, but a great man who recognized genius in other men when he met it.

THE HUNT ON THE FLAW

BY RUSSELL W. HENDEE

I

WHAT the warm earth is to the farmer the sea ice is to the people who dwell on the Arctic coast of Alaska. On the ice they seek their living. In the spring it is their harvest field. And this is the story of one spring harvest.

When the spring storms begin to break and move the ice that during much of the winter has almost completely covered the water, crushing and piling it, and leaving lanes or leads of open water, there remains attached to the shore a strip of solid ice, hard and fast aground. This is the 'flaw.' Though a severe storm may break great floes from it to float away and join the moving pack, much will remain until the sun has thawed the surface sufficiently to allow the whole mass to rise clear of the bottom and float away.

As soon as the first whales are seen in the open water, the Eskimos move their canoes from the villages to the edge of the flaw, and the great spring hunt begins.

On the morning of the sixth of May I awoke to find a brisk breeze blowing from the northeast and an Eskimo on every housetop eagerly scanning the sky to seaward, where the rough sheet of ice still extended, unbroken, to the horizon.

For more than a week three whaling crews had been camped eight miles out, but south winds had kept the floe ice packed solidly to the shore, and there was no water in sight. Several whales had been seen, but the run had barely begun.

By afternoon a black streak, sure sign of open water, was clearly visible on the sky to seaward, and an old whaler and I set out to take our places in his canoe. The dogs were eager and excited, as they always are with a good trail and a short run in prospect, and we soon saw the black flag which always marks the road's end, and near it the three canoes, with the crews camped about them. The first camp had been several miles beyond this, but when the break came the canoes had been hastily loaded on sleds and, with all the camp gear, moved back to the open water.

The men had already lighted a fire, but without waiting to finish their meal they reloaded the canoe and we set out at once to seek a good place for whales. The big sealskin-covered canoe was piled to the gunwales with the camp equipment, and on top of this load we sat, our feet straight out before us, and paddled. The position seemed to inconvenience no one but myself.

Before we headed toward the north the steersman swung the canoe around in a complete circle. This is an old charm, supposed to confuse the whales. It created much amusement both among our men and among those still camped on the ice.

The whales are much more likely to approach points where the ice is of a certain shape and character, and the success of a crew depends largely on the

ability to choose such points. So we followed along the edge of the flaw, which for more than a month was to represent the shore to us, searching for a promising location. Every few minutes we had to stop and knock the ice from our paddles. Three miles from the road we chose a position and made our camp. Before the tent was in place the Eskimos of our crew had killed two seals.

That first camp, typical of many we made in the weeks that followed, was built on a stretch of flat ice only a few feet thick. First a smooth slide was cut for the canoe, which was placed with its bow overhanging the water, ready for launching at a moment's notice. On each side of the canoe rough battlements of ice were built to conceal it from the sea side. Just behind it was the canoe sled, with the sail hung above it, lean-to fashion, for a windbreak. Under this shelter or in the canoe we sat, slept, and ate our meals whenever there was open water. The tent, placed farther back, was only a kitchen where the two girls of our crew cooked on a sheet-iron stove, using seal or whale blubber and driftwood for fuel. A log of wood in front of the sled served as an arsenal, and against it rested each man's rifle, one or two shotguns, and a heavy whale gun. In the bow of the canoe lay two darting guns, firing powerful bombs, designed to explode in the body of the whale. In addition to its bomb, one of these darting guns carried a harpoon, with line and float very carefully arranged to prevent their becoming entangled with anything else in the canoe. Another shoulder gun like that on the ice was always in the boat. These weapons in appearance are much like an exceedingly heavy brass shotgun.

Almost at midnight that first night we saw a couple of black specks on the horizon. These proved to be a pair of glaucous gulls, the first creatures to make their appearance after the opening of the water, and they were greeted with enthusiasm. 'First come *nowyak* [gulls], then *shishara* [white whales], then *ahkalook* [bowhead whales],' said an old man. And sure enough, in the early morning we saw hundreds of white whales blowing in the 'young' ice which was beginning to form in the lead.

This young ice forced us to break camp shortly after. Until the offshore wind died out, the ice crystals had blown away as fast as they formed and so the water kept open, but now the pack began to move in. It shoved the young ice ahead of it, piling and telescoping it with a continual rustling and groaning. In order not to be caught away from our line of retreat with the ice crushing in, we hastily broke camp and started for the road, but we were too late. We were caught in a bight and forced to stop at an old hunting trail.

As there was now no water and the young ice was not strong enough to bear our weight, I decided to go ashore and get some sleep. Our captain, Jim Allen, the last of the old flaw whalers, came with me. But we had slept only a few hours when a native came to report that the young ice was now strong enough for hunting, and that several whales had been heard blowing in small holes, so we immediately returned to our camp.

We found the tent deserted, but we could see the men walking about on the thin ice or seated beside small holes, watching for seals. There was a good deal of shooting going on, and through the glasses we could see clouds of steam where white whales were blowing. While we watched, one of the men raised a flag made by tying his white duck hunting shirt to a pole. He had made a kill and was signaling for

assistance, so we loaded the whale guns on a sled and started off over the black ice. Every two or three steps we tested the ice with the steel-shod pole that is always carried when hunting at sea. A hard blow would drive it through the thin ice almost anywhere.

The man with the flag had killed a white whale and had succeeded in getting a harpoon into it before it could sink. As the ice would not support its weight, an ingenious method was adopted to move it to a more solid place. Several of the men went ahead with their steel-shod poles, or 'tokes,' and cut a line of small holes in the ice. By means of the hooks on the other end of the poles the harpoon line was passed from hole to hole, and the animal was towed under the ice to a place where it could be hauled out and cut up. It proved to be a medium-sized specimen about twelve feet long, of a creamy-white color, the surface of the skin having much the appearance of a white gourd.

While this work was in progress Jim and I, with old Sagavan, took one of the sleds and the bomb guns and went on to a hole at the edge of the pack ice, which was now stationary. We sat down to wait at the northern end of the hole, which was only a hundred yards long. We had been watching for an hour, without seeing so much as a seal, when suddenly a smooth black object appeared thirty yards away, shot up a roaring cloud of vapor, then leisurely rolled under and out of sight. While I stood watching in startled amazement, Jim and Sagavan snatched up the cumbersome guns and set off at a run over the rough jumble of broken ice. The whale blew five more times at intervals of a few seconds, and then disappeared before the men could get near enough for a shot. Then only did I begin to understand what had happened. The whale, traveling south, instead of north as we had expected, had passed us before 'breaking water' and had been farther away at every blow.

There was nothing to do but sit down again to wait and hope for another, but we moved the sled to the place where the first one had appeared. A quarter of an hour later I was standing at the northern end of the hole when a second whale broke water within fifteen feet of me. This time I had an opportunity to observe him closely. There was nothing in his appearance to suggest an animal. He was like nothing so much as a great machine of smooth, hard rubber.

As the whale rolled under again I glanced toward the sled and saw Jim and Sagavan crouched low at the edge of the ice, guns in hand, waiting. About halfway between us the whale blew again, and as he went down the men rose and raised the guns. An instant later, with a swirl of water, the whale came up directly in front of them. I heard a sharp word and one 'bang' as they fired together. The whale flung his great tail high out of the water, half turned to one side, and plunged from sight. Then came the double roar as the bombs exploded, sounding astonishingly loud under the water — and that was all. The great beast, probably mortally wounded, had gone under the ice. As soon as we were sure that he was gone, Sagavan set off at a run for more bombs. While he was gone a third whale blew in the hole, and we had to sit helplessly and watch him go.

For several more hours we watched, but the ice was slowly crowding in, gradually closing the hole, and no more whales appeared. One seal came to interrupt the monotony and was killed, but by the time two men came to relieve us the hole was almost closed.

II

The two men stayed on watch all night at smaller holes and saw eleven whales, one of which they wounded. In the morning the ice was stronger, and we went out with the canoe on its sled and the rest of the whaling gear. Then began one of the most remarkable vigils imaginable. For a day and a half we watched there like so many cats at a mousehole, no man sleeping more than a few moments at a time. These naps we took stretched out on the sled.

And the whales came. Scarcely an hour after we had carefully placed the canoe with its barricade of ice, a whale blew at the other end of the hole. He was coming in our direction. We put the canoe in the water to meet him, but before we could get close enough to strike he took fright and went down to stay. Another came from the opposite direction, but again we failed to reach him in time. Seeing the direction in which they were crossing the open water, we moved the canoe a hundred yards to the other end of the hole and settled ourselves once more.

Several hours later a whale appeared in a very small hole a few rods from the one we were watching. He might blow again as he passed us, so we took our places according to the prearranged plan, and waited. The boat steerer or harpooner, an Eskimo named Charlie, was already in the bow of the boat. At one side stood two men with the shoulder guns. The rest of us lined up in our regular places at the two sides of the canoe, ready to shove it out at the right instant. For a quarter of an hour we stood there, no one speaking a word or moving a muscle. Then, as the men had begun to relax and talk once more, there came a roar as the whale broke water close to our station. He was moving leisurely toward us, and when he blew the second time he was directly in front of the men with the shoulder guns. One, ambitious to kill a whale, fired without waiting for orders or for the killing thrust of the darting guns. Instantly the other followed, and the whale went down. As he passed under the canoe, which we pushed out to meet him, he was a good three feet under the surface. Though unable to take aim, the harpooner drove the iron through the water and deep into the animal's back, so that the heavy shaft stood solidly upright an instant before it was flung upward by the recoil as the bomb was fired. Turning instantly, Charlie flung the harpoon line, with its sealskin 'poke,' or floater, attached, out on the ice. Then came the boom, boom, boom of the bursting bombs directly beneath us.

A scramble followed as we seized the line and endeavored to check the momentum of the plunging whale. We thought him dead, and for a moment the line did seem to give as we flung our weight against it. Then, with a steady, resistless motion, it began to run out, spinning us along with it across the ice. A loop in the rope caught a paddle thrust beneath the lashings of the canoe, and as the line came taut the canoe rose up on edge, the ice beneath it broke under the strain, and water began to pour in over the side. Then the paddle snapped off short and the canoe righted once more. As I dropped the line and leaped clear, I was at the edge of the water, with the ice sinking under my feet. The poke at the end of the line shot past me, whipped out of sight, and the whale was gone. We climbed high cakes of ice and watched the holes through our glasses, but we did not see him again.

When we were certain that our game was gone, we set to work to repair damages, in order to be ready for the next opportunity. We moved the

canoe a little to one side, to unbroken ice; a new harpoon was attached to the darting gun, with a makeshift line and float. Guns were cleaned and reloaded, empty cartridges refilled, and we were again ready for anything that might happen. A boy ran the entire distance — six or seven miles — to the village for a new line, which we needed badly, and brought it back on a dog sled.

What the loss of a whale means to a village of meat-hungry Eskimos, no white man, in all probability, can understand. Yet it was accepted with a few laughing words of regret, and there was not a word of reproach to the man whose impetuosity was to blame.

For a long time no more bowheads appeared, either in the hole we were watching or in any of those within sight and hearing. Hour after hour we tramped restlessly back and forth, back and forth, varying the monotony occasionally by boiling great pots of coffee on the oil stove to wash down our dry pilot bread or doughnuts fried in seal oil.

Late in the afternoon a school of white whales appeared, and the men scattered with their rifles to the small holes near by, in the hope of securing fresh meat. For some time no whale came near the canoe, though the men at other holes were getting a few shots. Then there came a sudden commotion as three animals broke water in line, blew with an explosive sound, and were gone. When they appeared the third time three of us fired together, wounding the largest of them. In a few minutes they came again, and once more we fired. Several times they came within thirty feet of us, but so quickly did they come and go that it was difficult to get a shot at them. One was killed, but sank so rapidly that it was impossible to secure it, though we could see it for several minutes, a white spot through the clear water, as the current carried it away.

I was sitting, Eskimo fashion, on a piece of bearskin at the edge of the water, waiting for another shot, when I heard Jim behind me shouting excitedly, 'Kippie gah, kippie gah!' I saw the men making a dash for the canoe, and, without in the least understanding what was afoot, I dropped my rifle and leaped into my place in the umiak as it slid into the water. Then, as we paddled swiftly toward the other end of the hole, I saw a large white whale, severely wounded, blowing just ahead. As the boat steerer raised the harpoon, the animal disappeared, and we passed over it before we could check our headway. We turned and paddled slowly back, and a few moments later it came up just under our bow. Quickly though it rose and dived again, the waiting harpooner was ready. Darting the light walrus harpoon into the whale's head, he took a turn of the line around a cleat in the bow. Then the canoe spun round and round like a top as the frantic creature tried to escape, as it surely would have done if it had not been badly wounded, for there was no chance to shoot. First on one side and then on the other it went under the ice, the man with the line playing it like a great fish until it was hauled to the surface at last and killed by a quick shot.

We slipped a noose over the tail and managed to haul the whale out. Just as we got it safely placed where the ice was strong enough to bear its weight, a fourteen-year-old boy attached to our crew came running to tell us that he had killed another in a small hole near the tent. We left two men with the whaling guns while we went at once to save his kill. It proved to be a young animal of slate-gray color, whereas the adults are nearly white. The cutting up of these

two white whales occupied us for several hours. The first one proved to be a good-sized specimen about thirteen feet long.

III

Early the next morning a light breeze came out of the southeast, and young ice began to form under the bow of the umiak, so that we were forced to move to the opposite side of the hole, where the water was clear. Whales were blowing in a large hole about a mile south, but none came near us. The ice along the edge of the flaw was beginning to break loose under the pressure of the wind. Little was said, but all knew that unless we made a kill very soon our chance at this hole would be over, for we should have to move back to the camp on the solid ice or be carried away with the moving pack.

Two of us put up the shelter while we were waiting, and had begun to make a pot of coffee when a whale was seen to blow a few hundred yards to the southward. We dropped everything and took our places beside the canoe, as before, tense and silent.

It was almost half an hour before the whale rose, now fifty yards away and coming toward us very rapidly. There was hardly a sound or a movement to tell that anyone had seen him, only the harpooner in the bow crouched a little lower, and here and there a man silently tested his footing to make sure that no slip at the last moment should spoil our chance of success.

The whale was down so long that none of us expected to see him again, but suddenly he rose, with a rush of water, directly in front of us and only fifteen feet from the bow of the canoe.

With a sudden straightening of bent backs we flung the boat bodily across his head. Charlie, coming to his feet as the canoe struck, hurled the darting gun into the rounded neck just behind the blowhole. At the same moment Jim fired from the ice. Without a lost motion Charlie seized the second darting gun and struck the whale again in the back, as it rounded to go down. Then he turned and threw the line and poke to us on the ice. As we braced our feet and hauled on the line there came the triple roar of the bombs, set to explode from ten to fifteen seconds after firing.

As before, we were dragged along by the impetus of the whale's plunge, but this time there was a difference. As we scrambled madly for a foothold the movement stopped, and very gradually the line began to give. Then such a shout as went up! Though the whale did not float, he was stone-dead, and by the combined strength of the crew we raised him near enough to the surface to enable one of the men to put two more irons into his lips, with lines attached by which to tow him.

When we had the whale safely fastened to the ice, we raised the mast in the canoe and ran up a flag. It was a signal sure to bring the other crews to our aid, miles away though one of them was, and in less than a half hour we saw a sail bearing down on us from the north, following the lead of water that had already opened along the edge of the flaw.

And we were badly in need of help if we were to save our kill. With the whale a dead weight at the end of the lines, we had more than a quarter of a mile to go to reach the open water, which was rapidly becoming broader.

With axes, tokes, and the sharp, chisel-like whale spades, we set to work cutting holes in the ice, which was three feet thick in places, to allow the line to be passed along to the water's edge. As the other canoes arrived, their crews also set to work with a will, yet

it was hours before we had the whale safely at the edge of the ice. And when at last we had raised the carcass nearly to the surface and suspended it from a mast lashed across two of the canoes, we found that we had a quarter of a mile of open water to cross before we could reach solid ice where it could be hauled out and cut up.

A light breeze was blowing, so that with two of the sails set, and nearly forty men paddling, we had soon brought the whale to the edge of the flaw. At this place a wall of ice fifteen feet high rose sheer above the water, so that we had to follow along under the edge until we reached the road, where the whale could be 'cut in.' When we arrived, towing the two canoes which served to float the whale, we found the whole village, men, women, and children, waiting to congratulate us.

Many of our men had not slept for almost two days, but there was little opportunity to rest now. Tunnels were cut in the ice through which to pass the ropes attached to the blocks; tackles were got ready, arranged in two separate series; a slide was cut for the body of the whale; and finally, with much difficulty, the great carcass was raised to the surface, a rope made fast to the jaw, and then, with much shouting and laughter, we set about hauling the animal out on the ice.

By the combined strength of the entire village pulling on the tackles, the enormous head was dragged out of the water. When the head had been cut off, the body was turned around, a rope was passed about the tail, and the carcass again raised. As fast as it appeared above the surface, the heavy coating of meat and blubber was cut from the bones with the sharp whale spades, in order to lighten the load.

This work took almost two days, but it was not until it was nearly completed that anyone thought of sleeping for more than a few minutes at a time. The work stopped only to allow the men to snatch a few mouthfuls of the cooked *muk-tuk*, or 'black-skin,' of the whale, one of the greatest of delicacies to the Eskimos.

But as soon as the heavy work was completed, the men of the crew disappeared, leaving the last of the cutting to the men from the village and to the women; and in the tents on the ice, or in the igloos on shore, they slept the clock around. Many of them were partially snow-blind from the long hours of work in the brilliant sunlight without sleep, and our harpooner was confined to a darkened house for three days.

IV

I had slept more than the clock around myself when I was wakened with the news that more whales were being seen in the half mile of open water that now lay between the flaw and the pack, which was now drifting south.

When Jim and I reached the camp once more, the meat had been divided. Shares went to every family in the village, but the valuable whalebone became the property of the crew which killed the whale. The women and boys were left to haul it all ashore by dog sled, and the crews set off once more to the hunt.

We saw twenty-eight whales pass us offshore in the next twenty-four hours. Several times we put the canoe in the water and gave chase. We dodged about among the floating ice cakes, sometimes close behind our game, but we never came within striking distance.

Two days later we moved camp, and again we saw many whales, but all far away. The next day we moved again. While we were settling ourselves the generator of our oil stove burst. We

did not wish to use the blubber stove because the smoke might alarm our game, so it was decided that I should walk ashore and repair the damage, the men agreeing to pick me up at the end of the road next day.

They met me with an exciting story. They had sighted a large whale near the camp and had started in pursuit, leaving as camp guard an old fellow who was useless in the canoe. They had been gone for several hours and had lost sight of the whale they were following, when they heard the sound of an exploding bomb from the direction of the camp. They returned and found that three whales had come up near the tent. The guard allowed the first two to escape, but the third one he had wounded so badly that, late as it was when the crew returned, they very nearly caught it.

While the details of this story were being told, we reached the camp and found the guard the hero of another adventure. While he was again alone a polar bear came within a hundred feet of him and stood looking at him. His story was that he had not fired because he hoped the bear would come even closer, but the tracks that the men unraveled told a different story. He and the bear had taken alarm at about the same time and at once set off in opposite directions, one for the rough ice to the north, the other for the safety of the tent.

In the morning we saw a large number of white whales pass and knew that bowheads were likely to follow them, so we were all on the alert. The other canoes were about a half mile away, one on either side. Shortly after the last of the white whales had passed, we saw Atoyuk's canoe coming toward us from the south, the men working hard at the paddles. As they passed they shouted that a large whale had gone under the ice a few yards below their camp, and they were hoping to get ahead of him.

A half hour later, as I was standing at the side of the canoe, Sagavan seized my arm and pointed downward. Directly beneath our feet, and under the projecting bow of the canoe, a great black shape was coming from under the ice. Before we could give the alarm the whale rose and blew loudly just in front of us. Almost noiselessly we shoved out, but he heard us, and we saw his body stiffen, ready to plunge at the slightest alarm. We were almost within striking distance when, with a furious lashing of his broad tail, he went down. At the first sign of motion the two men holding the darting guns fired, one from the bow of the canoe and the other from the ice, so close together that it was only when the bombs burst that we realized that two shots had been discharged.

We took aboard the men still on the ice and headed for the pack. When the badly wounded whale rose at its edge, we were only a few hundred yards away. Under a great floe he went before we could strike him, and we were forced to go around. In our excitement we put every ounce of our strength into each paddle stroke, but the animal passed under us and came up again out of reach. By this time Atoyuk's canoe was near by, and for an hour or more we hunted the great creature back and forth in a large bay in the ice, seeing him sometimes very near, and sometimes far away. We alternately rested on our paddles and worked furiously as he circled, until, recovered at last from the shock, he plunged under the solid pack and was gone.

For several days ducks had been flying in increasing numbers, and, as no more whales appeared for some hours, I took a shotgun and walked out to a point on the young ice over

which the ducks were passing, to shoot a few while the men were sleeping. I had killed about a dozen when the lookout signaled that he had seen a whale, and I returned to camp.

A number of white whales appeared close to camp and then two small bowheads passed a quarter of a mile away. The first one was traveling very fast, so we paid no further attention to it, but the second was moving slowly and rising often, so we set out to follow. The crew to the northward saw us coming and paddled out in the hope of heading off the whale. We came opposite their camp without sighting him, so we thought we had lost him, and lay quietly resting before beginning the long pull back to camp.

Then the unexpected happened. A few hundred yards to seaward the whale rose very softly to the surface and lay almost motionless, rising and sinking slowly as he breathed, asleep.

Noiselessly, but swiftly, we paddled toward him. As the men in the bow put down their paddles there came a startling change. Right over the bow rose the great head as the whale turned vertically in the water. As the boat steerer drove in the harpoon gun the canoe almost touched the great creature's back. At the same instant the second man fired the shoulder gun. As our momentum carried us swiftly past I could have touched the whale's head with my paddle.

Tail first, he went down, the line running out rather slowly. At first the inflated sealskin moved aimlessly about on the surface. Then it went under as the whale started for the distant pack. Twenty minutes later it came up, but the whale did not rise, and before we could reach it, it went down again, this time headed for the flaw. When we saw the poke again it was at the edge of the young ice near our camp, and a moment later the whale rose and lay close beside the ice, breathing loudly.

By this time the other canoes had come up, and the race that followed was a sight to be remembered. Though it was late at night, the sun was shining brilliantly, and the water was so calm that as I paddled I could see the long lines of spreading ripples left by the other canoes as we converged swiftly toward the black spot at the edge of the ice. Atoyuk's canoe was ahead of us, and as it came within range I could see the boat steerer come to his feet and fire the darting gun. Only a sharp crack followed as the powder charge exploded. The bomb had failed to burst.

There followed a long period of watching. When the whale finally rose again it was exactly beside the boat landing at our camp. Again Atoyuk was first, and though the animal lashed the water on all sides with its tail, flinging showers over the men in the canoe and on the ice, a couple of shots quieted it, and we arrived only in time to secure the doubtful honor of a last, almost unnecessary, shot. The whale, which was a small one, had been so badly wounded by our first shots that, impeded by the drag of the floats and held by the entangling of the strong lines in the rough lower surface of the ice, it had barely been able to reach the water, so we had nearly lost this one, too, under the ice. It was only by the combined strength of all the men that we dragged the pokes to the surface.

As quickly as possible we gathered our separate 'camps' into the canoes, raised the sails, and set off for the road, the three canoes in line towing the whale. The breeze was light, so everyone took a paddle, even the girls who cooked for the crews working with a will. As we approached the end of the pull I fell asleep between two strokes, dropping my paddle across the gun-

wale, and only awoke when the canoe was fast at the edge of the ice and the men began unloading it.

We hauled the carcass out on the ice this time without finding it necessary to cut off the head. Once when it was nearly clear of the water a rope broke, and as it settled back, throwing the whole weight on the series of tackles, another rope snapped, and amid much laughter and cheering the whale shot into the water with a rush, and all our work had to be done over again.

Here hundreds of gulls gathered to feast on the scraps of blubber that fell into the water. The eider ducks were also flying in flocks of hundreds, coming over the horizon in great shimmering clouds.

While we were at work the pack moved in once more, and it was several days before we were able to return to our camp. No whales were seen for a time, so we occupied ourselves in shooting ducks, which were still flying in great numbers. Sometimes a man with a shotgun would be placed on a floating cake of ice in the path of the flocks, while others hunted from the canoe and from the camp. The weather those few days was what spring weather is everywhere — perfect. The sun shone brightly all night long, and the wavering line of birds, passing in endless procession, made a sight never to be forgotten.

On the first of June we moved our camp to the end of the road, and went out to the pack with the canoe, thinking the whales might be passing far out from the flaw. With the greatest care, as always, a position was chosen for the boat, and for several hours we waited. Two enormous whales broke water a few yards to the north, heading away from us. We were after them instantly, and got almost within striking distance before they went under the ice, but it was a hopeless pursuit, as a stern chase nearly always is in this kind of hunting.

We spent the next day also on the pack. We saw several whales and gave chase to one — for the last time, as it proved, for the pack came grinding in that night, closing the lead except for small holes here and there. Two weeks more the crews stayed on the ice, watching these holes and shooting ducks, but the 'run' of whales was over for that year.

V

The great event, in the eyes of the Eskimo children, was still to follow. The *nell-i-ku-tuk*, the harvest festival which follows a successful whaling season, is anticipated even more eagerly by the Eskimo than is the glorious Fourth of July by the American boy. For weeks the children had been practising, by jumping on the opposite ends of a plank arranged seesaw fashion, for the blanket tossing which is the great feature of the celebration.

When the canoes finally came in, water was standing everywhere on the ice. The men toiled wearily into the village, soaked to the skin with the ice-cold water, yet all were in the best of spirits. There was even something of a holiday air. From the raised mast of our canoe hung two flags, one for each whale killed. The right to fly these flags is valued as highly as any of the honors or medals of civilization farther south.

The first bright day after the close of the whaling season was chosen for the nell-i-ku-tuk. On a dry spot of level ground near the village, the successful canoe was propped on edge to make a windbreak for the drummers. At one end, under a tripod of paddles, lay all our whaling gear, guns, harpoons, bombs, and lines. In front of our canoe was hung a large walrus skin suspended

from posts, for safety's sake, by long ropes from the corners, and looped all around like a fireman's life net.

Several of the men had composed new songs for the occasion, and these were sung to the rhythmic beating of the drums. Dancing followed, the first dance given by the lucky crew. But the real feature of the day, from which it takes its name, was the nell-i-ku-tuk itself, the 'dancing in the air,' or blanket tossing.

As many as could find room about the suspended walrus skin did the tossing, and one after another men, women, and children climbed on to the leather blanket. It was all done to the rhythm of the drums and singing, and the game was to remain upright, no matter how high you might be thrown. Some of the children and lighter women were tossed to an astonishing height, only to come down on their feet on the unsteady surface and be flung up again and again. Now and then some inexpert dancer would lose his balance and come down, perhaps headfirst, in the midst of the laughing crowd around the blanket, but no one appeared to be seriously hurt and mishaps were taken in a spirit of fun. Nothing created so much merriment as the sight of some gray-haired patriarch writhing and twisting in the air, and coming down headfirst on the tough hide, only to rise to his feet once more and try again. From children barely able to stand to old women hobbling around the village with canes, no one could resist the excitement of the game.

All day long the dancing lasted, interrupted only when great kettles of muk-tuk from the flippers and tail of the smaller whale were brought out. Some of it was boiled, but much of it was eaten raw and frozen, a delicacy which had much the appearance of an old rubber boot, and which tasted, to the uninitiated, much like laundry soap.

When the day was over, the whaling gear was carefully gathered up and stored away until another year, and one more whaling season was at an end; only one of many to the old men who, as boys, had hunted the great beasts when they were killed with spears of flint instead of explosives, and when failure meant famine. But now, as then, the hunting of the bowhead was the great event of the year to the coast people, and through the next long winter the story would be repeated again and again in all its details, until it yielded in turn to the tales of succeeding years.

HAMSTRINGING OUR TEACHERS

BY EARL W. ANDERSON

I

'How I conduct my classes seems to be of no great interest to the school authorities,' writes a young teacher, 'but what I do when school is not in session concerns them tremendously. My contract requires me to refrain from keeping company with young men in the community, yet I must live in the school district and remain here three week-ends out of four during the entire school year. I must n't dance, play cards, or be out late on week-day nights; in fact, they want me to be an old maid!'

The resentment expressed in these words is typical of the present unrest of many public-school teachers on account of the restrictions imposed on their personal lives. The requirement that teachers must be properly trained and experienced has always seemed reasonable to them and always will seem so, but restrictions on their private lives are increasingly regarded as unreasonable and interfering. Many thoughtful citizens outside the academic ranks are beginning to share the resentment of the teachers themselves toward the petty tyrannies which they undergo. Teachers who in the course of their employment live in a succession of communities with diverse standards must promise to conform, not to one conception of rigidly proper behavior, but to a dozen conflicting conceptions. The exactions to which they are subject are further complicated by inconsistency. The young woman previously quoted is required to live a wholly abnormal life in not associating with young men. In another district, however, her contract may require what is equally abnormal for many young women, that she 'will keep company with one person only.' The board enforcing such a contract would, moreover, promptly dismiss her if she followed the natural course and married the 'one person.'

Restrictions of many kinds are imposed on the personal life of the teacher in the United States. The whole surprising body of stipulations falls more or less naturally into seven classes: —

1. Prohibitions against such recreations as card playing and dancing.

2. Positive requirements of character, including church attendance and financial integrity.

3. Proscription of marriage or other occupations which might interfere with school work.

4. Attempts to protect the integrity of the teaching profession. (In this class fall laws that no teacher may serve as agent for a school-supply house, and laws regarding the employment of relatives of board members.)

5. Attempts to secure increased community services from the teacher by requiring that she live in the district, remain in it over week-ends, or teach a Sunday-school class.

6. Demands of loyalty to the nation — growing out of the feeling engendered in the late war.

7. Rules against giving or receiving gifts. (A protection which in most cases is welcome to the teacher.)

These restrictions are sometimes embodied in the state code or statutes; they are sometimes incorporated in contracts which teachers must sign; and a few of the most irritating are simply unwritten. The form in which the demand occurs is no indication of its importance to the happiness of the teacher, but is of considerable importance when any modification is sought.

Statutes and court decisions universally hold that teachers must be moral and law-abiding citizens, and that 'not only good character but good reputation' is essential. Years ago, when most of the present statutes were written, fairly clear lines of demarcation existed between morality and immorality. Now, when many respected community leaders engage openly in acts which other equally respected people condemn, it is difficult to place a satisfactory interpretation on the term 'morality.' The younger teachers especially chafe at restrictions which they honestly contend bear no actual relationship to their efficiency or influence. They desire to do nothing which would seriously impair the respect and confidence of their pupils. Personal requirements such as those which all intelligent and conscientious people exact of themselves are accepted as just. No teacher would regard sexual immorality, drunkenness, unlawful actions, avoidance of just debts, entanglement in public scandal or in any situation which would bring notoriety or reasonably grounded suspicion on the teacher, as consistent with the responsibilities of the position. But to be forbidden to do everything to which anybody objects is beyond reason and not for the best interests of the schools.

II

Let us glance over some of the acts denied to teachers which are not forbidden to other right-thinking and responsible citizens.

Cigarettes are prohibited by law to teachers in Tennessee. Teachers elsewhere frequently agree to abstain from tobacco in any form. In fact, the public use of tobacco in the average community even by men teachers is actively frowned upon, even by those who themselves indulge. At social and club gatherings in which the large majority of the men smoke, the man teacher, like the parson, must be 'different.' The case is relatively not the same for the women, since public smoking by any woman is still so uncommon as to attract public antagonism everywhere except in the larger cities. This is perhaps an astonishing statement to those unfamiliar with life in smaller communities, but despite the prevalence of the screen, with its nightly revelations of metropolitan license, the statement is true.

Card playing and dancing are mentioned in no state laws and rarely in contracts, although a Mississippi contract states, 'No teacher is expected to attend dances at home or away when in the employ of this board.' Teachers in many of the smaller communities are still expected by unwritten law, however, to refrain from these 'immoral' practices. Since both are approved and fostered in many church and community social programmes, and are permitted in many school functions, objection to them is confined to scattered sections of the country. It is by no means inactive, however. In Ottawa, Kansas, the school board dropped eleven high-school teachers last June because they had gone to a dance at the local country club in spite of a prohibitory board rule. The *American School Board Journal* quotes the *Abilene Register's* comment: 'An item like this, showing

Kansas fanaticism, will do more harm as it goes over the country than the state chamber of commerce can overcome by a dozen surveys. A reputation for intolerance . . . hurts not only the town in which it exists but the state as well.' All rural journalism is by no means as enlightened as this!

But the restrictions least tolerable to reason are those, fortunately exceptional, prescribing the company a teacher may or may not keep. A ridiculous Virginia contract a few years ago specified that the teacher should not keep company with 'sorry young men.' Two years ago Minehan reported in the *Nation* a contract in which the teacher promises 'not to go out with any young men except in so far as it is necessary to stimulate Sunday-school work.' Another surprising rule in an Ohio county is that teachers who 'go with' other teachers are dropped at the end of the year. Last spring two teachers were not reappointed because they 'kept company.' Such rules are peculiarly offensive to good taste and justice. Quite different is the common requirement that teachers make no 'dates' with their pupils, for such relationships may do much to disrupt the morale of the classroom.

Newspapers every now and then make much of attempts to modify the dress of teachers. The humor of such reports is their pathos. Women teachers especially are wrathful at the tacit reflection on their taste, judgment, or morality. They feel qualified to make their own decisions in regard to their clothes. It seems at times as though a deliberate effort were made to prevent teachers from wearing clothes 'in style.' Authorities in a Michigan city who recently attempted to prescribe the maximum distance between the hem of the dress and the floor were criticized by the press and actively opposed by the teachers themselves. Last September, newspapers made fun of the attempts of a school superintendent to 'advise' his teachers on such matters as the length of their skirts and the material and thickness of their clothes.

A Mississippi school district provides in its contract that 'no teacher will play society to the detriment of this school or indulge in any sort of socials excessively during school nights. The superintendent or school board are to be judges of these matters and to warn the teachers.' Here again appears the latent attitude of mistrust and petty regulation; teachers need moral guardians, lest they pay insufficient attention to their work.

Church attendance is expected of teachers, especially in smaller communities, and often indirectly plays a considerable part in reappointment. Much pressure is brought to secure them as Sunday-school teachers. This demand sometimes causes religious discrimination in the selection of teachers and often results in rules requiring them to spend a specified number of week-ends in the community. This means in practical effect that they are forced to become seven-day workers.

Many teachers are forbidden husbands. 'Marriage, if the teacher is a woman, will annul this contract' is a frequent provision. Approximately one eighth of all public schools have such a contractual regulation. A much larger fraction do not employ or reëmploy married women. Almost four fifths of the city schools in Ohio have definite rules or policies against employing married women. The trend in at least thirty-seven states increasingly denies marriage to women teachers.

Not long ago, the New York *Sun* reported a decision of the Johnson

County, Tennessee, school board to employ and retain only single teachers of either sex. Five married men and nineteen married women were denied reappointment in 1929 under this new rule. The *Sun* comments, 'Inclusion of married men in the banned class emphasizes the absurdity of barring married women.'

A number of reasons are commonly advanced for denying marriage to women teachers. It is claimed that managing a home will compel neglect of teaching duties. Again, unemployed single teachers claim that it is unfair to hire a woman whose husband should normally support her, when her place might be given to a single woman who has no other means of support. It is found, also, that if the husband finds a position elsewhere the wife is apt to leave on short notice. Pregnancy has brought some difficult problems. It has even been advanced as a serious argument that husbands of women teachers loaf and depend on their wives for support. Not the least of the lesser reasons sometimes urged is the difficulty of dismissing a married teacher who will continue to live in the district and wield active political influence.

Many excellent teachers have been lost to schools because of the regulation against matrimony. The American Federation of Teachers actively urges the right of women teachers to retain their positions after marriage. They point out that business does not exact such restrictions against marriage; also, that motherhood often leads to understanding of children's problems which the single teacher never attains. On the other hand, the substitute teachers of Chicago recently requested the board of education to employ only single teachers.

In eleven states, married teachers receive better treatment. In these states[1] permanent-tenure statutes exist under which certain married women teachers are protected from dismissal. Here the woman who has successfully completed her probationary or 'trial' teaching is automatically employed for 'life' during good behavior and continued efficiency. Courts in these states find no evidence that marriage of itself should justify a woman teacher's dismissal. In New York a married woman teacher was held entitled to a leave of absence for confinement. By court decision she later was reinstated as a teacher. In France a still more liberal policy prevails — married teachers are given certain preferences. The law specifies: —

> Twenty-five per cent of the vacancies in the course of the year in each department are reserved for the teachers who, living outside of the department, are married to government employees of the department or to one who has fixed his residence there for a year.
>
> A leave of absence for two months with full pay is allowed married women teachers, half before and half after the period of confinement. . . . If not able to return within two months, an extension is accorded them under the same conditions for a term up to two months additional.

III

No employee expects to take time which ought to be devoted to his main occupation for other work, but teachers are often unpleasantly and needlessly reminded of this obligation. Teachers' contracts in El Paso, Texas, read, 'A teacher may not engage in any other activity, occupation, or employment that in any way detracts from the value of her services as a teacher.'

[1] All of New Jersey, New York, Indiana, and California; certain cities in Colorado and Oregon; Chicago, Milwaukee, New Orleans; Maryland except Baltimore, and Massachusetts except Boston. — AUTHOR

Fresno, California, makes an exception of work in choirs or as organists in churches. Tutoring or outside teaching is usually frowned upon, probably with justification, although the board of education in Cambridge, Massachusetts, permits both tutoring and private-school teaching so long as such work does not begin until one hour after the public schools close.

Fifteen state laws prohibit teachers from acting as agents for school-supply houses. In the others the courts would enforce such a regulation on grounds of public policy. Protection of the schools from exploitation is likewise the purpose of laws in nineteen states forbidding teaching by relatives of school-board members. A 'relative' is defined in most cases as one whose relationship is within the 'second degree of affinity or consanguinity.' Oklahoma and Kentucky teachers cannot be legally hired if related to board members. In sixteen other states a vote of at least two thirds of the local school board is necessary to elect a relative of a board member. Often a board member cannot vote for a relative. In Arkansas a petition signed by the majority of the voters of the district is necessary in such a case.

Acceptance from pupils or patrons of gifts having monetary value is prohibited in several schools. Likewise teachers are occasionally prohibited from making any gift or contribution to superintendents or school-board members. Practically all teachers welcome this type of restriction, as it often protects them from annoying assessments which otherwise could not be satisfactorily avoided.

While teachers are often required to join local, state, and national teachers' associations, membership in the Teachers' Federation (which is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor) is sometimes forbidden them. The teacher in Peoria, Illinois, declares that 'he or she is not a member of the Teachers' Federation and promises to agree that during the term of this contract he or she will not join such organization' under penalty of removal. The schools of Seattle, Washington, also exclude union teachers. Opposition to the Teachers' Federation is most active in large cities where strong sentiment against labor unions prevails, or where there have been troublesome disputes between labor unions and employers. Some school officials fear lest teachers in this Federation attempt to make undue use of labor-union influence to gain their demands. Many citizens and teachers think that open acrimonious disputes between organized teachers and school officials would disrupt the schools and injure the pupils for whose advancement schools are created and supported.

Religion has always been a point of suspicion and jealousy in the public schools, where reading of the Bible is frequently required, but where the suggestion of sect often inspires resentment. A Nebraska statute forbids the wearing of religious garb while the teacher is on duty. In certain sections of a few states the public schools are taught by members of church orders; but in most states courts have forbidden religious dress in the public schools, at least if protested by school patrons. A court in Pennsylvania held it to be permissible, however, even when protested.

Many people feel that teachers are paid to take an active part in all local affairs. As one teacher puts it, 'I am expected to accept all invitations, speak to everyone, and attend everything that goes on, even if it takes seven nights a week.' Another protests, 'I have not a minute during school time to prepare for class work. After school

I coach basketball or dramatics for an hour or more. I am assigned classes in four different subjects, in one of which I have had little college training. School functions average one night a week. The town fairly bristles with clubs and organizations attempting to draft my time and services. They don't seem to understand that I need my evenings and Saturdays for study and planning. The sad truth is that I make a bigger "hit" if I neglect my teaching for community affairs than if I reserve the time necessary for effectively stimulating and guiding the pupils.'

During the war considerable feeling arose against those who were thought to be disloyal to the government. It was during these years of excitement that the New York Legislature passed a law providing for dismissal of teachers for 'treasonable or seditious words or acts.' Several teachers were dismissed from the New York City schools under this law. On appeal, the Commission of Education ruled that, while 'a teacher should not be dismissed from service on account of her political, religious, or social relations in activities outside of her employment,' affiliation with an organization which preached overthrow of the government by unlawful means justified dismissal. Membership in the Communist Party was the reason for the dismissal of one of these teachers. In Pennsylvania a few years later a teacher was dropped for organizing a 'liberal club' among the students. This club wrote to the President of the United States seriously questioning the attitude of the United States in the Nicaraguan situation.

The *New Republic* quotes Assistant Superintendent Mandel of the New York City schools as justifying nonpromotion of a teacher a few years ago by the statement: 'As a school-teacher he has not the same rights as other citizens to print, publish, and declare his thought and opinion. He is no longer at liberty to freely write, speak, or publish.' The editor, in objecting to this conception of teachers' rights, which would certainly do everything possible to turn the guides and instructors of our children into milksops, says of teachers, 'With a few outstanding exceptions they are becoming the most tight-lipped and timorous creatures of any profession in the country.'

As a general rule it is expected that public-school teachers will subscribe to the present order of things and will not, in or out of their classes, advocate radical changes in, or find fault with, our present system of government. In ten states aliens may not teach, and in eight others oaths of allegiance are required of all teachers. Most of the cases prosecuted under such rules which have come to the notice of the writer, however, are those in which the teachers had really become ardent crusaders. Parents have the right to demand that their children be not indoctrinated with ideas in absolute opposition to their own. Indeed, it is positive indoctrination which is dangerous and objectionable. What should be inculcated is the general trait of independent judgment and ability to weigh facts impartially. This necessarily involves frequent criticism, searching and unsparing, of our present scheme of society, and thoughtful consideration of possible advancements. Only so can we improve.

IV

Why so many restrictions? Obstinate conservatism is a prominent cause, especially in the smaller communities, where all must rub elbows, where community knowledge and dis-

cussion of one's private affairs put everyone under surveillance, and where narrowness and prejudice, while not necessarily more common than in the country at large, are more likely to exert strong influence. Power to dominate the lives of others is an active human desire, sometimes fulfilled through activity in public-school affairs. A position on the school board or as superintendent of schools gives power to prohibit certain acts of others. Again, most of the early teachers were ministers, and the teaching profession has inherited many of the early requirements imposed on these preacher-teachers.

Since the right to terminate the contract upon thirty or sixty days' notice is contractually reserved by some 10 per cent of the schools, and since most of the teachers in the United States serve under year-to-year contracts, the insecurity of their tenure is obvious. The ease with which school boards will 'make a change' in the face of even minor local complaint or antagonism is shown in the case of one young woman who lost her place because she took the affections of a young man from the daughter of a local merchant, and of another who was not reappointed because she changed from the rooming place allotted her by the president of the school board. Cautious and faint-hearted teachers, from fear of losing their positions, impose on themselves restrictions sometimes even more extreme than those demanded. They are apprehensive of 'taking any chances.' Probably the authors of the petty regulations we have been describing would hear us with surprise if we declared that they are actively encouraging that timidity and narrowness in teachers which are the worst possible influence on children. But so it is. How can teachers train children to be independent and self-reliant in mind and body if they are themselves hedged about with so great a variety of moral scruples and suspicious rules?

Occasionally young teachers with more enthusiasm than judgment have upset communities and seriously impaired their own influence through unwise and imprudent defiance of local traditions, by attendance at dances in halls of bad repute, associating with young people not in good standing, loafing in local pool halls, swearing or using tobacco excessively, or leaving the community at every opportunity. The school authorities, to prevent such recurrences, stipulated in the contracts that certain types of conduct must be avoided, not seeing that in legislating for extreme cases they were attempting to control unreasonably the personal lives of large numbers of teachers whose wisdom should be trusted.

Teachers must realize, however, that belligerent nonconformity is impolitic. Well-meaning, self-respecting people honestly believe many of the prohibitions now placed upon teachers essential to the protection of their children. These deep-seated emotional attitudes are slow to alter; generally indirect influence alone can bring changes in them. Only trouble can come from parading in the face of a community habits which are locally disapproved. In the meantime there is a growing conviction on the part of certain public leaders that too many restrictions are placed on teachers, and that better teachers will be obtained if the exactions required of them are not quite so extreme. The *Columbus Dispatch* of July 3, 1929, in an editorial comment, says: —

> Teachers should know that it is part of American educational tradition that a teacher should have little or no freedom. She was born to be suppressed and harassed

by a system of supervision designed to keep her docile. The moment she obtains her contract, she becomes the property of the community and must expect to have every detail of her conduct, personal habits, and even her dress dictated by groups variously designated as trustees, boards, and supervisors.

If these teachers have reached the point where they are ready to take a determined stand against intimidation and the forcing upon them of inhibitions, under which they have labored for many years, they have cut out a man-sized task for themselves, but they deserve to win. Organization and unity of effort are absolutely essential in all educational systems, as is hearty coöperation with the guiding heads of the system, but the tendency to reduce intelligent men and women to mere inanimate cogs in the machine, robbing them of all individuality and initiative, is deplorable and serves to drive from the teaching profession many valuable members who will not tolerate it.

Fettering of teachers tends to dehumanize them and to force from teaching many of the most wide-awake, stimulating, and wholesome men and women in the profession. These men and women will not submit to needless interference in their private lives. Better teachers will avoid or leave school positions requiring many personal restrictions and go to more progressive schools or engage in other duties permitting a more natural life. Active, exuberant boys and girls will not accept personal leadership from negative, fearful, and lifeless teachers whose opportunities to develop enthusiasm and vibrant energy have been suffocated. The very thing which should be most valuable in teaching — moulding the lives and interests of the pupils — is thwarted by the prohibitions to which teachers are so commonly subject. Young people receive the stimulation they must inevitably seek from other and less desirable sources, because the teacher is 'different' or 'would n't understand.'

Tolerance on the whole is increasing except as regards marriage of women teachers. In the larger cities this is about the only objectionable restriction left. Length of hair or skirt, weight or material of dress, and use of cosmetics are usually no longer regulated. Often younger teachers cannot be told from pupils. Hardly a teachers' convention occurs without newspaper comment on the smart dress and personal attractiveness of the women teachers. While a few observers still maintain that they can recognize teachers by their dress and demeanor, they admit that the task is becoming increasingly difficult. Signs of further emancipation appear on the horizon.

Slowly people are coming to realize that the public schools need active, alert, enthusiastic teachers who themselves enjoy life and who stimulate enjoyable activity through their personal magnetism and keen interest in others. All occupations seek such people. The number which the public schools will draw and retain will be in proportion to the removal of restrictions which now make living less attractive to teachers than to those in other professions. Those true leaders who do go into teaching will be found in schools that allow teachers to live normal human lives.

THE SUPERCILIOUS SALMON

BY FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

I

THE salmon came through the pool's surface like a projectile hurled into a mirror, smashing bright tranquillity, bursting coherent reflections into fragments.

His shuddering body hung for a second's fraction at the summit of his leap and fell as destructively as it had risen. Where, an instant before, had been placidity, were now clashing waters and dilating ripples and the sword slash of a stiff line. Where my heart had beaten with regularity and numerous internal human organs had gone unobtrusively about their appointed tasks, reigned anarchy.

I had no stomach. Someone had thrown out the clutch of my pulse and stepped on the accelerator. Chills assailed me, and yet the hand that fumbled at the reel was unreliable with sweat. There were, as I remember, also spots and flashes before the eyes, vertigo, and prolapsus of the lungs, so that the whoop I tried to give, half triumph, half appeal, emerged as only a quavering and inconsiderable wheeze.

The salmon leaped again and shook himself violently in mid-air. The things I babbled were not profanity. They were prayer, the most ardent and earnest of orisons; for he was my first salmon, and my friends who had fished that pool in vain had withdrawn disgruntled and had taken the net with them. Here, where dusty rafters of sunlight slanting serenely through fir branches mocked the turmoil in the stream and in me, I faced my travail alone, unguided, uncounseled, unequipped with any landing apparatus whatever.

The salmon bored across the pool, and my reel and nerves skirled together. He leaped again and my heart imitated his jump. Faintly glazed eyes observed the tremulous arc of the rod. Fingers that bungled and slipped reeled in six feet of line and lost twenty as he drove upstream; regained ten and were robbed of fifteen more as he wheeled and ran the other way. There was sweat in my eyes; there was ague in my limbs. A voice, shrill and strained, dinned: 'Keep cool. Keep cool, you sap. Play him. Keep cool.' It was some time before I recognized it as my own.

I did not keep cool, though I shivered violently. I did not even keep my head. It was strength of tackle rather than of nerve that held the big fish fast. The leader had cost three dollars, but when he slapped it in mid-air with his tail and it still held firm it was worth fifteen. The rod that bent double and did not break redoubled its not inconsiderable original value. By the grace of whatever saint preserves the 'dub' fisherman, I kept from tangling my line or tripping over my feet. The voice that yammered admonitions continued. 'Watch yourself. Don't take chances. Tire him out,' it commanded, and by the break in its cadence I was aware dimly that its owner was on the verge of hysteria.

We tired together, but the salmon

grew completely weary first. Thrice I towed him in to the sand bar and twice he exploded into fresh activity when he felt the rasp of gravel on his belly.

And then, when I grasped the leader which had become more precious than spun platinum and drew that incredible, gleaming torpedo up on the bar and he flopped mightily in protest and beat up foam with his tail, all that I had learned from schools and parents and the chain of ancestors who had borne my body up from the ooze fell away.

A plump, middle-aged person of sedentary tastes and occupation abandoned the heritage of a million years, hurled himself upon his prey, and, clamping the still thumping victim between his knees, gripped it by the throat and beat its head upon a rock. It was, as I have said, my first salmon.

II

The slaughter was over. I sat beside the slaughtered while breath and pulse regained sobriety. Sanity returned, and, with it, faint disquietude.

There I was and there was the salmon — consummation of long weeks' planning, considerable cash outlay, a thousand-mile journey. There was the salmon, dream of two decades made flesh; the solid foundation for whatever structures of mendacity I might later care to build; the diploma of the highest degree the fly fisherman can attain.

The last ripple had faded from the pool. The reflection of a pagoda-like fir was embedded therein once more. A chickadee thrust the bright needle of his song through the dull sound of rapids. Here was the high, desired moment, and, like all realized exaltation, it disconcerted by its lack of height. I lit my pipe with hands that still shook a little. I had caught a salmon — I, myself. And what of it?

On the threshold of forty, I was tasting again a half-forgotten, abhorrent savor — the bitter ash of anticlimax so familiar to youth that still believes in ideals. All youngsters know the flavor — the gritty, disillusioning adulterant that turns the optimist into the insurgent. Forty encounters it rarely, and Forty's seniors almost never. It vanishes when one stops pursuing and overtaking dreams.

There was the salmon, broad of back and girth, and there was I who had caught him, alone, unaided by net or gaff. Internally I should have been chanting a vainglorious Te Deum. Actually I was inclined to add another and more mordant chapter to Ecclesiastes. Mine was not the distaste of age, but the revulsion of youth — credulous, trustful, overeager, overexhorted youth. I had done the thing I had dreamed for years and read about for years and talked of for years.

'Salmon? I've caught 'em. The only real fishing.'

'Vacation? Oh, I killed salmon in Gaspé.'

'Trout are good little fish, but after all, salmon —'

These and kindred utterances now were my inalienable right. What was the matter with me, anyway? What did I want?

Too much. Salmon fishing was the best fun I ever had had, and yet, it fell short of expectation. Folk who had written books on salmon, people from my grandsire down who had told me about the joys of such fishing, had oversold me. In some ways I had achieved adulthood. As far as fishing was concerned, I still belonged to the younger generation. I was discovering once more what I had learned many times already: existence is too much press-agented.

Youth is most familiar with that truth — which is why youth so frequently becomes insurgent. Elders, in-

structing the young, deal with a large carelessness in superlatives of commendation or denunciation; and sooner or later the instructed, the believing, discover the world is not limned entirely in primary colors; that the wages of sin or virtue are neither certain nor bound to a union scale.

No wonder the younger generation so often embarks upon reprisal and treads with demoniac zest upon the pet corns of the self-appointed lawgivers. There is nothing more vindictive than betrayed credulity.

III

On a sand bar in the Malbaie River in Gaspé, I sat beside my first salmon and felt, uncomfortably, resentfully juvenile. The pangs were the more intense because I had not experienced them for years. Eager credence and fine idealism are not hall marks of the thirties. By the time one is through that decade, one should have learned to accept even fishing information with reservations. And yet, there was I, filling up with youth's disgust at the specious words of age, disgusted with my own recent ingenuousness; disgusted, though to a lesser extent, even with my first salmon.

There was the red disfigurement of a half-healed wound on his side. His eyes popped; his mouth was open in an expression of inane surprise. A bluebottle fly crept along the dulling silver of his side, and a gnat, impervious to fly dope, bit me on the neck.

Was this what I had endured and spent much to attain? Was this the pinnacle of all fishing experience over which authorities threw conscientious fits of ecstasy in articles and in books and in conversation?

Was n't he a good fish? He was. By far the largest of any variety I ever had caught. Did n't he fight valiantly? He did; and most spectacularly, in the bargain. The wear and tear of his capture on my nervous and arterial systems probably had shortened my existence by several weeks. What, then, was the trouble? Why was n't I carting my prize downstream to display him to my awed companions instead of sitting resentfully beside him? Well, because he had n't fought as hard as all the people I had implicitly believed had said he would.

I ignored the fact that if he had fought even a little harder I never should have landed him. It was true I had teetered on the rim of collapse before I had got him safely ashore, but — and here was the trouble — my frenzy had been due less to his prowess than to what I, infatuatedly believing the words of Authority, expected he was going to do.

I had forgotten that nothing is ever quite as good as our elders say it is. Smarting with a sense of credulity betrayed, I was in the mood to take a youngster's revenge upon his deceivers. I yearned to affront all salmon fishermen by discrediting and 'debunking' salmon.

Instead, I caught more salmon. My sole sober criticism of their fighting qualities is that they are n't as good as enthusiasts say — a comment that applies to practically all the affairs of earth. Pound for pound, they probably equal brook trout, which is not the pinnacle of fish valor, yet is very good indeed.

It was not their strength and fire that led me to abandon reprisals upon elders in experience who had betrayed me once more with their too superlative recommendation. By the aquamarine waters of the Malbaie, I discovered an affinity between salmon and senescence. There is, I am sure, kinship between the great sea-roving, stream-running fish and our seniors. Catching salmon is

something more than mere angling. It is a symbolic ceremony whereby the fisherman sublimates whatever insurgent grudge he may cherish against a stodgy, reactionary world. It is a more satisfactory revenge upon dictatorial, conventional authority than writing free verse or upholding free love — and much less painful for the innocent bystander.

The pools of a salmon river are mirrors of human nature. The avatar of didactical Elder Wisdom is neither the dodo nor the fossil, but *Salmo salar*, the arbitrary, the supercilious, the pompous fish who, by the same tactics our mortal seniors employ, turns the angler, whatever his age, into a temporary member of the younger generation. Hooking a salmon has a thrill identical with the retributive zest youth feels in assailing the convictions and conventions and smug self-esteem of age.

Salmon are old gentlemen who, as penalty for the amount of inaccurate information they have crowded on their human juniors, have been set back innumerable rungs on the ladder of reincarnation. Salmon, when in another form they dwelt among us, wore round cuffs and high-crowned derbies. They voted a straight political ticket under all circumstances, and sat in the windows of their clubs, staring out with eyes that horridly foreshadowed their post-mortem fate. They believed that the ultimate word on morality was uttered from Sinai and that the world's store of virtue and courage and righteousness had been exhausted when their own generation had been supplied therewith. They were offensive people. They are offensive fish.

IV

The salmon has his own ideas. No perceptible logic or consistency governs them, but that makes no difference. The mortal who thinks he understands the tenets of salmon conduct is ripe for humiliation. The best fishing weather we had in Gaspé — so termed by a grizzled salmon expert — yielded not one single fish. On a subsequent morning, when the sun was so bright and the air so still that we were told it was vanity to rig our rods, two of us caught six in a single hour. Salmon prejudice is as dogmatic and incomprehensible to man as the standards of Sixty are to Twenty-five.

Harder to bear than the fishes' unpredictable tastes is their excoriating disdain. Of all the water creatures I have encountered, they possess least interest in or respect for the world of human beings.

Trout, when the slightest motion or glimpse betrays the fisherman's presence, shoot away to cover, darting into crevices with all the symptoms of panic, sliding sidewise under flat rocks if no other refuge offers. Bass and even pike show a heartening fear of men. Salmon ignore us.

They will rest in a pool, dusky, cigar-shaped creatures; immobile, arrogant, indifferent alike to the fly you cast, to the noise you make, and even to a full-length view of you, swearing at them from the bank. No stir of fin, no tremor of body, betrays recognition of your presence. Hour after hour they will lie thus, occasionally yawning as you fish over them. All they require is a set of piscatorial overstuffed furniture and a submarine portrait of General Grant to resemble members of a Union League Club.

A dozen fish rested in the Upper Pool and regarded the flies I offered with a cold, nose-elevated apathy. I cast and sweated and fumed, and, as often happens, at the nadir of my despair one of the smaller salmon snapped peevishly at the Black Dose I dragged past his nose.

Deportment, for a split second, was forgotten. There was a wild screech from my reel as he headed upstream. He leaped and shook himself free. Chagrined, I surveyed the remaining members. They had not stirred from their places. Their associate's brief frenzy had not moved them in the least. Rather, they seemed more utterly reputable and permanent. They wore the expressions of chronic club members whose fellow has belched loudly in the holy quiet of the reading room.

'Affronting, begad, but after all, the rest of us are gentlemen, sir.'

Presently the largest of the assemblage swam slowly and purposefully away. I have no doubt he went to lodge complaint with the house committee.

Confronted by such frigid and oblivious piscine behavior, the most solidly conservative mortal relapses sometimes into reprehensible insurgency.

V

Izaak approaches his fishing as a priest prepares for Mass, with solemnity and an air of dedication. He rigs scrupulously and his casts have the smooth perfection of long-practised ritual. No one can fish with Izaak without resolving secretly to try to be a better angler. Most admirable is his calm in moments of stress when his rod is two thirds of a circle and his reel utters long excited screams. Izaak's chief thrill in angling is derived from not displaying any.

He was fishing that wide dilation of the Malbaie which we had misnamed the Pigpen Pool in honor of a porker behind a near-by habitant's cottage who profaned with obscene noises the august enterprise of casting salmon flies. The salmon, by some mysterious sense of obligation, had all deserted the quieter water to lie in a long procession, motionless and breath-taking, where the tail of the upper rapid troubled the quiet. Fifty big fish at least had ranked themselves thus, and, knee deep on a shoal, Izaak cast across the assemblage.

His was the activity of a beautifully balanced machine. Rhythm, grace, and economy of effort were here. No salmon in the Malbaie ever had been more deftly wooed, or with more versatility. In two hours Izaak employed every entry in his imposing library of feathers. Softly as the fall of mist his flies kissed the water, darted or drifted, ran upstream, downstream, across stream, a fashion show of lures such as even the biggest fish in that long dusky line never before had witnessed — and no single salmon among them stirred.

Scornful, inert save for an occasional flicker of fins or a vast, white-lipped yawn, they hung in the current, voicing by their utter self-satisfaction and disdain the quintessence of affront. Minute by minute the contest in self-control went on as Izaak offered flies with continuous artistry and the salmon kept immobilely aloof. Then the man's reserve was exhausted by the inviolable indifference of the fish.

Izaak sloshed ashore. He laid down the rod from which magic apparently had flown. Face contorted, body jerking with wrath, he picked up a boulder which in his more sober moments he would have had difficulty in raising and, like the embattled Ajax, hurled it in upon that arrogant school of fish. Through the mighty splash sounded the voice of the hitherto impeccable angler.

'Damn you, move!' it squalled.

As he clumped toward me, he wore the wan yet joyful expression of one who has obtained relief from insupportable stress.

'Well,' he grinned, 'I got them to notice me, anyway.'

VI

Izaak, an admirably consistent conservative, was not aware that he had epitomized the conduct of all young insurgents whose manners and morals and methods he himself affects to scorn. Even the most unassuming mortal likes to have some attention paid him and his efforts. You can't blame youth, which rarely underestimates itself, for throwing rocks into the ranks of its smugly oblivious elders.

This same hunger of the ego makes the actual catching of a salmon so stirring an enterprise. Plus the excitement of fighting a powerful antagonist, plus the beauty and drama of battle, are other satisfactions — resentment at last satiated, snubs finally repaid, nose-tilting haughtiness at length shattered. Salmon fishing is kin to communism, Dadaism, impressionism, and most of the isms with which modernity is afflicted. These defiances of convention are the lures whereby exhibitionist youth hooks reactionary age and forces it to pay vehement attention.

Age and salmon, once aroused, are vehement in the extreme, the only difference between their reactions being that the protests of the former are verbal, or else embodied in letters to the *Times*, and the latter expresses his sense of affront by going around the pool first on one end and then on the other.

The angler's thought when the barb strikes home is a violent but, I am afraid, low glee: 'I've got him, I've got him, and for all his pose and poise and augustness and austerity, he's just a fish, after all!'

The salmon dives away like a torpedo; he goes skyward and falls back with a crash of white water; he flops and dodges and heaves and twists; he rolls over on a line and slaps it with his tail. He behaves with the utmost scandal and indecency. All the arrogant superciliousness has vanished. He is no longer a creature of superior emotions and impeccable conduct. He is just a fish, deporting himself like other members of his tribe in like circumstances, and part of the zest in catching him, in turning dignity into a frenzied combination of submarine and skyrocket, is the reprehensible yet wholly human joy at seeing a fine, smug, reactionary old gentleman sit down on a tack.

That, I believe, is the true reason why folk who can't really afford it go thousands of miles to kill salmon. You can buy toothsome fish infinitely more cheaply. Sport is only a minor motive. Pound for pound, the salmon is no better than the squaretail, and a little lower than the rainbow and smallmouth bass.

You take salmon — or anyway, I take salmon — because of an entirely pagan delight in smashing the reserve of proud and pompous and immensely self-approving creatures. It is the same retributive zest that has kept the generations from mutual understanding since the disparaged Cain called attention to himself.

More of the elderly should fish for salmon. It is a sport manifestly designed for the heavy in years and in purse. Beside a salmon river they can learn much of themselves and their relations with their juniors, and why these are, as they always have been, strained and difficult.

Gentlemen of age and solidified opinion and self-satisfaction will find their behavior duplicated in *Salmo salar*, and, observing this community of demeanor and deportment, they may deal more kindly with their juniors and restore to the stream the majority of the great shining fish they manage to land.

THE ISSUE IS JOINED

BY CHARLES C. MARSHALL

I

THE nomination in the New World of a Roman Catholic for the Presidency of the United States, and the consummation in the Old World of the Italo-Vatican Agreement, have focused attention on the relation of Roman Catholicism to society at large and to political States. The one event revealed that, in the popular mind, the candidate's religion required a subordination of obedience to his Church in matters belonging to morals — a subordination which might embarrass his free action as President; the other event demonstrated what the Church, represented in the Pope, would demand, and what a Roman Catholic majority would do, in changing the constitutional law of a State in conformity with Roman Catholic doctrine if opportunity offered. The Agreement has confirmed the convictions of a large part of the American people that Mr. Smith's assertion of his own high personal belief was in conflict with his Church — a conviction strengthened by the silence of the supreme authority of the Church during the campaign.

Non-Catholics have become conscious of the menace to their rights. Their questions ought to be authoritatively answered. The plea will not avail that Roman Catholicism is a sacrosanct and esoteric cult, in dealing with which we must accept the assurances of the local clergy. The two events are of world-wide significance and demand illumination from the Pontifical sovereignty itself.

Our Roman Catholic citizens profess a religious belief the effects of which are not confined to the Church of which only they are members — in which case it would be their own affair. The effects penetrate society and the State, of which we all are members, and therefore their belief becomes the affair of all. It destroys, we submit, all equality of right in society and unsettles the security of civic government, subordinating the interests of society to the interests of Roman Catholicism and the sovereignty of the State to the supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church.

According to this belief, society has long been in transformation, under an alleged Divine Revelation, in respect to the organization of religion; natural or aboriginal conditions have been gradually changed through the intervention of God; at last in His Revelation in Jesus Christ the Roman Catholic Church has been established — the sole, universal religious society in 'Divine Right' among men.

Society is thus divided against itself by a stupendous schism: one part asserting the supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church over the State in morals and education, as a result of a Divine Revelation exclusively bestowed; the other part repudiating the Divine Revelation as a religious illusion, and, therefore, denying the supremacy. The cleavage divides the State, whose autonomy is impaired and even paralyzed by that part of its

electorate under obedience to the sovereignty of the Pope in matters belonging to morals and education.

The Vatican Council of 1870 formally declared that there was no 'parity' between the condition of Roman Catholics and those of other religions, and Pius XI in his late Encyclical has said that no one is a member of the Church of Christ, nor can he remain a member, unless he acknowledges and accepts, in the spirit of obedience, the supreme authority of the Popes.

The claim of Divine Right has always been the chief resource of politico-religious institutions. In the Jewish theocracy it made the High Priest the supreme ruler of the State. In the Roman Empire it apotheosized the Emperor and made him Pontifex Maximus. In Roman Catholicism it has for some centuries made the Bishop of Rome Pope and Pontifex Maximus in an alleged religious or Pontifical sovereignty, which, as Cardinal Cerretti has lately assured the American people, the Pope 'exercises by divine mandate, not over one people or one nation, but over all the peoples and all the nations of the earth.'[1]

The claim of Divine Right in the Christian Church has not been confined to Roman Catholicism. Luther and Calvin claimed it; Canterbury shared it with the Tudors and the Stuarts; but wherever it has flourished the disruption of society and the demoralization of the State have been accomplished. European society collapsed beneath its accumulated evils in the Reformation. By its assertion the very garment of Christ has been torn asunder, the East separated from the West, and Catholic Christianity from Roman Catholic Christianity. By it were sedition and revolution in civic States generated from 1500 on. To-day, in Italy, in Spain, in Mexico, in Turkey, and in Russia, where Divine Right in Church or ruler has been most persistently asserted, civic order hangs on the edge of revolution, steadied for the time being by autocratic power. It remains to-day exclusively the doctrine of Roman Catholicism. By it the authority of the Pope and of the Roman Catholic Church over the moral and the educational fields within every State is identified doctrinally with the authority of God Himself.

Leo XIII said that all public power must proceed from God, but that Leo XIII occupied on earth the place of God; that it is not of itself wrong to prefer a democratic form of government, if only the Roman Catholic doctrine be maintained as to the origin and exercise of power — that is, its origin in God, but its exercise on earth through the Pope as God's Vicegerent here. Pope Pius XI says that the creature (man) must be subject to the Creator, and that Pius XI is the Vicegerent of the Creator; that it is a shameful error to deny to Christ as man empire over any temporal things — and that Pius XI is the Vicar of Christ.

Wherever the claim of Divine Right has been asserted by the Church in place of the divine love and submission practised by Christ, and enjoined by Him upon the Christian community, the Church has asserted as inherent therein the power to deprive heretics or those who differed with it of their natural, moral, and even their legal rights. The Church made heresy the most dreadful of sins, defined it as revolt against the Church, and forced the State to make it a crime punish-

[1] The Pope's religious or Pontifical sovereignty is his sovereignty over the moral affairs of mankind, in theory conferred on him by God as His Vicegerent on earth. The Pope's temporal sovereignty is his sovereignty over the temporal affairs of the little Vatican State, just conferred on him by Italy. It is with the religious or Pontifical sovereignty that this article is directly concerned. — AUTHOR

able with death. Not only did the pre-Reformation Church assert the power over heretics, but Luther and Calvin both claimed it, and in virtue of it the Charterhouse monks of sacred memory were drawn and quartered in anti-Papal England. But all this was four hundred years ago. Roman Catholicism asserts the right to and practises the power now, and this it is which creates the religious dilemma in the modern State.

The power was confirmed by Pope Leo XIII in his approval of the book[2] of the Jesuit de Luca, and again by Pope Pius X in his endorsement (1909) of the book[3] of Lepicier. Lepicier taught, among other things, that this power to deprive heretics of their rights extends to the right of life itself;[4] that public heretics deserve not merely to be excommunicated but to be killed; that the power to kill for heresy belongs both to the State and to the Roman Church, and that the latter should not shrink from discussing this teaching out of regard for the sentiment of the modern age. In a letter published in Lepicier's book, Pius X by the hand of his secretary, Galli, afterward Cardinal, declared that Lepicier had extracted and expressed the very kernel of Catholic doctrine. Granting the premises, the Pope's conclusion is inevitable. If the Church of Rome and the Pope, as Pius XI says, are exercising their powers to-day by 'direct divine mandate,' what but extermination could be the just penalty of opposition? Is a man justified in contending against God?

The notion that our Roman Catholic friends, who share in a common Christianity, are ready with fire and sword to exterminate those who depart from them seems truly absurd, and so it would have seemed to Pope Pius X and to Lepicier. Neither would have held that, because he asserted doctrinally the power of the Church to exterminate, the Church under existing conditions would proceed to use it. Their words prove only the validity of the power, on which the method of its application has no bearing. In an infallible Church, doctrine cannot change, but the method of enforcement may be changed out of expediency. The Church of Rome has put 'in abeyance' (*sic*) the fagot and the sword. They are at present archaic. Modern life requires modern methods.

II

Of all this the modern State is cognizant. It perceives the cleavage of its citizenship and the rupture of its popular sovereignty through the formation of a solidarity of Roman Catholic voters within it, claiming an exclusive Divine Right that nullifies the natural rights of their fellow citizens, and professing a religious obedience in matters belonging to morals and education that must nullify at times the sovereignty of the State. That is its dilemma.

The changes accomplished in the organic law of Italy by the Italo-Vatican Agreement support these considerations. The present minority have been deprived of rights as valuable as the right to life itself. The equality of moral right in society has been subordinated to the special privileges of Roman Catholics; religious liberty has been further subordinated to Roman Catholi-

[2] *Praelectiones Juris Canonici*, 1898. De Luca was professor of Canon Law at the Gregorian University, Rome.

[3] *Stabiliti et Progressu Dogmatis*, published at Rome, 1910 (Typograph of the Holy Apostolic See and of the Congregation of Sacred Rites). Lepicier was professor of Sacred Theology in the Pontifical College of Pope Urban, Rome.

[4] The reference is to those heretics who, having professed the Roman Catholic faith, depart from it. Lepicier disclaims the death penalty for those who, born in other faiths, have not had the opportunity to learn the Roman faith. — AUTHOR

cism as the sole religion of the State; the State has made constitutional recognition of the inherent juristic personality of the Church as anterior to and independent of the State, and has accepted the principle that Roman Catholic doctrine is the foundation and capstone of public education. All this has been accomplished, without the fagot and the sword, by the operation of a Roman Catholic majority in the Italian State, under obedience to the Pope.

In four hundred years society and the State have evolved toward conceptions of rights, law, authority, and government which are the very antithesis of the mediæval conceptions in which the Church of Rome stands fixed. Conscience, morals, and education were claimed by mediæval Popes for the peculiar and exclusive jurisdiction of the Church. The Renaissance and the Reformation made those subjects the peculiar interest of society and the State, which gradually asserted their own moral competence, to which churches might minister, but which they must not usurp. As the only refuge from the Divine Right of civil and ecclesiastical authority, the State came to fix upon the freedom of the individual conscience, balanced by the working formula of the majority, constitutionally determined and limited. The electoral State arrived, based in its constitutional order on the principle of the equality of right and the theory that government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed. To this the freedom of conscience and its supremacy were essential; for, if the consent of the governed was requisite to government, it must be a free consent. If, in morals and education, a part of the electorate was in subordination and obedience to a religious sovereignty in Divine Right, extraneous and alien to the State, the sovereignty of the State was nullified, its constitutional order disrupted, and that equality of right to secure which, as an approximation at least, the State existed was prevented.

The age of theology, as Dr. Babbitt says, gave way to the age of sociology. The dynastic State became the sociological State; the sovereignty of kings changed to popular sovereignty. The State evolved from the subservient creature of religious authority which burned Huss by the Divine Right of the Church of Rome, Servetus by that of the Church of Geneva, and the Charterhouse monks by that of the Church of Canterbury and Hampton Court, to the modern State in which religious, moral, and intellectual freedom (not toleration) became the civic ideal, the ultimate point of political development. Moral and educational institutions under the nurture of the State and free of Papal jurisdiction spread throughout society. At the apex of the development came the Republic of the West, with a Constitution which repudiated the existence of Divine Right in all civil and ecclesiastical authority.

All this change was violently resisted by the Church of Rome, and is resisted to-day as fiercely as ever. Pope Pius IX, in the eightieth Proposition of his *Syllabus*, declared: 'It is false to say that the Roman Pontiff can, and ought to, reconcile himself, and come to terms with progress, liberalism, and modern civilization.' The Roman Pontiff claims by sovereign decree to command the cosmic order of thought and knowledge, to determine history, to create philosophy. The Dogmatic Commission of the Vatican Council (1870) declared that objections taken from history are not valid when contradicted by ecclesiastical decrees, and this Pius XI in effect confirms in his recent letter to Cardinal Gasparri. Pius X ordained that a philosophy

which flourished in the thirteenth century should be the philosophy of the twentieth century, as fatuously as Tennessee legislated Genesis into a scientific textbook.

The decree of the Vatican Council makes obedience to the supremacy of the Pope in matters belonging to morals the duty of all Catholics under penalty of damnation. The present Pope, in his Encyclical *Mortalium Animos*, declares that Roman Catholics must believe in the infallible teaching power of the Pope, as defined by that Council, no less than in the Incarnation of Jesus Christ. In his letter to Cardinal Gasparri, he declares that in matters of conscience jurisdiction lies with the Roman Church and with her only, that the full and perfect mission to teach belongs not to the State but to that Church, and that in the Concordat there are face to face, if not two States, most certainly two sovereignties, Italy and the Roman Church, and that the end which each pursues determines, objectively and necessarily, the absolute superiority of the Roman Church. In his Encyclical *Ubi Arcano*, Pius XI had already said: 'The very origin and divine nature of this our sovereignty demands and the inviolable rights of conscience of millions of Catholics of the whole world demand that this sacred sovereignty must not be, neither must it ever appear to be, subject to any human authority or law whatsoever. . . .'

This is the full expression of the absolute power in Divine Right of the Pope, irrespective of the will and consent of the governed. It is a clear assertion of the subordination of the consciences of the millions of Roman Catholics throughout the world to the Pope as a sovereignty superior to and independent of all civic authority and law, enthroned outside every State yet operating in every State through the religious obedience of Roman Catholic voters in respect to the moral and educational interest of the State. Again, in his Encyclical *Quas Primas*, the same Pope declares that the Roman Catholic Church must demand as 'a right which she cannot renounce — full liberty and independence from the civil power.'

Wernz, among the chief of Roman Catholic commentators, in his great work published in 1905 says: It is false to say that the theory of the indirect power [of the Roman Church] is incapable of being put to practical use at the present day, for if at the present day certain civil laws should be declared invalid by the Church, then these laws would actually be devoid of all binding force.' Pope Pius X by his decree in 1906 declared null and void the law of the Republic of France separating the Church and the State, and in 1911 he 'annulled' the law of separation in Portugal, freeing Roman Catholic citizens from all obligation in conscience to obey the law of the land.

And, as though to lay the foundation for all this, Leo XIII, in his Encyclical *On the Chief Duties of Christians as Citizens*, declared: 'If the laws of the State are manifestly at variance with the divine law, containing enactments hurtful to the Church, or conveying injunctions adverse to the duties imposed by religion, or if they violate in the person of the supreme Pontiff the authority of Jesus Christ, then truly, to resist becomes a positive duty, to obey, a crime. . . .'

It is, therefore, clear that the modern State is confronted in its Roman Catholic citizens with a solidarity claiming to be qualified for the acceptance of the common obligations and the discharge of the common duties of citizenship in a free State, yet bound to obedience to the Pontifical sovereignty of the Pope in all moral matters, which they, in the nature of things, by

their votes and 'Catholic Action,' carry into the very citadel of the nation and the State. Roman Catholic authority abundantly confirms this. The *Commonweal*, April 24, 1929, defining (Roman) Catholic Action, said: 'Its formal object is to produce, change and adjust all religious, moral, social and economic thought and procedure of modern life to Catholic standards of thought and action, in order to spread the kingdom of Christ. . . .'

'A learned theologian,' writing on December 29, 1928, in the London *Tablet*, — Cardinal Bourne's mouthpiece, — said: 'The Pope rarely exercises the prerogative of Infallibility. But on the contrary Infallibility is always in exercise: in teaching . . . in defending and enforcing the doctrines already defined.'

On May 11, 1929, the Roman Catholic journal *America* presented to its readers the following communication: 'In view of the approach of a General Election, the Archbishops and Bishops of England and Wales deem it well to remind all Catholic voters of the principles which underlie the Catholic attitude on education, so that in giving their votes such electors may act in conformity with Catholic teaching and tradition in this matter of vital importance.' Several principles are then set forth, among them that 'it is no part of the normal function of the State to teach'; that the State is entitled to see that children receive due education for citizenship, but that the State must not interfere with parental responsibility in the choice of schools for children.[5] The Bishops then state that 'it is their wish that all candidates seeking the vote of Catholics should be approached, not only by letter but in an interview, in order that the dispositions of such candidates may be explored in the light of the above stated principles.'

The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool in his recent Pastoral Letter declared that a Roman Catholic cannot divest himself of Roman Catholic principles in his attitude toward civic or national problems. He commands Roman Catholics in the approaching elections 'to register the vote that shakes the turrets of the land.'

And yet the Church says it is not in politics.

III

It would seem indeed true that the modern State, which by an electoral majority has once established a constitution repudiating Divine Right and decreeing religious freedom, can assure the maintenance of such a constitution only by thereafter limiting the electoral franchise to those who can act in the fullness of a free mind and conscience, and are wholly released from religious and moral obedience to ecclesiastical authority in Divine Right. Can the civic State in reason be asked through universal suffrage to incorporate into its life and being a sovereignty superior to its own, with power to annul its laws for any part of its citizens? Shall the American State remain inactive while Catholic Action reduces present non-Catholic majorities, and seeks to mould a new constitution on the lines of the Italian Concordat? Can it in reason be asked to wait upon the multiplication of citizens inspired by Catholic Action and taught by an alien religious sovereignty that when, in its opinion, the laws of their country are hurtful to that sovereignty, to resist the laws of their country is a

[5] The reader will bear in mind that, while the Roman Church thus seems to champion the freedom of parents, it is a false and hypocritical seeming, relating only to freedom from the State. It allows no freedom from the Church, but threatens parents with severe penalties if they send their children to the public schools or to other 'non-Catholic' schools without ecclesiastical consent. (See Canons 1372–74.) — AUTHOR

positive duty and to obey them a crime?

Roman Catholics would meet argument with the assertion, wholly fallacious, that the only alternative to the supremacy of ecclesiastical authority is the supremacy of the absolutist State. The modern State is not absolutist. It has no constitutional right to invade the conscience of the individual or to encroach upon the autonomy of associations; on the contrary it is based on the retention of his conscience by the citizen, and upon the retention by its associations of their autonomy, limited only, like every right, by the judicial police power of the free State. The surrender of conscience is a crime against the moral nature of man, whether to the State, to the majority, or to ecclesiastical authority. Its surrender to the latter destroys all competence to share in popular sovereignty. It is just at this point that the difference of the modern State with the Roman Catholic Church is most acute, for that Church demands the custody of the conscience. The power that controls the conscience of the majority, or even of a resolute and well-organized minority, will control the State.

Man's relation to God and conscience, as Dr. Pollard says, makes his relation to the State conditional and not absolute. The modern State recognizes this conditional quality in the relation to it of its citizens. Having done so, it cannot, without its own stultification, concede the absolute relation of its citizens to the Pope in matters belonging to morals. It is not the modern State, but the Roman Church and its supreme Pontiff, that claim the absolute relation of the citizen in matters of conscience.

The seat of moral authority in modern society must be found in the 'free conscience' or it must be found in the moral sovereignty of the Pope. Justice in the argument requires frank recognition of free conscience, not as the selfish and thoughtless license of the individual, but as his serious reaction to the sense of duty toward God and toward society, at the sacrifice of self. Justice no less requires the recognition of Roman Catholicism, not as a sinister conspiracy against society, but as a sincere and conscientious effort to elevate mankind through the moral government of the Bishop of Rome in a 'right' believed to have been bestowed upon him by Almighty God.

With these conceptions in mind we can readily see two theories sincerely at work in the State: that of ultimate moral determination by the free mind and conscience, balanced by the consensus of opinion working out through majorities and minorities, and that of ultimate moral determination by a foreign ecclesiastical authority operating through its religious subjects, who constitute in part the electorate of the State. There are difficulties both ways. Majorities may be corrupt, fanatical, oppressive; they may bring disaster and confusion. The same is true of the Popes and the Church. The crucial point is that in the modern State the majority, if 'free,' is native and constitutional; if in subordination to ecclesiastical authority in Divine Right, it is alien and contra-constitutional. The State cannot by any process of law deal with a solidarity of citizens subject to an alien authority 'absolutely superior' to itself in Divine Right. It is quite capable in the long run of dealing with a free majority.

Our Roman Catholic friends in this country are denouncing the tyranny of the majority, and yet it is through a majority that Roman Catholicism operates in its own interest, wherever opportunity permits. The free civil majority, it is true, does not function perfectly. Popular agencies, the Meth-

odist Board of Morals and the Grand Imperial Wizard, may be intolerant and prejudiced, but they exist only by the consent of the members of the societies they represent, and those societies make no claim to Divine Right and acknowledge no authority, sovereign in Divine Right, extraneous to the State and contra-constitutional. They are voluntary groups of citizens exercising rights conferred on them and revocable by the State, on a par with the Rotarians and Tammany Hall. They are wholly subject, constitutionally, to the correcting influence of opposing organizations under whose attrition all that is harmful in them must eventually give way.

A popular majority, as in the United States, exasperated with a gross national evil, imposes, in the exercise of a free conscience, State beverages by law; but a majority, as in Italy, subordinated in conscience to the Divine Right of the Church of Rome and the Pope, imposes by law what is far more intolerable, a State religion and Roman Catholic education in the public schools. Nay, more: it exacts the destruction by the State of the civil rights of citizens, on the demand of the Church, without a civil trial. Such is the effect of Article 23 in the Concordat of the Italo-Vatican Agreement. The Inquisition of infamous memory is revived in one of its most odious features. If a citizen who has taken vows to the Church is censured or sentenced by the Church, he is in vital respects, *ipso facto*, an outlaw in the State.

Article 5 of the Concordat provides that an ecclesiastic cannot get a job in the civil service without the consent of the Church, and that in any case expriests, or those who have incurred censure, 'cannot be employed or retained [by the State] in a teaching post, or in an office or an employment in which they are brought into immediate contact with the public.' Let a priest, as the result of life's experience and study, renounce the Papal claims, or let another incur censure by offending the authorities of the Church, and the State — his natural protector — must deprive him of his civic right to earn his daily bread by teaching school or serving as village postmaster; and in his letter to Cardinal Gasparri the putative Vicar of Christ argues that this abominable provision must be given a retroactive effect.

The Roman Catholic majority in Italy, led by the reigning Pope, has given to the world convincing proof of the inherent claim of its religion to the power in Divine Right to deprive opposing minorities of their social, political, and moral rights. Such a claim cannot be reconciled with American constitutional government, nor can the wax-and-parchment legalism of the Pope's agreement with Mussolini reconcile it with the cosmic moral order of God, for in ultimate righteousness it is not what the law tells one he may do that counts, but what humanity, reason, and justice tell one he ought to do.[6]

The free majority in the modern free State may freely change in constitutional reaction, but the Roman Catholic majority is bound *de fide* by obedience to the Pope in all moral and educational issues, and disobedience, it is decreed, involves the loss of salvation.

The free conscience in the modern State is not an ideal. It is a necessity. It is the only weapon in the latest struggle of society with Divine Right in its last stronghold — the Roman Catholic Church. It is all that stands, in the United States, between equality of religious liberty and the subordination to the Roman Catholic Church of the present rights of American citizenship.

[6] See Burke's *Speech on American Taxation.* — AUTHOR

THE CATHOLIC POSITION

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

Mr. Marshall has written upon the thesis that the Catholic Church is at issue with the modern State; that the claims of the two are incompatible.

I must at this point remark that, while Mr. Marshall uses the term 'Roman Catholic,' I shall use the word 'Catholic.' The term 'Roman' Catholic is a provincial legal term invented for political purposes by the Westminster Crown lawyers of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth century to safeguard the remaining claims of the English Monarchy to be Catholic. To say it is meaningless or opprobrious. It was invented to be used in England as a protest that the Church of England could be Catholic without the Pope. It no longer corresponds with reality. There is not to-day a considerable body attached to the word 'Catholic' without the Pope, nor a great number of Catholic bodies, Roman, Milanese, Danish, and what not: there is one Catholic body, generally so called. Its common and proper name is 'the Catholic Church,' even in the mouths of those who deny its claim to universality, which is what the word 'Catholic' means; just as the Greek Church is, in the mouths of Catholics who use common terms without affectation, the Orthodox Church, although, by definition, a Catholic does not believe it to be orthodox.

In examining Mr. Marshall's thesis, then, that the Catholic Church is incompatible with the modern State, I must make the proviso at the outset that the special problems of the United States are a field into which the European cannot venture. The civilization, the traditions, the mode of thought of the North American Republic are now so different from those of Europe that, whatever power Americans may have to understand us, we certainly have no corresponding power of understanding them, and it is very rash for anyone upon our side of the Atlantic to write upon problems which are confined to the United States. Therefore I can only deal with Mr. Marshall's argument as it may apply (which indeed it does) to pretty well *any* modern State of non-Catholic culture and to many a State of Catholic culture as well. I do not propose wholly to traverse Mr. Marshall's position. As the reader will see before this paper is concluded, I agree with it in part, and that perhaps the most important part; but I propose to examine it not only in the points wherein a Catholic may agree with him, but also in the points in which, to my thinking, he has misconceived the problem.

I

Let us first of all define the issue.

Mr. Marshall has proposed three fundamental objections to an harmonious relation between the Catholic Church and the modern State, but particularly, of course, the State of non-Catholic culture.

These three fundamental objections he has not, indeed, stated in series, but they are to be found throughout his essay closely interwoven. These three

fundamental objections he further supports by particular instances, accurate in the main, so far as reference is concerned, though, as I judge, sometimes leading him to false conclusions.

The three fundamental objections which Mr. Marshall finds to harmonious relation between the Catholic Church and the modern State are: —

1. That the Catholic Church, in asserting a universal right of judgment in faith and morals, claims, both in theory and in practice, the right to destroy, by any means, other conflicting bodies in disagreement with it. (Pagans, schismatics, heretics.) Therefore the modern State — meaning thereby a State such as the North American Commonwealth, which is not Catholic — stands in peril from the presence in its midst of a Catholic body. For that body, though but a part, must, by the nature of its claims and character, arrogate to itself the right of destroying the rest.

2. That the subjection of the reason made by Catholics to a general authority outside the individual, and in particular to Papal Authority, is incompatible with citizenship in the modern State. For that citizenship is based upon the conceptions: (*a*) that all questions whatsoever must be decided by each citizen individually in complete freedom from any authority; (*b*) that, such decisions being collected, a majority of them binds the minority to obedience.

3. That the claims of the Catholic Church, being universal, tend to conflict with the claims of the modern laical absolute State, which are particular.

Perhaps Mr. Marshall will quarrel with my using the terms 'laical' and 'absolute.' 'Laical' I can defend as meaning the conception that the modern State is not open to adopt or support any one defined and named transcendental philosophy or religion. On this point I think Mr. Marshall will agree.

The modern electoral State does indeed invariably support, morally in social effect, one religious attitude and oppress its opposite very strongly, but it does so by implication only, and indirectly; it would be shocked if it were accused of doing even that, and a defined and named religion it does not openly adopt.

As for the word 'absolute,' I do not use it in the sense of 'absolute government,' but in the sense that the modern civil State, like the old pagan civil State of antiquity (to which it is so rapidly approaching in type), will brook no division of sovereignty. Its citizens are demanded by it to give allegiance to the State *alone*, and to no external power whatever. I think in this sense of the word 'absolute' Mr. Marshall will agree with me. The modern State differs from the mediæval State in that it claims complete independence from all authority other than its own, whereas the mediæval State regarded itself as only part of Christendom and bound by the general morals and arrangements of Christian men. The modern State began in the sixteenth century with the affirmation of the Protestant princes that their power was not responsible to Christendom or its officers, but was independent of them.

Now, of these three fundamental objections, I wholly disagree with the first, and find it based on a misconception. The fear that Catholics will, or should, work, otherwise than by persuasion, for the destruction of an established non-Catholic society around them can only arise from an ignorance of history and of Catholic doctrine.

With the second I disagree partly, and partly agree. I agree that if there were, or could be, such a citizenship as Mr. Marshall supposes, and a common-

wealth based on it, then the Church could not produce citizens conforming to so strange a type, nor could Catholics envisage implicit obedience to so strange a commonwealth. On the other hand, I disagree with Mr. Marshall if he means that the normal duties of a citizen, as we know them to be in practice, cannot be discharged in full by Catholics, and I add that the strong and perfect philosophy of Catholics upon civic duties will make them, if they are good Catholics, better citizens (saving Catholic morals) than any others. For they alone will be able to give ultimate reasons for obedience to the laws, whether in a State upon the democratic model (as in Andorra), the oligarchic and plutocratic (as in England and all Parliamentary countries), or the monarchic (as in Italy and Spain, Poland, and so forth), where one man is supreme over representatives.

As to the third proposition, I find myself wholly in agreement with Mr. Marshall. In my judgment the tendency to a conflict between any State claiming unlimited powers and the Catholic Church is inevitable. Whether the State be 'modern' or no seems to me quite indifferent. Whether it be democratic (as some small States can be), oligarchic and plutocratic (as are all large States dependent on elected bodies), or monarchic (really and actively governed by one president or king, elected or hereditary), the civil State is always potentially in conflict with the Catholic Church. And when the civil State claims absolute authority for its laws in all matters, then it will inevitably come sooner or later into active conflict with the Catholic Church.

II

Now let me deal with the first point, the only one in which I wholly disagree with Mr. Marshall's contentions — the idea that Catholics as individuals and as a body cannot but attempt to destroy, by other means than persuasion, whatever is non-Catholic in the State to which they owe allegiance.

I say that, as to the first point, I disagree with Mr. Marshall. The fear that a Catholic body within a non-Catholic society will use all means to destroy the non-Catholic elements in the society around it, to reduce it by force or fraud to the Catholic discipline, is baseless. The Catholic body will not so refrain from fear, but from the nature of its own principles. It is true that those principles *necessarily* assert the truth and goodness of Catholic doctrine, and, as necessarily, assert the falsity and evil of anti-Catholic ones. It is true that a Catholic regards heretical and pagan morals as things which do harm and which any society would be well rid of. But it does not follow that the Catholic will therefore act directly for the destruction of the evil by other means than conversion. And the reason should be clear. It is that in any system no one fundamental principle works alone, but each and all have to work in accordance with the others. In this case the principle that the Church is possessed of Truth, and the necessary conclusion that dissent from Truth produces evil which should be eliminated, have to work in accordance with another principle — that of Justice.

A Catholic society is amply justified by all Catholic principles in fighting the beginnings of disruption within its own body; it is amply justified in making Catholic ideas, education, manners, and all the rest of it the rule within a Catholic State. It is amply justified in struggling long and hard — as Catholic Christendom did for one hundred and fifty years at the Reformation — to prevent the break-up of Catholic society and to save the unity of its civili-

zation. But it is not justified *by its own principles* in so attacking a non-Catholic society already long established and traditional. For an established society, good or evil, possesses rights — for instance, the right of the family to train the child — aggression against which would offend justice. A pagan society where the Church is a newcomer (as in the Roman Empire), a Protestant society where the Church forms but one particular body, alien in spirit to the rest (as in Holland, where Catholics are hardly half the population), a modern society becoming pagan, in the midst of which the Church so finds herself, is certainly to be affected by Catholic efforts at conversion. Catholics have always attempted and always will attempt to transform the society around them by that process, wherein they may succeed, as in the case of the Roman Empire, or fail, as (hitherto) in the case of the Japanese, but this bears no relation to the forcible action justly and rightly exercised within a Catholic society in its own defense. The two cases are not only not parallel, they are contradictory. For instance, if I can by force or fraud prevent a Mormon child to-day from joining his family and so being brought up by them, and if I exercise that force or fraud, I am doing wrong. If I attempt by arms to prevent Mormonism, at its inception, from introducing polygamy into a monogamous society, I am doing right.

The distinction is simple and should be clear, but I see that Mr. Marshall finds an argument to the contrary in the recent Concordat between the Church and the Italian State.

This Concordat excludes from certain civil functions (notably teaching in State schools) unfrocked priests. It recognizes the Catholic Church as the state religion of Italy, giving no other ecclesiastical corporation or body of opinion the same position. It gives the Catholic Church entry into, and its doctrines a permanent position in, public education. This, says Mr. Marshall, shows what a Catholic *majority* (my italics) would do in changing the constitutional law of a State. He further gives citations (which, so far as I can check them, are accurate and just) to support his contention that the Catholic Church claims and would exercise tyrannical powers over large and established non-Catholic bodies within any State where it could do so.

Thus he remarks that the claims of the Catholic Church extend over the whole world. He further remarks that, according to those claims, there is no parity between Catholic and other religions; that moral and educational authority (as exercised by the Church) is identified with the authority of God Himself, whence he concludes that all dissidence therefrom, on whatever scale and from whatever source, would be treated as an enemy is treated, actively, and its suppression attempted by force. In the same way he quotes the definitions on heresy, the punishment and the extirpation thereof. He remarks that disobedience to the Pope is affirmed to be morally wrong. (He seems to think that it involves necessarily a loss of salvation — a misunderstanding of the Catholic doctrine on the nature of salvation and its attainment.) Summed up in a sentence, his conclusion seems to be this: That Catholic claims submit the sovereignty of the State to the supremacy of the Catholic Church. If for 'submit' we read 'except from,' and for 'to the supremacy' we read 'the moral laws and doctrine,' I regard that sentence as accurate.

But these changes in wording are essential, and with regard to the whole of this side of Mr. Marshall's essay the

answer is simple enough. Mr. Marshall, like many a man dealing with material not native to him, — with something alien from his own life, — misunderstands its nature. His citations are accurate; the implications which he finds in them are erroneous.

It is indeed inevitable that any corporation claiming to be what the Catholic Church claims to be — to wit, the only divine authority on earth, in matters of faith and morals — shall by theory claim universal jurisdiction in these; but it is not true that this jurisdiction either is in practice or should be in justice exercised as he thinks it would be. There is neither a conspiracy so to exercise it nor a desire so to exercise it; and the very examples that he gives are proofs of this.

The essential of action against heresy is that it takes place for the purpose of checking the inception and growth of something foreign to and destructive of Catholic society. The laws against heresy in Catholic societies of the past, the struggle against heresy during the great religious wars of from three to four hundred years ago, were both of that nature. As against an established, permanent, large non-Catholic body, there is no such attitude.

If you doubt it, look at the attitude of the Church toward the Jews. Here, if anywhere, there should have been, according to this erroneous theory of Catholic action, a policy of extermination. The Jewish community should have been forbidden to exist, its children should have been taken from it and brought up in the Catholic faith wholesale, its worship should have been forbidden; it should have been the subject of a Crusade. History is a flat contradiction of this. Alien and unpopular, the subject of violent mob attacks, treated as foreigners by the civil power and therefore liable to expulsion, the Jewish body, when the Church was at the height of its power in Europe, was specially protected in its privileges so far as moral theology could protect it. When Jews conspired against the State, or were thought to be so conspiring, the State prosecuted them. But there never was, and there never will be, an effort made by the Catholic Church as such to absorb or destroy that hostile community by force. The same is true of an established heretical body, or, for that matter, of an established pagan body. I mean, by 'established,' forming a large and well-rooted corporation within the State, composed of myriads who are in good faith, and living a settled traditional life of its own, reposing upon long-secured foundations. It is perfectly true that the civil power will always tend to extrude what it regards as alien and hostile; but Catholic moral theology as such has never countenanced action against those bodies merely because their faith and morals were not in full harmony with the Catholic Church.

What does happen — and naturally happen — is that, where the whole code of a society is Catholic, laws and institutions will follow that code, and the recent Italian Concordat is a very good example of this. The Catholics in Italy are not a political majority any more than English-speakers in the United States are a political majority. Italy is *organically* Catholic — not mechanically so. She is a Catholic country, not an arrangement of voters drawn up by party machines into Catholic and non-Catholic. She is a Catholic realm, in the same sense in which the Massachusetts of the Colonial period was a Puritan colony, or Japan is a pagan empire to-day. It is normal in a country Catholic to the roots not only that an unfrocked priest should not be allowed to teach (public opinion alone,

apart from laws, would see to that!), but that education should be upon Catholic lines, and that the Catholic Church should be the established Church of the realm. The arrangements which apply to such conditions have no parallel in a community where those conditions do not exist.

But all this is not connected with mere majorities. In all these misconceptions perhaps the gravest and yet the most characteristic is the idea that a 'Catholic *majority*' in the modern political sense of that word would impose Catholicism over the 'minority' standing against it. The whole idea is wildly wrong. Such an idea as the divine right of mechanical majorities has no place in Catholic doctrine. It is one out of many machineries of government. It is more and more discredited generally over here in Europe, though still preserving a sort of fossilized life in some States. It may be right or wrong. But anyhow a Catholic majority would never, in Catholic eyes, until it was so large as to be organically identical with the general tone of society (which is a very different thing from a mechanical majority), give sufficient sanction for action against those who dissented from it.

The same misapprehension attaches to Mr. Marshall's idea that since 1500 the Catholic claims have generated sedition and revolution. These claims have indeed always generated difficulties, often leading to armed action on either side. They have not been peculiar to the religious wars following on the Reformation after 1517. They were to be found under the Roman Empire. They are to be found to-day. The religious wars following on the Reformation were but one case, on a large scale, of such conflicts; and they were essentially the defense of what had recently been universally admitted *against* what was then a revolutionary movement.

So much for the first point — the imaginary peril which a Protestant or pagan society is supposed to run from the force or fraud of Catholicism in its midst. That Catholicism in its midst is an alien thing is perfectly true. That it should dread the moral influence of Catholicism as something which disintegrates that Protestantism or paganism which is the soul of its society is natural and inevitable. That it should proceed to regard Catholicism as a conspiracy against it capable of aggressive action is extravagant and out of touch with reality.

III

As to Mr. Marshall's second point, that the Church produces a citizen other than that conceived as the ideal citizen of his modern State, I agree with him.

According to his definition, the ideal citizen of the modern State must be free to use his reason, must reach conclusions on all matters by his private judgment, but must accept the coercion of any law whatsoever when it has been decided by a majority of such individual citizens so concluding.

Mr. Marshall supports this view by quoting in several forms, with perfect accuracy, the definitions of Catholic belief in the authoritative claims of the Catholic Church. He points out with justice that the individual Catholic accepts as superior to his own judgment the judgment of the Church, and the conception that the Pope is the Vicar of Christ on earth. But there is in his conception of what this attitude means one essential error. The error consists in the idea that the Catholic attitude is irrational or non-rational, while the attitude of the non-Catholic is rational. The contrast is not of this sort.

All men accept authority. The difference between groups of beliefs and

judgments lies in the type of authority which they accept. The Catholic has arrived at the conviction — or, if you will, has been given the conviction (some come in from outside; some go outside and come back again; most receive the Faith by instruction in youth, but test it in maturity by experience) — that there has been a Divine Revelation. He discovers or recognizes a special action of God upon this earth over and above that general action which all who are not atheists admit. He discovers or recognizes a certain personality and voice — that of the Catholic Church — which conforms to the necessary marks of holiness and right proportion, and the ramification of doctrine from which is both consistent and wholly good. The incarnation of the Deity in the Man Jesus Christ, the immortality of the human soul, its responsibility to its Creator for good and evil done in this world, its consequent fate after death, the main rite and doctrine of the Eucharist — these and a host of other affirmations are not disassociated, but form a consistent whole, which is not only the sole full guide to right living in this world, but the sole just group of affirmations upon the nature of things.

To take up that position is to be a Catholic. To doubt it or deny it is to oppose Catholicism.

But that position is taken up under the fierce light of reason. It is indeed puerile to imagine that it could be taken up under any other light. A proposition so awful and so singular is not accepted blindfold; it is of its very nature subject to instant inquiry. It is not a thing to be taken for granted as are ideals which all accept as a matter of course. On the contrary, it is of its very nature exceptional, unlikely, and requires not only examination before it can be accepted, but an act of the will. Nor is it true, as men ignorant of history pretend, that in barbaric and uncritical times (of which they think the Faith a survival) these truths were accepted without inspection, and that the argument from reason is a modern one. Throughout the ages, from the first Apologetic of the Church in the second century to the present day, without interruption, all during the Dark Ages from Saint Hilary to Lanfranc, and later all during the Middle Ages from Saint Anselm to Ockham, all during the high intellectual life of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, the appeal to reason by Catholics has been universal and continuous. To-day, in the twentieth century, Catholics are the only organized body consistently appealing to reason and to the laws of thought as against the *a priori* conceptions of physical scientists and the muddled emotionalism of ephemeral philosophical systems.

It is my own experience, and I think that of most Catholics who have mixed much with opponents of their religion, that nowhere outside the household of the Faith is the speculative reason fully active and completely free — save possibly, as a rare exception, in a few of the most intelligent skeptics. The Catholic may perhaps accept such a man as Huxley for an intellectual equal in this appeal to the reason, but he accepts very few non-Catholics as his intellectual equals. He cannot but note that the vast majority of non-Catholics accept their authority without inquiry. It is, for the bulk of them, a mixture of what they happen to have read, of common daily experience (which boggles at all mysteries and marvels), and, running through it all, a monism not far removed from materialism, which they have none of them analyzed and which only appears by perpetual implication — as when they presume (without attempt at proof!) that what

they call 'natural law' is unalterable, or when they fall back upon a name or a book in the place of argument.

So much for that. The Catholic acts upon reason, recognizing goodness, holiness, and authoritative divine character in the Authority he follows, just as a man acts upon reason when he recognizes an individual voice or face.

Having accepted such an Authority, reason demands imperatively the subjection to it of one's own less perfect experience and less perfect power. I can arrive by my reason and by my experience of the world at a certitude that the Catholic Church is the sole divine authority upon earth. I cannot arrive by my reason at a certitude that man's obviously corrupt nature can obtain eternal beatitude. My reason must accept that, and the conditions of obtaining felicity, at second hand from authority.

A parallel instance (though an imperfect one) is the map. When we take a government survey and accept its authority, there follows as a secondary consequence our acceptation of a particular point upon it, — as that this town is north of that river, — though we have no personal experience in the matter. I say that the parallel is imperfect, because of course no one, I hope, would give to a government or any other human instrument the authority attaching to divine revelation.

But, though the Catholic bases his faith upon reason, his faith, once arrived at and firmly held, certainly prevents him from playing the part assigned by Mr. Marshall to the ideal citizen of the modern State. Neither will he submit all things to separate and individual private judgment nor will he necessarily and always obey as a moral duty laws arrived at by the mechanical process of majorities. On a multitude of things — for example, the nature and obligations of marriage — he will accept established doctrine and prefer it to any possible conclusions of his own limited experience, judgment, and powers. Should a majority order him to act against Catholic morals (as, for instance, by a law compelling the limitation of families), he would refuse to obey it. It is equally true that if, in some grave point of faith or morals not yet defined, the Papacy decided that Catholic morals involved resistance to a new law, the Catholic would resist that law. For instance, suppose a majority were to order instruction for all children of the modern State prescribing a certain course in certain sexual matters. The matter is subjected to individual judgment. Some are for, some against. At last it is solemnly and publicly promulgated from Rome that the proposed instruction violates Catholic morals. Then Catholics would thenceforward resist the decision of the majority.

Incidentally I may say that Mr. Marshall misunderstands the position of the Papacy, which he seems to regard as a despotic authority acting capriciously, whereas it is part and parcel of the Catholic Church, defining and guiding — not inventing — doctrine, and identified with the general life of Catholicism. Catholics act as they do, not because one individual has taken into his head to give them orders on a sudden, but because they are in tune with the whole spirit of the Catholic Church, of which the Pope is the central authority.

As an example of the misunderstanding, I may quote Mr. Marshall's attitude toward the advice given by Leo XIII and subsequent Popes in the matter of Scholastic Philosophy. Mr. Marshall tells us that 'Pius X ordained that a philosophy which flourished in the thirteenth century should be the philosophy of the twentieth,' and compares this attitude to a fundamentalist

denying the conclusions of geology. All that is out of focus. No such thing was ever 'ordained.' Cardinal Mercier's great revival of Scholasticism was approved and commended, and its study warmly supported. But no Catholic is bound to accept that particular system or its terms. I may say in passing that anyone who does adopt it seems to me wise, for it derives from Aristotle, 'the tutor of the Human race,' and it represents the highest intellectual effort ever made by man; nor is there any conflict between it and evidence, nor any reason to believe our own particularly muddled time, with its disuse of reason, philosophically superior merely because it comes last. But Scholasticism is only a human system of thought; it is not of revelation; and the idea that it could be thought equivalent to the Faith, or that the Papacy was here imposing it, could only occur to one wholly unfamiliar with the ancient and abiding Religion of Christendom.

The Papacy directs in a great number of disciplinary matters, as of liturgy, ecclesiastical law, and so forth, which do not normally touch civil life. On those rare and grave occasions when it acts with plenary and doctrinal authority it says nothing new. It defines and promulgates a truth always possessed.

However, whether from the general authority of the Church, her spirit, traditions, annals, or definition, or from the particular authority of the Pope, it remains true that the Catholic cannot be an ideal citizen of the modern State *as Mr. Marshall defines that ideal.* He cannot pledge himself blindfolded to accept any and every decision of a mere majority; he must envisage the possibility of such a decision traversing the divine Law, and he will not (as does Mr. Marshall's ideal citizen of the modern State) regard all subjects whatsoever as matters for private judgment, changeable and reversible at will, for some subjects are to him immutable.

IV

From the above it will be seen that on the third point I am wholly in agreement with Mr. Marshall. If there is ground for conflict between Catholicism and Mr. Marshall's ideal of the citizen in the modern State, still more is there, *and has always been,* ground for conflict between the Church and any other form of civil State which regards itself as absolute; and that conflict may appear in a future perhaps not very remote.

I have already said that Mr. Marshall may quarrel with my use of the word 'absolute,' and indeed there is a danger of ambiguity in that term. He points out that the modern State is not 'absolute' in the sense of 'arbitrary.' Its power proceeds in a certain limited fashion according to a certain guiding machinery; but it *is* absolute in the sense that it admits no other authority than its own in whatever province it chooses to exercise that authority. And this claim of the modern State to absolute authority is the more remarkable because the modern State is but one of many. It is not a universal State; it is a restricted area, and yet acts as though it had complete unlimited rights over man.

The old pagan Roman Empire in its war with Catholicism did at least claim to be universal, and its original quarrel with the Catholic Church, of which all the first three centuries are full, was due to a conflict between two universal authorities.

The modern State has no such universal authority, yet does it claim greater powers than ever the State claimed before, and with those powers I submit that the Catholic Church

must inevitably come into conflict sooner or later; not because the State is modern, but because it claims unquestioned authority in all things.

I notice, for instance, that Mr. Marshall is particularly shocked by the admirable statement issued on the part of the English Catholic Bishops just before the late General Election in Britain, where they say that it is no part of the State's duty to teach, and add that the authority over the child belongs not to the State but to the parent. Nothing could be more shocking in the ears of modern Nationalism — because nothing is more true. In the face of this tremendous claim, which not even the Roman Empire made, — the right to teach what it wills to every child in the community; that is, to form the whole mind of the nation on its own despotic fiat, — Mr. Marshall and those who agree with him cannot maintain that the modern State does not pretend to be 'absolute.' It is, in fact, more absolute than any pagan State of the past ever was. What is more, its absoluteness increases daily; that is why the conflict of which I speak seems to me inevitable.

Mr. Marshall states the issue very well when he expresses his abhorrence (by implication) of a recent authoritative Catholic pronouncement, that if certain laws are declared invalid by the Catholic Church they are not binding. There, as we have just seen, is the whole point. Where there is a conflict between civil law and the moral law of the Catholic Church, members of the Catholic Church will resist the civil law and obey the law of the Church. And when that happens, you get the active dissension between the Church and the State which history records in all the great persecutions. That was the very crux between the Roman Empire and the Catholic Church before Constantine. In the eyes of the civil power, the Christians were rebels; in the eyes of the Christians the civil power was despotically commanding practices which no Catholic could adopt. It was demanding duties which no Catholic could admit.

That the quarrel has not yet broken out into open form (save here and there in the shape of a few riots) is due to the fact that *hitherto* the bulk of Catholic doctrines have been retained in States of non-Catholic culture. But as the moral distance grows greater between the Catholic and the non-Catholic, as the modern State reverts more and more to that paganism which is the natural end of those who abandon Catholicism, the direct contrast cannot fail to pass from the realms of theory to that of practice.

It is inevitable that there should appear in any absolute State — not alone in States which still trust to the machinery of voting, but in all, monarchic or democratic, plutocratic or communist — laws which no Catholic will obey. One or two tentative efforts have already been made at such laws. When those laws are presented to Catholics, there will at once arise the situation which has arisen time and again for nearly two thousand years: the refusal to obey on the part of Catholics, which refusal in the eyes of the State is rebellion. There will follow upon that what the State calls the punishment of disobedience, and what Catholics have always called, and will once again call, persecution. It will be accompanied by considerable apostasy, but also considerable heroism; and in the upshot the Faith will survive because devotion to it is stronger, more rational, better-founded, more tenacious, more lasting in substance, than that hatred which it so naturally arouses.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

On the Bigness of Cities

In the bright lexicon of the city expanders, 'big' is a synonym for 'great.' Apparently they do not realize that 'great' has any connotation other than size.

It is interesting to trace this belief in bulk and see how masterfully it influences all our ideals. In my youth — and even now, for aught I know — farmers deposited on the editors' desks gigantic squashes, tomatoes, or ears of corn, and received their meed of praise in the form of a laudatory paragraph. No one inquired whether these vegetables were better because of their size, whether flavor was enhanced or nutritious elements multiplied. Ambition was satisfied with producing the biggest.

The many recent mergers of food manufacturers, advertising agencies, and banks are another symptom. The ulterior aim is really bigness. The reasons given — savings effected, overhead cut down, factories or branch offices merged — are merely sops to an economic conscience. What we seek is the doubtful satisfaction of saying we are the biggest in our city, or state or country, or the world. We know that our countrymen will admire us for our size and not look beneath the surface. The spirit is that in which the farmer nourishes his mammoth squash.

In New York City a bank and a motor-car manufacturer are engaged in a contest as to which shall erect the tallest structure. Actual building substance has given out at the altitude attained. You cannot indefinitely increase the height of buildings without doing something more to foundations. So now the contest has dwindled to flagpoles. At present Chrysler appears to be nearer the Milky Way, unless the architects of the Bank of Manhattan can think up a new stunt. New York has the largest office building and the second-largest hotel in the world. It will not be content until a new hotel snatches the prize for mass from the Stevens House in Chicago. Indeed, its overmastering ambition is to crowd more people inside of what may conservatively be styled the boundaries of the city than are jammed into a similar corporate area anywhere else on the globe. When that day comes some proud man, the president of the biggest bank, will sit behind the biggest desk in an office on the highest floor of the tallest building in the biggest city in the world.

Examine the claims of the numerous towns and cities clamoring for attention and see how inevitably the population figures are stressed. Each of these cities is watching with sharp and envious eye some alleged competitor in the race for census preëminence. They count their gains as mere people, more and more people, with little concern as to what the people are, how desirable they may be as fellow citizens. St. Paul and Minneapolis, San Francisco and Los Angeles, every locality has its contestants, whose jealousies and heartburnings keep chambers of commerce and real-estate boards on the jump.

And yet no objective is more stressed by town planners than decentralization. The evils of congestion are with us every hour. The crowds get in our way, render it impossible to secure a

seat in a street car or a theatre — or to reach the door of a theatre when we have a seat — or a place to park our car. The new skyscrapers springing up in New York and other cities like mushrooms in a dark cellar add groups to the daily throngs in the adjacent streets as large as good-sized towns and cities. With one hand we beckon this multitude to come and swarm in our streets and with the other we wave a futile protest at the problem of congestion. Los Angeles is already beginning to rue the hospitality with which she welcomed new population, and her congestion problem is elementary compared with that of older cities.

Cities have three ways in which to grow. First there is the birth rate — but this is apt to be highest among the less desirable inhabitants. Second, population can be added in batches, in the form of groups of workmen attached to factories which are pulled up by the roots and transplanted bodily to cities offering inducements in the way of free sites, power, spur tracks, or low wages. These groups, too, are usually below the standard in intelligence, social ideals, and income of the average town or city which has depended thus far on circumstances for its growth. The third way is to reach out and scoop up all the neighboring towns and cities which could by any plausibility be considered suburbs. This way at least preserves the character of the population, but it spreads the city's high tax rates over suburbanites hitherto self-contained and immune.

Of these three ways the greatest and most popular is the second, though the arrival of industries with their cohorts of employees into a city unplanned and unzoned for their reception is sometimes devastating. There is authority for the belief that you cannot add a cubit to your stature by taking thought, but that was uttered before the invention of chambers of commerce and civic advertising.

Is n't it about time we revised our standards of civic excellence? Bigness is not a virtue in itself, but it ought to be possible for a city to be both large and comfortable. Or we could so organize our civilization that all cities would be small. Our families are smaller. And as for fame, there are other criterions than size. No one asks the population figures of Oberammergau, or Florence, or Clovelly, or Taormina, or, for that matter, of Litchfield, or Williamsburg, or Lenox, or Valley Forge.

The bees are better town planners than we are. As soon as the hive gets too crowded, some of the more progressive thinkers among the older bees begin to develop a queen from among the latent princesses in the brood combs in spite of the furious jealousy of the reigning sovereign. As soon as the new queen is strong enough there is a battle royal for the possession of the home hive. The defeated queen and her adherents swarm and start a new hive, and each is soon humming happily at a normal capacity.

Will not some of our town planners inaugurate the swarming idea to relieve our overgrown cities of their congestion? At the next city election, say, the defeated party will pile into its flivvers and move en masse to some beautiful unoccupied site and there start a new city fashioned after a better ideal. What we want is better and smaller cities.

Hypocrisy: a defense

It was during my school days that I first read Oscar Wilde's essay on 'The Decay of Lying.' Ever since I read his discerning monograph I have deplored the decay of lying as much as Mr. Wilde himself. In later years I have come to believe that telling the

truth is not only bad writing, as Mr. Wilde maintains, but, in one sense at least, bad morals also.

'The crude commercialism of America,' says Mr. Wilde, 'its materializing spirit, its indifference to the poetical side of things, and its lack of imagination and of high unattainable ideals, are entirely due to that country having adopted for its national hero a man who, according to his own confession, was incapable of telling a lie; and it is not too much to say that the story of George Washington and the cherry tree has done more harm, and in a shorter space of time, than any other moral tale in the whole of literature.'

Mr. Wilde presents telling evidence in support of his thesis that noble veracity makes ignoble literature. Too much concentration on life as it is spoils our taste for the contemplation of life as it should be. He would have us play a game of make-believe, and this, from a moral point of view, we can frankly call hypocrisy.

After a hopeless effort to live honestly I have come to the conclusion that lying — or better, hypocrisy — is as indispensable to satisfactory living as Mr. Wilde proves it to be indispensable to literature. I have decided to recite firmly my belief in the Christian code of ethics. As far as my own conduct is concerned, I have found it impossible and undesirable. But I retain it. I have found that it is worth retaining even at the price of hypocrisy.

Of late too much has been said in favor of honesty. Men like Bertrand Russell and Havelock Ellis, against the whole tribe of whom this article is principally leveled, are making too much headway with their demands for frankness and consistency. Guided by their depressing common sense, as Wilde might have said, we are rapidly losing our high regard for those virtues which we have never desired.

Man is compelled to go right on lying to himself no matter how clearly he sees the truth. Indeed, no man can be a genuine hypocrite unless he knows better. He should not fear to learn from men like Fraser, Westermarck, and Wundt that his cherished moral code is derived from ancient superstitions and savage tabus, and not from Mount Sinai as he once supposed. Nor should he listen with anything but enormous and fascinated respect to Bertrand Russell when he declares that the ideas of Jesus are too exalted for any practical purpose. But if he allows Fraser to destroy his reverence for the Ten Commandments, or if he permits himself to agree with Bertrand Russell that because an ideal is impossible to attain it is therefore unprofitable and should be deserted for some easier conception, he is lost.

In a recent volume entitled *Sceptical Essays*, in which he deserts calculus and the fogs of philosophy long enough to come solidly down to earth, Mr. Russell declares that 'we have, in fact, two kinds of morality side by side; one which we preach but do not practise, and another which we practise but seldom preach.' Mr. Russell does not admire this habit of ours. But if we are to have preaching at all I believe it far better to preach the things we don't practise than the things we do.

I know a man, entirely moral according to the usual standards, who gives tuberculosis and other debilities to numbers of his fellows by allowing them to work in a copper mine where the dust-filled atmosphere destroys their lungs after a number of years. I see little good for the world in a sermon extolling the practices of this copper magnate; but he is full of excellent sermons on texts which he would never think of putting to proof.

He accepts the commandment 'Thou shalt not steal' and despises crooked

politicians; but when a discharged miner, hungry after several days without food, broke into a house and robbed an ice box he bribed the judge to dismiss the case. He is a humanitarian. Ever since reading of Jean Valjean in the galleys he had felt that penal servitude was too much to exact for a loaf of bread. But he was not the man to question overtly laws that on the whole worked to advantage. By bribing the judge, he has remained a good hypocrite and helped to preserve the sacredness of property.

We must believe that certain actions are wrong with just as much sincerity as we condone them. We make no effort to deny that Mr. Russell is in the right when he maintains that many poets were only good poets when they were bad men. 'Swinburne was wicked in his youth when he wrote *Songs Before Sunrise* in praise of those who fought for freedom; he was virtuous in his old age when he wrote savage attacks on the Boers for defending their liberty against wanton aggression. . . . Coleridge went through a similar change: when he was wicked he wrote *Kubla Khan*, and when he was good he wrote theology.' As hypocrites, we readily admit that we prefer Swinburne young to Swinburne old, Coleridge's *Kubla Khan* to Coleridge's theology; but nothing can make us deny that the one moral state was badness and the other goodness. The fact that men who do violence to our accepted moral standards achieve eminence in poetry does not lead us to declare that their poems were bad, neither does it require us to admit, with Mr. Russell, that their morals were good.

We can, if we please, steal some of Mr. Russell's philosophic thunder and base our defense on pragmatic grounds. William James writes, in developing his celebrated doctrine of 'pragmatism,' 'The true is the name of whatever proves itself to be good in the way of belief.' We might maintain that hypocrisy is the good, and therefore the true, because if one is sincerely hypocritical one can allow for whatever is excellent in Mr. Russell and those who think as he does without disqualifying what no one denies to be the higher nobility in the Teacher of Nazareth.

For example, we are agreed with Mr. Russell and all utilitarians and pragmatists and individualists that inflexible statutes are often grossly unjust. Thievery is not criminal when a hungry workman steals from an ice box. If the gods denied us murder, we should have had no Cesare Borgia, no United States of America (what could we have done with the Indians?), no Marshal Foch. Even wantonness has given us priceless treasures — Cleopatra, Don Juan, Casanova, in one category; Guinevere and Sir Launcelot, Abelard and Héloïse, in another. Yet, despite these admissions, our theoretical respect for strict morality is enormous. Our ideal is a model of duplicity: rigid definition, but tolerant application.

Mr. Russell rightly calls this attitude hypocrisy. He sees as we do that theft, murder, and adultery are not always evil in their effects, and he would therefore persuade us to call them 'sins' no longer. He is ruinously honest. Two thousand years of Christianity have demonstrated, he says, that no men anywhere can live as Jesus desired; the time has come to discard our hypocritical standards, to adopt in their place a workable, scientific ethic, to preach that which we can really practise, and practise it unashamed.

Havelock Ellis, in agreement with Mr. Russell, has gone one step further and, in his chapter on 'The Art of Morals' contained in *The Dance of Life*, has outlined this workable ethic, the code that he would substitute for

our Decalogue. Living should be looked upon as an art. A man should mould his life as though he were carving a statue. And his workmanship should be criticized, not by answering the question, 'Is it moral?' but by answering the question, 'Is it artistic?'

Mr. Ellis seems to believe that a nice balance between instinct and reason can be achieved, and maintains that the result of this delicate equilibrium is art. What would happen, I wonder, if we were to turn the world over to Mr. Ellis and he were to stand firmly by his principles? I think it safe to say that the world would be a place in which neither Mr. Ellis nor any other lover of æstheticism would care to live.

What is an artistic life? The former Kaiser would certainly maintain that Doorn, Holland, constitutes the only inartistic detail of his career. A far-fetched example, perhaps, but who could prevent any man from putting his own conception of art into practice in Mr. Ellis's ideal world? We hypocrites could, when men displeased us, frankly call them immoral; but Mr. Ellis could never bring himself to the point of bigotry necessary to label them inartistic. He would be in hearty disagreement with their canons of æstheticism, but he could only repeat to them words attributed to an eminent Victorian when asked by an adolescent enthusiast to pass judgment on a Cubist canvas: 'Our ideas of Art, young man, are not in agreement.'

And yet, if we were to organize a world empire to-morrow and crown Mr. Ellis its Cæsar, I would gladly live under his dominion. Mr. Ellis would be, I venture to state, a perfect hypocrite. He would believe that men should develop naturally, without restraint, into artistic beings; but with the welfare of all mankind on his shoulders, and his own welfare to boot, he would see to it that they had restraints in plenty. If he were to hear that Bertrand Russell considered Rodrigo Borgia, the eminent master of poisoning, an artistic man, he would see to it that Mr. Russell should not gain access to the soup bowl of any desirable citizen, with particular reference to the soup bowl of Mr. Havelock Ellis.

The truth is that we can distinguish genuinely artistic men, such as Socrates, who conform to Mr. Ellis's requirement of a balance between instinct and reason, and who nevertheless leave us with a feeling of something else to be desired. Socrates may never have yielded to what we call 'Socratic love' (I am not at all convinced that he did), but his most earnest disciples have not thought it necessary to demand a new name for this affection. They are sure that he was moderate, temperate, in all things. That is enough for them, but not for us hypocrites. We balk at an ideal which allows even moderation in all things.

The life of Socrates, or of that other great object of Mr. Ellis's admiration, Marcus Aurelius, represents a vast improvement over your life and mine. A world peopled with men balancing instinct with reason would be an immeasurably better world than that of this day. But even such Utopian bliss, were it to be realized, would still leave an unfulfilled dream. There would still be a voice to tell us, 'One thing thou lackest.' And that lack — how shall we describe it? Would it not be the illusory, the indefinable and illogical selflessness that through the ages has gathered about the largely legendary personality of Jesus?

And so I offer my defense as an uncompromising, utterly hypocritical Christian. I persist in preaching what I do not practise, and in practising what I dare not preach. Any day in the week, except Sunday, you can give me one Socrates to ten Savonarolas.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

HAVE you ever read **Earnest Elmo Calkins's** autobiography, *Louder, Please?* It is, or should be, a classic of the literature of deafness. In human society deafness is more than a handicap — it is a tragedy. But here is an advertising agent to whom deafness has given concentration and a kind of visibility of ideas. Here's a philosopher who has found in it a protection from intrusion, and uses it as an invitation to the friends he trusts. It is a book to turn a philosopher into a man and a man into a philosopher. **Jesse E. Pope** earned his Ph.D. at Columbia. He has taught at New York University and the University of Missouri, and of late years he has been living in Washington, following current economic history with earnest attention. **William Gordon Stuart's** name does n't suggest the muck and sweat which taught him his very practical creed. He has worked with his hands and he has thought about it. We print his story as a human exhibit A of Professor Pope's thesis. **George Herbert Palmer** is the last survivor of that Department of Philosophy which a generation ago was the luminous jewel in Harvard's crown.

George W. Gray's excellent paper has had the advantage of a careful reading by Dr. Robert H. Goddard, of rocket fame. **Robert Lynd,** critic and essayist, lives in London, and knows a horse or a book when he sees one. Δ Several of **Elizabeth Coatsworth's** discriminating stories have appeared in the *Atlantic.* **Merle Colby** is a Boston bookseller whose tale of 'Ten Thousand Handkerchiefs' shows what he can do with a prose narrative. **Leslie Hotson** has just been spending two years of study and investigation in London. **Mrs. Risley,** of Arkansas, is now preparing for the *Atlantic* a new series describing her adventures — and adventures they were — in an apple orchard. Δ Few women have lived a fuller life or one more useful than **Mrs. Vernon Kellogg,** who was, be it remembered, the only woman on the Belgian Relief Commission. **Duke Larson** finds in Mongolia room enough for his herds and his horses. His wife went from America as a missionary, and as the children grow up they are shipped one by one to America for their education. Δ An interesting and useful career was cut short when **Russell W. Hendee** died of a fever in Africa, whither he went on an exploration led by Harold Coolidge, Jr. **Dr. Earl W. Anderson** was on the teaching staff of Columbia University when he made a nation-wide survey of the rules and regulations surrounding teachers in forty-six states of the Union. **Frederic F. Van de Water,** of New York, is a journalist and fisherman. **Charles C. Marshall,** who, through the *Atlantic Monthly,* solicited from Governor Smith his famous Letter, in order that popular doubts of his availability as a Presidential candidate might be resolved in his favor, is also known as the author of *The Roman Catholic Church in the Modern State* and of *Governor Smith's American Catholicism* — the latter a high tribute to Governor Smith's integrity and intrepidity. **Hilaire Belloc** is an English historian of distinction, and a controversialist dangerous to meet.

Readers of the *Atlantic* well know our regard for the Society of Friends. Quite recently a leaflet reached this desk so devoid of the insistent typography of advertising that it was instinctively separated from the litter on the desk. In the whole range of the ephemeral literature of doctrinal divergence it would be hard to find the description of a sect more wholly in keeping with that simple Christianity which most of us, despite our vagaries, love and admire. Thinking that many of our readers may like to preserve it, we sought permission to reprint most of it here: —

This society makes no claim to be a church in the sense of assuming authority to settle questions of doctrine or of historic fact. We are a

society of friends whose members owe each other friendliness, and claim no authority one over another. We have no formal creed, and such unity as we have — and we have a great deal — is due to the fact that reasonable minds working on the same materials are likely to arrive at similar conclusions. However, we demand no unity of opinion and we find both interest and stimulus in our many differences.

Most Friends agree that the Sermon on the Mount presents the highest ideal for a way of life; this we accept not only on authority from without but mainly as conviction from within. We thus unite on a common purpose; a human society organized on a basis of good will and friendliness. There are differences among us as to details and methods, but not as to this desired end. Our objective determines for us the meaning of RIGHT and WRONG. Right is that which serves the common purpose, wrong is that which hinders or thwarts it. It is the standard by which we undertake to test the organization of society, international policies, and indeed all human conduct and institutions. Our opposition to war is based on the conviction that war hinders the development of the world family; yet we do not exclude from membership those who do not have that conviction. Many of us feel that our industrial system is in need of changes, but we have not arrived at unity as to what should be done about it.

We have deferred until this point the use of the word GOD — a word of diverse and uncertain meaning. To us GOD means a unifying influence which makes men long for a brotherly world; which tends to bind men together in unity. Our religion is built on the experience of such a God as the Chief Imperative of life. We have never been very particular about names if only the meaning is plain. We have called this element of life the Seed, the Inner Light, the In-speaking Voice, the Christ within, the Word. We are willing to have still other names: 'The power not ourselves that makes for righteousness'; The Hidden Dynamo, The Super-self, The World-father, all seem to be proper symbolisms. Of course we do not claim to know if God is a person as we are persons. As we look ourselves over it does n't seem altogether probable that the power which draws humanity together into the spirit of brotherhood is just a greater person than ourselves. But 'it is not a question of personality or something less, but of personality or something greater.'

Whatever God may be and whatever life may mean, we are not insured against loss, suffering, and death. But there is an element of life greater than our normal everyday selves which enables us to rise above loss and suffering and to face life and death without fear and with manly hearts.

The Religious Society of Friends is a group of people of good will, working together for mutual support in making the God-element of life the commanding element. We never altogether succeed in doing this, but the effort is an essential part of our religion. It is only by squarely facing what *is* that man may hope to accomplish what *may be;* wherefore religion as we understand it has nothing to fear from science. Indeed we welcome every extension of mental horizon, every new discovery as to the nature of the world we live in.

We believe there are many who would find a richer life in membership with us, and we know that we need the strength of larger numbers. We need too the fellowship of men and women of intelligence and courage.

Distance, thank God, is no barrier to *Atlantic* friendships. From Shanghai Miss Louise Strong Hammond enlarges our circle.

ST. JOHN'S UNIVERSITY
SHANGHAI, CHINA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

This is to introduce to you my friend Mrs. Yang. I don't know whether you will like her or not. It will hardly trouble her if you don't! But if you could really see her, you could n't help liking her.

Mrs. Yang is one of my neighbors in Nanking, where I have been living since my return to China in the same little Chinese house I fled from before. I wear Chinese clothes, eat Chinese food, and live with five very charming Chinese girls. We have our reception room furnished in Chinese style, with some quite lovely water-color paintings on the wall. A few days ago I came here as a refugee at the orders of the American Consul, but I hope to be able to return to Nanking soon.

THE BAMBOO-WORKER'S WIFE

Mrs. Yang, I like your manner.
What a gift to be so gay!
How, without a golden *lorgnon*,
Can you hold your head that way?

Self-possessed, dismayed at nothing —
All is right, for you are you.
Smallest things delight your notice.
Truths are old, but facts are new.

Truths are old — now death, for instance,
Leaving you alone at five.
Little 'Picked-up-fish' they called you
When they found you still alive.

Death is old — your husband follows
Where your father went before.
Love is old — you find another
And are safe inside his door.

Scorn is old — the scorn of neighbors
For the widow who — but here
Scorn has still its prick of anguish
In the wisest heart. It's queer.

Jealousy is old — it must be,
When you act outside the Law
And your later husband wonders
If he's still the latest — faugh!

Poverty is old — the oldest
Of all truths; most lasting, too.
Scant the rice you cook; he earns it
By his weaving of bamboo,

Making just the plainest baskets
That the common people use.
Once he made an arch for roses —
Did it seem like flight of muse?

Mrs. Yang, I like your manner.
Truths forgot, you laugh at facts —
'What odd shoes that child is wearing!
How absurd the barber acts!'

Truths forgot — now I, dear madam,
Deal in Truth as my bamboo.
Truth has wonders I must sell you.
Gayety I'll buy of you.

To a fellow-indigent in this collecting world we owe a pleasant new specialty.

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Did the gentleman who wrote on 'A Collection for the Indigent' in the November *Atlantic* ever note the new individual words that appear? I first began this collection when I was stopped by a huge truck bearing down upon me which carried across its front in very large letters the single word 'Truckologist.' I have been sorry ever since that I was so stupefied by the title that I neglected to get the name of the firm or individual that operated the truck.

Soon after that I saw advertisements containing the words 'Beautician wanted.' Well, why not? We have 'mortician' already in the addenda to my 1925 edition of Webster's Unabridged; why should 'beautician' not be installed there also?

A society new to me has recently painted its title on a window which I often pass: Hygiologists Organization. My dictionary gives me 'hygiology, the science of hygiene.' So why should there not be those that practise that science in an organization — although, in spite of the English title, I suspect from the surroundings that this particular organization may be of foreign origin?

Again, my curiosity was aroused by the words on a drug store window, 'candy toiletries.'

And there are doubtless many other 'new' words.

E. C. ALLING

Among the comments on Mr. Smith's incisive paper, 'The Break in the Credit Chain,' is the following.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have read with great interest the article by Mr. E. L. Smith in the January number. He may be right in his strictures on the technique of credit. But is not the 'customer's man' merely a flea (if sometimes a highly trained one) in our credit structure, and are not margin accounts merely a retail method of dispensing credit supplied by bank and investment trusts? Is not credit merely a nebulous term arising from the Latin *creditum*, meaning 'loan'?

We are not primarily interested in credit, but in what causes credit.

This is, of course, impossible to determine. We do know, however, that the genesis of the late lamented bull market was in 1922, and that from 1922 June to 1927 June about $800,000,000 in gold came to us. We imported a white elephant and this $800,000,000 was increased 17½ times to thirteen billion dollars odd loans and investments by our obliging banks. Concurrently there came the children of credit: the realty boom, an installment boom, a bond boom, a 'new era' standard of living. These all faded like the costly orchid on the corsage. However, there remained the most beautiful orchid of them all — the stock market boom. And that has wilted.

Is it not possible to trace these booms back to gold 'inventory'? The matutinal press from 1922 to date has told us *not* to accumulate inventories. But we were quietly amassing a fabulous gold inventory.

Will not the many kind economists who write for the press with all the verve and *brio* of Mr. Brisbane tell us what to do with excess gold in a Central Bank? If domestic acceptances and bonds are bought, will there not be more inflation whether it exists in the stock market or elsewhere (if the member banks are expanding as well)? What would happen if the Central Bank was to buy foreign paper of a sound country needing gold? A fair distribution of gold is the universal ideal.

In this connection Mr. Edgar Lawrence Smith might have performed a very patriotic service had he stood under the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor for the last eight years. He might have dressed as King Canute. As each shipload of gold approached New York, by a magic gesture he might have turned its head back to

Europe. But why bother with fleas and technique when one has to contend with a white elephant?

Yours respectfully,

'VERITAS'

What with golf, breakfast foods, and the Life Institute, health threatens to become the national preoccupation. A scientist deeply engaged in the dissemination of health knowledge passes on to us this inquiry, which enlivened a busy morning.

PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

GENTLEMEN:

I red an artickle under the heading of your Institute in the Milford Chronicle about Pnumonia the Dr said they had never been able to find any jerms I have have had some experence with Pneumonia I found one jerm that will cause Pneumonia it is eggs laid by sick chickens I showed some eggs that was laid sick chicken to one of the leading M D of this city and he said he was sure I had discovered 90% of the Pneumonia jerms But he woulden offer any help to me to get my discovery before the public I cant get a patten on the cure as there was one taken out 63 years ago. My Lawyer said it was so near to what I had that I coulden get a clear title Will it be worth any thing to your Institute for me to prove the cure on my self I can eat cirten food for about 4 or 5 days and then go in an ice box long enough to chill my buidy and bring on a fever of 103 to 104 and in 12 hours I will walk out of any Hospital my temeture normal, it no truble if you know just what to get the egg from a sick chicken is the most dangerous food that a person can eat.

May we have the censor's ear for a moment? Or is he too busy reading questionable books? A scholar writes us from Philadelphia.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In relation to the question broached in your January number, as to what is 'obscene' in print, I recall an experience, when, at the Public Library of my own city, I picked up a volume of Greek poems translated into English, and in one of them found

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interrupting the course of the six or seven *readable* stanzas.

At first I thought this might represent a 'lost' portion, as in some of the odes of Sappho, but as the subject was not then very important I gave little thought to it, until some time later when in an Italian library I found the same composition in that language, and, much to my surprise, the same star-lined interval, only *at a different point!*

Reviewing the first reading, I remembered the significance of the verse omitted by the Italians as not fit to print, and read the revealed four lines banned by the Anglo-Saxon publishers, and could not see that either had any evil import.

It was a good lesson in international understanding of how one man's meat is poison to another. The author, according to my sense of the unmutilated original, aimed to express a beautiful idea of Nature, as was the purpose of Greek art, of which the subsequent peoples could only realize a fragment, and each a different part of that whole, or wholeness — the real meaning of 'holiness.'

This is why modern art is walking lame.

HOWARD FREMONT STRATTON

Here is an interesting communication on the same vexed subject.

MARSHFIELD, OREGON

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am deeply interested this month in your discussion of 'The Shadow of Censorship' through the essays of William Allan Neilson and Edward Weeks.

Obscenity, one of the windmills at which censorship charges, is a changing value through literature, with a different appeal to the tastes of different ages. What is shocking in one period may be accepted as tradition in another, the issue resting entirely with the popular point of view of the day.

Surely Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* were not 'obscene' from the date of their publication to the dawn of the Puritan era; yet to the modern reader nothing smacks more of pornography than the Wife of Bath's Prologue, or the rollicking tales of the Miller and the Reeve. Surely the thirty-eighth chapter of Genesis was not 'obscene' to the ancient Hebrew, though we never mention, in polite society, its ninth verse, something in the light of our day altogether too frank, and doubtless literature's first record of birth control. In reality, at a time when a greater birth rate was a racial necessity, this interesting verse, and its sequel in the next, carried a moral instruction. Even so, it is enough legally to bar the Bible from our mails, and from Boston bookstands.

In the instance of *The Canterbury Tales* I am inclined to the view that Chaucer was under the

influence of the Greeks — a matter for scholarly dispute, but nevertheless interesting.

In the *Philebus* Plato held that comedy and tragedy were an outlet to dammed-up psychic energy, a safety valve for hatred, envy, joy, and sorrow, a theory which had a profound influence upon Grecian drama and the literature which led from the Greek to the Roman and from the Roman to Chaucer.

It is highly probable that this, or a similar point of view, accounted for the purposeful obscenities of the Phallic Procession at the rural Dionysia, an annual spring pilgrimage. When the ancient Greek arrived at the shrine of Phallus, the god of generation, his heart must be pure. Consequently, along the route of the pilgrimage, it was imperative that he purge his spirit of all that was unclean. Here obscenity took on the dignity of ritual. It was perfectly proper, and a matter of religious devotion, for him to indulge in every form of obscenity, and the more the better, and the purer his heart before Phallus. In story, sometimes in action, he freed his spirit of evil thoughts — he came to the god of generation with his possibilities for sexual wrongdoing completely exhausted. Doubtless these Phallic tales were interesting even to the ancient Greeks. The Phallic tradition, whether or no, certainly carried on down into the literary periods which followed.

The Canterbury procession, I am convinced, was a modified Phallic procession — at least here is a parallel in an annual spring pilgrimage at the natural season of generation, and along the way such obscenity as the Greeks might have treasured.

I have been much among certain tribes of the Northwest Indians. Even here there are traces of a Phallic worship, one that could not have come from the Greeks. It is also found in the religious rituals of other races.

Writers are not a little bound by the traditions and conventions of their age; few of them work carelessly enough to create, on any constant scale, accidental effects, particularly such a skillful artist as Chaucer, and others in France and Italy at this same period.

Our own conventional distaste for obscenity has its roots in religious background — the Puritan era and its dogmatic barriers between sexes, traces of which still survive, though a lady's leg to-day has display privileges not permitted her grandmother's limbs a half century ago.

It may be that we are swinging back. The spirit of revolt expressed against censorship may be one indication — at any rate, the problem is interesting. I have enjoyed both essays on the subject, and shall look forward to the others which your publication promises.

Most sincerely yours,

H. W. WHICKER

THE SALLYPORT

Professor Palmer tells us that growing old is a methodical business, but do not fear! The world is full of octogenarians who have become so by glorious accident, in defiance of virtue, prudence, and religion. Hard drinkers, Sabbath breakers, wasters, and wife beaters have lived to ruddy old age, while modest, temperate men and pious planners have gone down early into the tomb without any pleasant excesses to remember or to furnish their survivors with anecdotes. I have n't a doubt that the Prodigal Son lived to dandle his grandchildren on his knee, that he was still enjoying well-fatted calves and telling tall stories of his days as a swineherd long after his jealous brother lay mouldering under the dew. Professor Palmer's illustrious ancestor, George Herbert, died of consumption at forty, although, as far as I am able to learn, he was not a violent man, and spent most of his active life in Holy Orders. Perhaps he was not enough of a Prodigal to please his Maker.

Professor Palmer cannot be credited with laying down a universal regimen for longevity. There are many kinds of old age, and as many ways of reaching them. He has told us how he reached his own old age, and all who know him know how beautiful and gracious it is. Often those who have lived, like Professor Palmer, to boast of 'reaching a great age' leave behind them 'a great age.' His paper will bring curious reflections to those who think of him as one of the surviving figures of that brilliant constellation of philosophers that burned a generation ago at Harvard. A special sign of the zodiac should be devised to commemorate them. It is odd to find the colleague of James, of Royce, of Santayana, of Münsterberg, discussing every intimacy of the digestion, and warning us not to gulp our milk. By such prudent advices, so simply and so charmingly uttered, a wise and a long life is ordered, it may be. Yet it is hard not to imagine those great colleagues, from their European retirement, or from the more august obscurity of Limbo, gazing with mildly lifted eyebrow at this message to a race which has never been hospitable to divine philosophy. Mr. Santayana, for

one, steadfastly pursuing the eternal essence that luminously resides in each mortal event, and regarding the vulgar human show with benign disillusion, would feel that a philosopher should respect life less and philosophy more.

It is one of my later laments in life that I could not grow up fast enough to enter Harvard before Mr. Santayana left. At least I have his books to help me avert the Fool's reproach to King Lear: 'Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.' Professor Palmer, too, had retired from active teaching when I reached college. But I once lunched in his company at another professor's house. He will not remember the occasion; nor shall I forget it — the beauty of his courageous blue glance, his measured and Olympian speech, falling in perfect impromptus, no less perfect, only more gentle, than Dr. Johnson's own. This memory gives piquancy to the privilege of disagreeing with him now.

Professor Palmer thinks religious faith an aid to longevity. A belief in the friendliness of the universe conduces to good spirits and so to long life. Professor Palmer's own spirit is so benign that it may well be impossible for him to conceive of 'the sorry scheme of things entire' as other than well disposed. But a belief in the hostility of the universe may rouse that 'courage never to submit or yield' which is sometimes equally sustaining. Religious belief, on the other hand, reconciles men to death, and no doubt has often hastened its approach. But, these questions aside, is religious belief to be recommended because it is an aid to long life? Professor Palmer would never say so, I am sure. His famous colleagues used to be outspoken in their disagreements — would that the academic tradition of the day encouraged a like friendly frankness! I cannot believe that Professor Palmer ever concurred in the philosophic monstrosity fathered by James, the pragmatic confusion of truth and utility.

He suggests independent grounds for his belief when he writes that 'evil involves self-contradiction,' and that 'nothing can be harmoniously bad.' Like an impudent sophomore, I rise to ask 'Why?' Harmony is selective. A philosophic or scientific system manages to be harmonious because there is so much, so very much, that it excludes! What harmony could be expected from counting *all* the facts in the universe, or from playing *all* the notes on the piano? A selection of notes may make a very pretty tune, and a selection of facts may make a very pretty theology. The universe is a great dustbin from which by selection we can produce a sort of harmony; but the evil is all there with the good, and while they may contradict each other as shrilly as cats, nothing so contradicts itself that it cannot go right on existing. Even mathematics has its irrational numbers and incommensurable quantities, and certainly the universe has its waste, its friction at the joints, its parasites, its holocausts. Evil has its symmetries as well as good. 'The Miller's Tale,' a rough and improper *fabliau*, is quite as harmonious as 'The Knight's Tale,' an embodiment of chivalry. And we may all hope to grow old in spite of these contradictions.

But do we all wish to grow old? The truth is, of course, that no one wants to die, but no one wants to be methodical, foresighted, and prudent except where he has to be. Most of us endure these oppressive virtues in business in the hope of laying by enough so that eventually we can lay them by also, and live indolently, by impulse, as we should really like to do. We will not impose a strict regimen on ourselves merely for the sake of growing old. That somehow contradicts the instinctive sense of the value of life which most of us feel, fools that we are. This value is better exemplified by the spendthrift than the miser. No, most of us would rather grow old by luck, and if we can't grow old we would rather miss the mark than aim at it too conscientiously or with too much fear of failure. So we say while we are in midstream, at any rate. Life, long or short, is a moving target. Hold the gun too long and too anxiously at the shoulder, and the fleet quarry will escape in the dark of the forest. Shoot from the hip, and an inspired coup may bring the beautiful, antlered game to your bag.

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